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RICHARD HOLT HUTTON

(A Reminiscence)

MY earliest meetings with Richard Hutton gave me an impression of him curiously unlike the real man. I used, as a boy, to see him when he came to dine with my father, in company generally with other members of the old Metaphysical Society—the "atheists" we children irreverently called them. This was in the 'seventies. His first appearance was not prepossessing. A lady who knew him as a boy, once told me that he was the ugliest boy she ever saw. It would be too much to say that he ultimately realized in this respect the promise of his boyhood, but it was at first sight a rugged and not an attractive face. The features were a little like those of Socrates. His extreme near-sightedness gave an odd look of superciliousness as he stood attempting to recognize individual members of the company with his monocle in his eye. And he did not notice or respond to a chance observation. The general effect was, to say the least, very unsympathetic. It was hard even to recall this first impression after one had come really to know him, but I remember it as a fact.

In 1881 I had written down, mainly for my own interest, a good many reflections connected with the philosophy of religious belief, suggested largely by my reading of Newman's *University Sermons* and *Grammar of Assent*. My father read what I had written, and was interested in it. He said he would ask Hutton to look over it and to advise as to its publication. Hutton consented, but week after week passed away without my hearing more on the subject. I feared he might have forgotten me, and being near the *Spectator* office one Thursday, I ventured to call. I found him buried in work, and his reception of me was forbidding—even alarming. He growled out in his deep voice that he was very busy, that Thursday was his busiest day on which no one ought to call on him, that he had not had time to read my MS., that when he had

done so he would, of course, write to me; I hastily withdrew, somewhat depressed at my reception. But two days later I got a note asking me to call again on an early day in the week. I went, and was agreeably surprised at finding him full of what I had written, and most kind and practical in his suggestions. He advised me to expand the discussion contained in two pages of my MS. and make it a dialogue. The pages in question dealt with the common objection to religious belief that it is the offspring of our wishes. My central argument was to show that where the truth of a belief was of great importance to a man his wishes do not unduly bias him in accepting it as certainly true. On the contrary, they were apt to make him slow of belief; as the proverb has it, the news seems "too good to be true." "They dared not believe lightly," writes Arnold of the Romans, when the news reached them that Hannibal was vanquished at the Metaurus, "what they so much wished to be true." I admitted that Shakespeare's line, "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought" also represented a tendency in human nature, but beliefs so begotten were not really deep. Such a wish was mainly for the pleasure of indulging in a favourite theory rather than a wish that a thing should be true. Hutton was so encouraging as to my treatment of this line of argument that I at once devoted a fortnight to the dialogue in question, which I wrote at Woburn Park, while staying with Mr William Petre (afterwards Lord Petre), who was also much interested in my argument. Mr Knowles accepted the paper for the *Nineteenth Century*, and Hutton promised a leading article in the *Spectator* on its appearance. When it was announced in the last days of January, 1882, for the ensuing month, I called at the *Spectator* office to let Hutton know, not forgetting to choose an early day in the week. I was in some anxiety as to his mood, remembering my reception when I had last visited the office. When I came in he was busy writing, and, without looking up, growled out: "Well, what do you want?" I replied that he had been kind enough to talk of writing

an article on my dialogue when it appeared, that I thought he might not see the advertised contents of the *Nineteenth Century*, and that, therefore, I had ventured to call to let him know that the dialogue would be out that week. I said all this rather diffusely, and he replied, again without looking up: "Well, the longer you stay talking to me, the shorter will be my article on your dialogue; I am writing it now." I rapidly disappeared, quite satisfied with the prospect, and took thenceforth a truer measure of the significance of the growls and of the unsympathetic manner. The article appeared on the following Saturday, and nothing could have been more satisfactory than its very favourable advertisement of my slight effort. The *Saturday Review* at once followed with another leading article on my dialogue. I sent both to Mr Knowles, who forthwith asked me to continue the subject in a future number, which I did. It was, probably enough, largely in consequence of Hutton's very interesting article that I received a good many letters about what I had written. One from Mr R. C. Jebb (afterwards Sir Richard Jebb, of Cambridge) is so interesting that I may be allowed to quote it. I had made his acquaintance in January, on the occasion of a visit to Tennyson at Aldworth, and our first meeting had been very funny, for I got into Tennyson's brougham on a dark night at Haslemere station, and, intending to remove a heap of rugs which I thought I saw in the corner, found myself possessed of the coat collar of a man, and that man was Mr Jebb, who mildly expostulated. After my apologies we had a great deal of talk, and from that time till the time of his death our relations were most friendly.

His letter runs as follows:

April 27th, 1882.

I had intended long ago to thank you for your letter and for the pleasure which your excellent paper gave me. It so happened that about that time my own reading furnished two literary illustrations of your thesis: the part of the Odyssey where Ulysses comes home, and Penelope, who for years has been catching at

every straw, refuses to be persuaded that it is Ulysses;—and Bentley's theory of the purely imaginary editor whom he supposed to have corrupted the text of *Paradise Lost*. Penelope is a case of one being slow to believe where the truth of the belief is a matter of supreme importance to oneself. Bentley is an instance of one being quick to believe where the truth of the fact is of no importance to oneself,—but only the possession of *a* belief which will pass muster:—in Bentley's case, a belief which would enable him to set to work on the improvement of Milton's text.

In my life I have had much more experience of the former state of mind than of the state represented in this instance by Bentley.

I hope you will write more. I can say without flattery that to me you appear to write not only well but with certain qualities which are very rare indeed.

I trust we may meet again somewhere. I have very pleasant recollections of Haslemere.

Very soon after the appearance of Hutton's article my father was taken ill, and it proved to be the beginning of the end. He left the Isle of Wight in May for Winchester for change of air, and there, by an interesting coincidence, found his old schoolfellow, Lord Selborne, spending some time on the scene of their early school days. We then believed that my father was recovering; but at his age such an illness was a serious matter, and Hutton wrote to him with affectionate anxiety:

"I have thought a great deal of you during your illness which caused me great regret to hear of. You really are wanted here not only for those many warm friends who like me value so much their intercourse with you, but to publish the papers on theism which must make a mark in the world."

In July we abandoned all hope, and Hutton wrote to me with a deep and characteristic note of sympathy in his words: "I had heard from Cashel Hoey of your father's state with the greatest pain. I had hoped to have had many of those frank and delightful talks with him on theology which I have enjoyed more than any theological talks in my life. God will be with him. If you find him conscious again, please give him my love and tell him I

trust I may be found worthy to meet him in a world where our doubts may be solved."

I saw Hutton some months afterwards, and he was very anxious for all particulars of my father's last days. I sent him some notes which my father had dictated a few days before his death, somewhat incoherent, but witnessing eloquently to his exceptionally acute sufferings and his deep religiousness. "It is terrible to think of what God may see good to inflict" (Hutton wrote). "The late Dean MacNeile once said to a lady who made this remark, 'Yes, Madam, Providence has the most wonderful strength of mind,'—and that is what (one) chiefly feels in reading of your father's sufferings and faith."

From that time onward, Hutton's kindness to me was very great and constant. He was extremely anxious to keep me to serious work. I was, in theory, intending to be called to the Bar, and was a Member of the Inner Temple. But he saw quite plainly that this would never come to anything. On the other hand, though I was deeply interested in certain branches of literature, and especially in the philosophy of religious belief, it was in some respects a misfortune that my income was sufficient for my wants apart from any profession. Therefore, work was apt to be intermittent and desultory. Hutton was very anxious to induce me to work really seriously at literature and philosophy. He asked me to write for the *Spectator*, and I thenceforth did so occasionally as long as he lived. At the end of 1884, Cardinal Vaughan and the Catholic Bishops of England asked me to lecture on modern infidelity to the divinity students at Ushaw, the great ecclesiastical college near Durham. I paid a visit to Cardinal Newman, who encouraged me in the idea, and I drew out a rough scheme which I sent to Hutton just before going abroad for a holiday in June, and he promised to "meditate deeply" on my notes, and advise on them when next we met. "I am very glad you are accepting;" (he wrote) "it will compel you to think and work."

Without ever in the least preaching to me, I felt that he was always anxious to arouse in me more of the intense

earnestness which he and my father had in their work for the cause of religion in England, and, moreover, he was critical of any signs of sensitiveness to praise and blame. His own entire insensibility to both is conveyed in the following remarks, written on the occasion of an article I sent him on his little book on Cardinal Newman:

I don't think any article could be kinder, and I hope I may say on the whole juster, than yours. If there is anything good in the little book it is the passages from Newman, and the selection of them. I never read a review of any book of mine with pleasure in my life, nor indeed with pain, for I know beforehand almost everything that can be justly said against it, and what is unjust does not annoy me. But I find myself reading over again and again the little bits of Newman you have quoted from my little book with increased gratification that I should have made *some* of them, at all events, better known to the world.

He used to let me send him in MS. all that I wrote, and while he criticized any appearance of sensitiveness, I think he endeavoured to turn it to good account by his own judicious mixture of praise and criticism in regard to one's compositions. His criticisms were invaluable in giving the clue to what needed amendment. I subjoin two specimens to show his manner. The first is on a chapter in my father's Life which I was writing from 1885 to 1889:

I can't say I am satisfied with it as regards manner. It has not the light touch I hoped. It reads laborious. I think you might have given a little more lightness to it by illustrating what *kind of sentences* in Mill and Bentham took hold of your father's mind—quoting one or two as illustrations—and so, too, with Arnold and Whately (whom by the way you give an " e " that does not belong to his name), just taking a characteristic sentence or two from them to let people hear the note that rang in your father's ears. Though I have suggested nothing but *additions* in this, I think your fifteen sides might easily be compressed into seven or eight, and yet read much lighter than they do. That sentence from Newman describing the typical safe clergyman is just what you wanted. Of course, it is very well known, but it is exactly in place and lightens the whole. But somehow (as far as I have gone) I don't think

you have hit on the right narrative tone. But I know how difficult it is, and am ashamed of giving such very vague suggestions for mending what I cavil at.

Ever yours most heartily (in spite of my disagreeableness),

R. H. HUTTON.

The second criticism is on the first draft of an article I wrote for the *National Review* called "The Clothes of Religion." Mr Frederick Harrison had published a very witty attack on Herbert Spencer's "Religion of the Unknowable." In some very brilliant pages he had made fun of the idea of praying to the Unknowable, maintaining that the Unknowable was best expressed by the algebraic symbol X^n. The prayer, he said, should therefore be written: "O X^n, save us and help us and make us one with Thee." Mr Harrison's own religion—a Bowdlerized version of Comte's Positivism with its deity of Humanity—appeared to me to suggest an obvious *tu quoque*, and I wrote an attack on him similar to his attack on Spencer. Humanity was as unsatisfactory a god as the Unknowable. Both Spencer and Harrison seemed to use the language and emotions we associate with religion, without any belief which justified them. I referred to the old Eastern story of the Barmecide's feast, in which all the gestures proper to eating were gone through while there was in reality nothing to eat. The religious rites of Positivist and Agnostic alike seemed to be something of the same kind. Positivist and Agnostic alike had the religious hunger natural to the normal man. Therefore if they both thought that there was nothing else in existence to appease it, they naturally endeavoured to find what satisfaction they could in the Unknowable and Humanity —much as a starving man has been known to gnaw a pair of boots. Here is Hutton's letter on this essay:

March 29, 1884.

I called at your Club hoping you would come over and breakfast with me to-day, but found you flown. I have read your MS., but as the Welshman was told, when permitted to go "to the right

with the sheep " in spite of petty larcenies, it was a " tamned tight squeeze."

The opening is admirable, indeed it could hardly be better as far as the Barmecide's feast, where, if I had been you, I would have given the philosopher and the Positivist a boot apiece to feed on. Then I think you alter your method too much and do not sufficiently follow your model. You should have made more use of the New Year's address on the " choir invisible." You should take the "H." from " humanity " and explain what humanity means. You should stick to your grieving widow or mother and represent (as you do once for a short time) what the Positivist would have to say to her when she came for consolation. You should tell her about her husband or son having—perhaps—joined the choir invisible, and working more *posthumously* for herself and the rest of her family than they had ever done in actual life, and represent her reply on such a representation. In fact you should stick to Harrison's method more, as you have done up to the Barmecide's feast. . . . There is the possibility of a very *brilliant* paper here, and the possibility is realized in the first third of it.

I recast the last part of the article in accordance with his suggestions, and he again received me with a leader in the *Spectator*.

During these years (say from 1882 to 1892) we often met, generally at breakfast on Saturday morning at the Devonshire Club, or at the old St George's Club in Savile Row. These were the occasions which brought me to know him most intimately. We were sometimes *tête-à-tête*, but more often one or two others were present. I soon got to understand his character well, and to appreciate the saying of our common friend, Lord Emly, that the conduct of the *Spectator* was to Hutton a priesthood and an apostolate. Of these breakfasts I will say something more shortly, but in one respect I remember with yet more interest his occasional dinner parties at the Devonshire Club, because on those occasions his remarkable power of dominating his company by sheer intellectual force and simple earnestness was most apparent. He was not in the ordinary sense a brilliant talker. He had, moreover, none of the dramatic gift which makes conversation picturesque. His deep voice drawled out remarks generally

pungent and piercing and, as conversation grew more exciting, he would at times rise to really eloquent discourse. The profound conviction apparent in his words conveyed an impression of moral earnestness and strength which communicated itself to the whole company. Dean Church once told me of a rather flat debate at the Metaphysical Society which was suddenly raised to the highest level by ten minutes of Hutton's best speech, which had a touch of genuine inspiration. People whom I have known in other societies to have something petty and small in their conversation, were instinctively brought up to his level when in his company.

More than once I met Mr Gladstone at these dinners, and the intercourse between the two men was extremely interesting to watch. The deference between them was mutual. Hutton had an immense respect and enthusiasm for the great leader. This fact, coupled with the *Spectator's* religious enthusiasm, led some one to say that that paper's motto was: "There is but one God, and Gladstone is his prophet." Yet Gladstone's reverence for exceptional moral elevation, which made him hail John Mill in the House of Commons as the "saint of rationalism," caused him on his side to treat Hutton with a certain deference even when politics were discussed. And Hutton's aloofness from party politics in the House of Commons enabled him to maintain an ideal unworldliness in his political judgments which was very difficult for one more closely mixed up with party intrigues. Certainly even Gladstone's presence did not prevent my feeling that Hutton was the dominant element in the company. It was in its nature, though not in degree, like Dr Johnson's power of dominating even the most brilliant and distinguished society. This comparison, however, must not be pressed too far. Hutton had none of Johnson's determination to win in the dialectical encounter and was far less brilliant than Johnson. On the other hand, the power of sheer unworldliness was more strongly evidenced by Hutton's position in such discussions from the fact that it was stripped of adventitious aid.

"What a prig!" some one would exclaim on reading the above account; but Hutton was no prig. There was a great deal of the spontaneous exhibition of human nature in his conversation which seldom failed to show his strong likes and dislikes, and his keen sense of humour. He was a good hater, and could criticize most pungently those of whom he disapproved. His mind was not always well-balanced: for example, his sentiment about cruelty to animals was almost a monomania. Some of the letters on this subject sent by correspondents to the *Spectator* were so extreme as to read like hoaxes, but they always gained admission. A certain sentimentalism in this and some other matters annoyed some people greatly and made them even disparage his intellect. "A great *appearance* of intellect," one well-known man of letters said to me, "but inside it is all squash."

His literary antipathies and sympathies were as strong as his personal ones. His aversion to George Meredith and his enthusiasm for William Watson were both based on intelligible reasons, but both somewhat extravagant. Then as to his humour, he immensely enjoyed hearing or telling a good story. Having known Cardinal Manning from earliest boyhood I had caught his very peculiar intonation, and had some characteristic stories about him which I used to tell Hutton at our small breakfast parties, and in which he revelled. I was dining with Hutton (I think in 1884) as one of a large company, among whom were Gladstone, Liddon, W. E. Forster, Dean Church, and Bishop Magee—afterwards Archbishop of York; and as we talked together after dinner Hutton greatly disconcerted me by saying suddenly: "Oh! Mr Gladstone, I want you to hear Wilfrid Ward mimic Archbishop Manning." There was no help for it, and I told one or two of my stories. These must have touched in Gladstone a spring of some early Oxford memories when he and Manning were familiar friends, for he laughed so much that he nearly rolled out of his chair. He then recovered himself, and became very solemn. "Do tell me, Mr Ward," he said, "how is my dear old friend

the Archbishop? Please give him my kindest remembrances when you see him."

Hutton's worship for Gladstone was perhaps the deepest personal feeling of the kind he ever had; if it was equalled at all it was only equalled by his feeling for Newman. But with Newman he had no personal intimacy. Their intercourse was almost entirely by letter. The breach between the *Spectator* and the Liberal leader on the Home Rule question was a very heavy blow to Hutton, and Mr Gladstone himself—so a friend of his once told me—also felt it acutely. Hutton once told me an exceedingly interesting story in this connexion. He used often to pass his summer holiday at the inn at Hawarden, lunching and walking with Mr Gladstone two or three times a week. In 1885 Gladstone wrote to say that he particularly hoped that he was coming that year. Mr and Mrs Hutton accordingly went to Hawarden, but the day after their arrival Hutton was taken ill with influenza. Mrs Gladstone, who was all kindness, determined that the invalid should not be left simply to the mercies of a village inn. She often called to see him for a moment, bringing some delicacy to make his convalescence pleasanter. The old-fashioned landlady had a peculiar way of announcing her. " Mrs Gladstone "—and then, after a long pause—" and the roast partridge." Next day it was, " Mrs Gladstone—and the strong beef tea; " another day, " Mrs Gladstone —and the orange jelly." This went on until Hutton was practically well, and the landlady one day announced: " Mrs Gladstone "—and then, in a deep voice, after a very long and solemn pause, " and the Prime Minister." Mrs Gladstone very shortly left the two alone for a talk. Hutton was feeling full of gratitude for the kind attentions shown by the family during his illness, and more ready than ever to do anything Gladstone wanted. Gladstone forthwith broke the Home Rule scheme to him, which fell like a bombshell. "There is nothing I should more value," he said, " than the support of the *Spectator*." Hutton, who had long been a staunch follower of Gladstone's severer Irish policy, was quite unable to follow him

in his *volte face*. Mr Gladstone said he hoped that before he left the room Hutton would promise to support him. Hutton had not the courage to refuse outright then and there, but he had sufficient strength to insist on time to make up his mind. After an hour and a half Mr Gladstone departed, and directly the magical presence was removed, Hutton, weak though he was, forthwith packed his portmanteau and returned to London, and wrote from thence the uncompromising dissent from which he never afterwards swerved.

The Saturday breakfast parties were, as I have said, very frequent. Generally I used to breakfast with Hutton at the Devonshire Club; sometimes he with me at the St George's Club, now defunct, in Savile Row. We were rarely more than four at breakfast, and the actual quality of his conversation was at its best in this small group, although, as I have said, his power of dominating the conversation when large numbers were present made his larger gatherings in that respect more memorable. But he " let himself go " at the breakfasts. He needed to be wound up (so to speak) before his fine intellect did itself justice. And I have heard him say curiously pointless and flat things when he was very tired. Part of his mind seemed to go to sleep. A certain absence of the artist's close sensitiveness to those he talked to added to the sheer force of his conversation. He had strong and deeply felt views which he brought out with rather slow articulation. He had not the modern way of softening angles or trimming to suit his company. You had his full mind for what it was worth, and you knew that it generally meant something deep-rooted in him and not a mere phase of thought. Feeling in him was very deep, but not quick or responsive. He had not a quick perception of the play of thought around him. There was something in his mental vision corresponding to his physical vision. He would hold a book quite close to his best eye (he was extremely short-sighted), and become entirely absorbed in it; and so, too, he became absorbed in one definite line of thought—at times a very subtle one—to the exclusion of all else,

even of much that ought to qualify his conclusions in practice.

It was at the breakfasts that his wide and accurate knowledge of literature became most apparent. I have seldom heard better conversation on our greater poets than between him and Aubrey de Vere, who was often his guest or mine. He had a specially close verbal knowledge of Dickens, and he appeared to take a kind of physical pleasure in his long quotations from the sayings of Mr Pecksniff.

These breakfasts had a certain importance when matters of political moment were to the fore, for the word of the *Spectator* was powerful, and it was on the cards that our conversation might lead to some strong pronouncement from Hutton on the following Saturday. This was the more possible from an impulsiveness which was one of his attractive characteristics. Frequent guests on these occasions were the late Lord Emly, Aubrey de Vere, Canon Malcolm MacColl, and myself. After the Home Rule Bill, he and MacColl used to have disputes so violent that once or twice I became alarmed, but they always parted as friends, though Hutton would speak when MacColl had left, half laughingly, half angrily, of " that little fighting cock," or " Gladstone's black dwarf."

The only faint suggestion of the *gourmet* that I ever saw in Hutton was his keen appreciation of tea at these breakfasts. He would have a mixture of four different kinds of tea, and would continue to sip one or the other with keen relish long after breakfast was over, as a parson of the old school sipped his port.

Several persons whom I afterwards came to know well were first met by me at Hutton's breakfast table. He usually brought together people who were in some ways congenial spirits, either in themselves or from a common interest in some event of the moment. If I remember rightly I first came to know both Dean Church and Dr Talbot, the present Bishop of Winchester, in this way.

I have spoken above of Hutton's singular unworldliness which made itself felt in conversing with him. It was a

bond of union between him and my father, and I will endeavour to particularize my meaning by comparing the two men. Tennyson in his epitaph on my father calls him " most unworldly of mankind," and, while Hutton could hardly be more unworldly, he had certain qualities in conversation which gave one a more constant sense of unworldliness, or at least of aloofness from all pleasures of the world, in him than in my father. First of all there was in my father the strong dramatic and musical taste which made the play and the opera so very large a part of his life. Allied with this was the emotional temperament which made him once say: " Had I not been enthusiastically religious, I should probably have been enthusiastically profligate." This was quite absent in Hutton, who was the more exclusively spiritual and intellectual. He lacked the passionate element in all except the burning fire of purely religious passion. Again, my father enjoyed the game of conversation far more than Hutton did, and rather liked to charm people. " I hate being called a clever man," he would say, " but am delighted when I hear of people saying I am an agreeable man." I recall an instance which illustrates this: Old Miss Georgiana Nicholls, a daughter of the late Sir George Nicholls, and a connexion of my mother's was a strong Protestant. She had never met my father and, having great horror of him as a Papist incarnate, always avoided him. Once by chance they found themselves *tête-à-tête* in the same drawing-room, in the house of a common relation. When they were seen together by some of us as children through the drawing-room window, we were terrified as to the consequences; but on entering we found Miss Nicholls wreathed in smiles. " What a *charming* man Mr Ward is," she exclaimed when he had gone; and my father remarked, when he heard of this: " I was *determined* to make her like me." There was nothing in Hutton at all resembling this; and the absence in him of the slightest approach to even the most superficial vanity added to one's sense of his unworldliness. He was

in consequence more exclusive in his likes and dislikes than my father. He clung with close tenacity to his friends, and they were a comparatively small group. To one of his dearest friends he wrote almost daily. He liked a blunt man if he was very straightforward; and was quite intolerant of any criticism of Cardinal Vaughan whom he admired immensely. To Manning, on the other hand, he did less than justice. There was perhaps occasionally an element in Manning's oracular sayings which recalled Carlyle's description of his own lectures; "They are the mixture of prophecy and play-acting"; but it was owing, I think, partly to a want of understanding in Hutton, and to a certain absence in him of the instinct for social life, and of realization of the demands on one in Manning's great public position, that he regarded such manifestations as unreal and wanting in sincerity. They were really often the effort to meet exacting requirements and great expectations amid a large and miscellaneous company of his admirers.

The occasions on which the singular tenderness of Hutton's feelings came out most deeply were illness or trouble to his friends. I remember commenting to him on an article in the *Spectator* which expressed a far more flattering opinion of a certain author than that which I knew that he really held, and he told me that the author in question was very ill, and he hoped the article might cheer her up. If a friend were seriously ill, Hutton would visit him or her daily, bringing presents each time. Such illnesses caused him grief to an extent which I have never witnessed in anyone else. There is a good deal which must have been half-consciously suggested by Hutton in the character of Mr Biddulph in a novel called *The Light Behind*, by one who knew him, in which this *trait* is especially apparent.

Hutton was not a good letter writer, for he was too much in earnest to think of the form of his letters, and had not the artist's instinct which might have counteracted such inattention. But their very simplicity and directness

make them to some degree an illustration of his character, while they are often a valuable record of his views and recollections.

On an essay of mine which dealt with the Saints as the persons whose insight we should naturally trust in the matter of religious belief, he once wrote:

This is an interesting paper, but I think you might strengthen the latter part of it. Of course, what would be said was that Newton and the mathematicians can verify their deductions by showing that they can predict what no one understood how to predict before they discovered these new theorems: and that *therefore* you might become their disciples and trust them. Can nothing of the same kind be said for accepting the moral guidance of the saints? Have they not verified their discernment of spiritual things, by practically encountering and defying temptations and bewilderments of which we all know the strength? Cannot we show that they are differentiated from enthusiasts and fanatics by the singular self-possession and presence of mind by the help of which they kept their heads above the giddy whirl of life, as in the case of St Francis of Assisi or St Philip Neri, or, as I should say, Keble or George Herbert?

The word "agnostic" is now part of the English language. I once asked Hutton to put down for me in writing the particulars of the occasion at which he was present when the word was first invented. The following is his reply:

It was at a preliminary meeting, before the foundation of the Metaphysical Society, held I think at either Knowles's house, the Hollies, Clapham Common, or at the Deanery, Westminster, in Stanley's time, in 1869—I believe the former—that Huxley said that far from being an atheist, his faith could not be better expressed than by the inscription on the Athenian altar that St Paul took as the text of his sermon at the Areopagus *αγνωστῳ θεῳ* He could not pretend to say what the ultimate power was like, he regarded it as an enigma that he would not venture to characterize, but far from denying its existence, he recognized it though he held its nature to be unknown and perhaps inscrutable. He wished to

call himself an agnostic. Tennyson I think, and Manning were there, and Martineau certainly, and I and Knowles and probably several others, but I cannot say now who else was there. But I can answer for it that Huxley identified himself with the Athenians who had raised an altar to the unknown God, and did not think that St Paul had any good grounds for his belief that he could remove the veil and " declare " him.

I think this is all that I can tell you, but of this much I am sure.

His attitude towards the Catholic religion was remarkable. I think he had learned quite early to take the somewhat rigid view as to its obligatory teaching which my father took. And he could not concur in positions which seemed to him impossibly narrow. On the other hand, the priests he met—Father Whitty, Father Gordon, Cardinal Vaughan, and others—impressed him deeply, and his deference to any Catholic ecclesiastic was quite quaint in its outward manifestations. I remember meeting him in the street with a priest in my company, and saying, " Do you know Father A. B.? " Hutton had been too blind to recognize the priest, but at once took off his wideawake hat, and said with energy, " I have had the great honour and privilege of meeting Father A. B. more than once," and he kept his hat off while he talked to him.

His feeling in respect of Catholicism is perhaps best expressed in the words of Dr Johnson: " Sir, I would be a Catholic if I could, but a certain obstinate rationality prevents me."

My wife and I used often from 1889 onwards to go to York House, Twickenham, to stay with Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff from Saturday to Monday, and regularly on Sunday mornings at the 11 o'clock Mass we saw Hutton in the Catholic Church, for he then lived at Twickenham. In May he used daily to send flowers to Our Lady's altar. Many people thought he must quite certainly intend to become a Catholic, but I soon saw that this was not so, and Father English—the priest at Twickenham—who for some time could hardly realize

this, came in the end to understand that I had been right.

Hutton used to read with avidity letters I received from my eldest sister—a Dominican nun in Australia—and quoted one of them at great length in the *Spectator*, making it the subject of a leading article. After my marriage my wife and I from time to time dined with him quietly, and we got to know his state of mind very closely.

Very touching was his intense gratitude for prayer at a time when the illness of his beloved wife was simply breaking his heart.

> Your most kind note touched me more than I can say (he writes again). The knowledge of the little one's prayers for me goes to my heart. I fear I am not the sort of person for whom prayer obtains the blessings asked, but that little one's prayers for me will at least be recorded, and only not granted because God sees fit not to grant them.

And again:

> No one has needed prayer for him more than I for many months past. I may hope with trembling that my friends' prayers have not been altogether unanswered.

After Mrs Hutton's last illness had begun, our old evenings with him, with the considerable element of fun which accompanied more serious talk, could hardly be looked for. But I have a note dated September 25, 1894, which reads a little more brightly than others of his last years:

> I hope (he writes to my wife), that you both enjoyed *George Mandeville's Husband* which was posted to you on Saturday. I was so glad to meet you both, and to hear your husband sing and do the old Cardinal again. It was like old times.

The following letters, written by Father English during Hutton's last illness in 1897, give a clearer indication of

his religious attitude than any description of mine could do:

FATHER ENGLISH TO WILFRID WARD.

July 11, 1897.

As usual with him, whenever absent from the 11 o'clock Mass, he insisted on my giving him a complete outline of the sermon, and I read him a chapter of the *Imitation*. Alas! that is all the poor help I can give him. There is now no chance whatever, humanly speaking, of his changing his religion and becoming a Catholic. But, of course, he is so good and so upright, and with such clear ideas about contrition, that we might wish many a Catholic who dies without Sacraments to have as good a chance as his.

FATHER ENGLISH TO WILFRID WARD.

July 19, 1897.

Our dear Hutton goes on sinking from day to day, and the process cannot be continued I fear much longer. On Friday he had a sudden alarming rise of temperature which mounted to 104 degrees. Then this morning it has fallen below the normal temperature considerably. I gave him the message from yourself and your wife, and he was much touched by it, and wished me when I wrote to give you both his love. I read him a chapter of the *Imitation* every day, and it is curious how his habit of criticism follows him, for, when he is strong enough, invariably he starts a little discussion on what I have read to him. I fear he suffers a great amount of pain, though he keeps it all to himself.

FATHER ENGLISH TO CARD. VAUGHAN.

July 22, 1897.

I gave your Eminence's message to Hutton and he was greatly touched. His eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Give him my reverend and affectionate thanks."

There is no human probability of his conversion. It would require a miracle just as decided as St Paul's vision on the road to Damascus. For the last two or three years he seems to have settled down in the conviction that he must remain where he is in the Church of England. His position in regard to us is this: he is much more sure, he says, that the Bible is *not* inspired in all its parts, that it contradicts itself, that it is absolutely wrong in

many statements of fact, than that there can be found any proof of the Church's infallibility. Indeed, one of his strong points would be that *a posteriori* the claim to infallibility is disproved by the Church's definitions about the Bible. But there are heaps of other difficulties as well. We have fought most of them out together, and Hutton was not to be convinced. At least Ward, Fr. Dalgairns, and Fr. Whitty, S.J., were formerly as intimate with him as I have lately been, and they made no impression whatever upon him in the fundamental matter of Faith.

Hutton suffered much during his illness, though he showed great fortitude. "Though in no sense afraid of death," writes another Catholic friend who saw him in this month, "I think his dear loving heart is tortured at the idea of leaving his friends." The end did not come before September, and was announced to me in a few words by Father English:

FATHER ENGLISH TO WILFRID WARD.

September 9, 1897.

This afternoon about 5 poor Mr Hutton breathed his last. He had been unconscious for several days, and everybody expected the end to come at any moment. The end was painless. . . . To-morrow I say Mass for his dear soul.

During Hutton's last illness several of our common friends used to write to me for news, and I used to pass on Father English's bulletins. Aubrey de Vere was one of these. He had often talked to me of the deep and lasting effect for good on the large public which read the *Spectator*, of living week after week in the intellectual society of that thoughtful and profoundly spiritual mind, and when I told him that all was over he wrote as follows:

I must send you at least a few lines of most cordial thanks for your letter, and especially for the latter part of it, in which you speak with so much insight and so much judgment of our dear friend Hutton. I go entirely along with you in all that you say

of him, and do not think that you overrate him in the least. He was indeed a rare being, and one of those in whom the world, however much it may see, will miss what is perhaps still higher than what it admires.

I went out to see him at Twickenham four or five times during the six weeks I passed in London this summer; and was very fortunate; for they were all of them spoken of by his devoted niece as good days for him; days on which there was less bodily suffering than on most days, and no mental wanderings. I cannot but think that his high religious fortitude and submission indicate that he must have been living under a *very high grace of God*, and, therefore, his Catholic friends may safely regard him as one belonging to the soul of the Church.

The above recollections are very fragmentary and imperfect, but they have been worth setting down if they contribute at all to making known something of a character for which I have felt perhaps more unmixed admiration than for any I have ever known. The fact that I was a Catholic, that our intercourse dealt so largely with religion, and that he never joined the Catholic Church, makes this circumstance the more remarkable.

WILFRID WARD

PSYCHOLOGY IN THE CONCRETE

L'Homme de Désir: R. Valléry-Radot.
Jean-Christophe: Romain Rolland.
Sinister Street, I: Compton Mackenzie.

THE psychological novel is often objected to on the grounds that it involves so much introspection. It proceeds from introspection and, what is worse, provokes it. Now introspection is by many held to feed the maladies it may diagnose (for to dwell upon what is a psychic habit does of itself intensify and establish it), or, even more often, to destroy the personality. For, once we have noticed our component Jekyll and Hyde, we somehow develop a third ulterior self, which sits at a little distance—a sort of Sophocles at the Aristophanean contest of Æschylus and Euripides—and aloofly watches the good and bad selves perform their antics. We wonder with interest what we are going to do next; our behaviour is as good to us as a play: we derive critical satisfaction when, after some action of ours, we can say to ourselves, "I told you so!" or, again, "Who would ever have expected it?" In either case, the governing self has abdicated: in moments of higher vitality, our co-existing selves are in simultaneous but anarchical commotion; when life flags, soul-states follow one another in fatal succession.

Even if the soul-study which alone makes such novels possible be not turned inward, at least one may urge that it takes unwarrantable liberties with the student's fellowmen. He will tend to regard them as cases, and to take a subtle, yet all but sensual pleasure in their spiritual dissection. Our national temperament resents that, or used to resent it, furiously. We probably all know our exasperation in presence of the soul-searcher by profession, and how we instinctively adopt any mask to protect ourselves against his being able to assure us, gleefully impertinent, that he has "read us like a book." Probably in any man's soul there are shrines, or dungeons, of which the door had better not be forced, even by himself, whether they be locked by the key of David, which shutteth and no man openeth or by some Bluebeard's key.

Psychology in the Concrete

Be all that as it may, once the spiritual diagnosis has been completed, no human document can be more enthralling. I imagine that is why we can scarcely sympathize with those critics of modern biographies—of Cardinal Vaughan's, for instance, and to some degree, of Cardinal Newman's—who say they are not reticent enough. Reticence, indeed, has never been a characteristic of hagiography; and the least reticent of autobiographies have been written at the command of confessors. There are, too, the cynics and the unashamed: Augustine at one end finds himself balanced by Rousseau at the other, and by *De Profundis* and by Strindberg.

Of marvellously accurate and subtle studies concerning more ordinary types, none have so thoroughly fascinated the present writer, of late, as *Jean-Christophe*, by M. Romain Rolland, and Mr Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street*. With these I should couple *L'Homme de Désir*, by M. Robert Valléry-Radot. M. Valléry Radot is one of that group of French Catholics whose names are of constant recurrence in the *Cahiers de l'Amitié de France*, and who are famous for their conscious, active, and creative Catholicism. Péguy, Claudel and Jammes are among their most often quoted protagonists. All their *ideés directrices* are to be found incarnate in this "man of desires" who passes from the service of the senses and of the intellect to that of God's altar and God's poor. In fact, in this short book is to be found a genuine revelation of the psychology of this new group of Catholic and, as I said, creative Frenchmen. There is their extreme modernity (Æschylus, Goethe, Baudelaire; Catherine of Siena, Angela of Foligno, Tauler; Wilde, Meredith and Nietzsche colour the hero's earlier reading!) coupled with their entire aloofness from the component problems of modernism. As a matter of fact, they have left that far behind them: it proved useless, and is done with. There is, too, their taste for action, education of the will, downright athletics. Also their soaring mysticism, their Franciscanism. Above all, there is the way of the Cross—the chastening of the body, the orthodoxy of intellect, in the interests of the sweeter beauty, the

profounder truth and liberty. Now this book must have been the product of a strangely acute self-consciousness. But without it, we should lack a uniquely consoling document concerning religion in modern France.

Jean-Christophe is, I suppose, the only work of M. Romain Rolland which has conquered an English public. This fact has been laughed at in France. French critics have, of course, in the main applauded the novel to the skies; some, however, have not only decried its certainly heroic measurements (it is in ten volumes: what would Mr Mackenzie's critics have said to that?), and rebuked its repetitions, its amorphous masses; but have seen in it a pretension so to group an epoch around the life of an individual as to bring the reader, by contact with him, into touch with every noteworthy force or factor in it. *Jean-Christophe* is really, they say, a book upon a country and its spirit. They laugh at Englishmen because they think we applaud the book under the impression we have gained, by reading it, an easy yet exhaustive insight into the French mentality. We believe all this is wrong. As I started by saying, it is the human interest which matters. "*Tout le reste n'est que littérature.*" Too long? Well, I welcomed each volume, separately and together. I read the first volume with delight, because I thought that never had I seen treated with such utter accuracy, and *from the inside*, the processes of an infant soul. I watched in ecstasy the gradual development of consciousness and interpretation in the baby Jean, and was in no slightest hurry that he should grow old. "*Les mois passent. . . .*" That is a formula warning me that we are rapidly leaving these exquisite scenes of childhood. I was happier when I read: "*le vaste flot des jours se déroule lentement.*" That told me the author meant to linger. Some of the later books move, I own, but slowly. Alas, so do long arid tracts of life. Its interspaces, aftermaths, convalescences, all are slow. Yet they mean much and need long interpretation. Huysman's *La Cathédrale* is one long tedium: yet little indeed of it would I sacrifice. Amorphous? Well, God may geometrize; and

doubtless life as a whole is rhythmical. But in the individual, tree or human body or human soul, the symmetry is disguised and final balance is won most by compensation. Granted, that if one man's life is to be made a vehicle for impressions relating to an entire state or period in all its parts, he must be placed in many artificial correlations. But let us not say that *Jean-Christophe's* admirers value him as they would an "outline" history of contemporary politics, literature, art and religion. For my part, little enough of the theory and thesis troubled me: undoubtedly I admired intensely the "excursus," for example, upon modern French music; doubtless I regretted the narrowed and twisted views, as they seemed to me, held by Jean Christophe on religion; but the human interest throughout was what captured me: I was in touch with people, and moved in no shadow-show. And after all, the atheist is as real as the idolater, the artist as the Philistine, and the fool as the serenest critic. I like them all. In *Jean-Christophe* I meet them.

They live, however, a life utterly remote from the normal English life. That normal English life, Mr Mackenzie offers us, I do not say in his hero, but in his book. Like all these novels, *Sinister Street* has no plot.* Michael Fane is just born and grows up till it is time for him to go to Oxford. We see him in his nursery, with his governesses, at his "dame's school," at "St James's" in Hammersmith, and during variously spent holidays. In all this the sheer accuracy of the author's memory is nothing short of uncanny. Every tiniest detail of fact is exactly right, and every tiniest detail is present. That, and not slovenly writing, is what makes his book long. *Carnival* was shorter and less careful. He lingers, like Vergil, round each detail, *captus dulcedine*. And his conversations are as exact. "No one in England," a very independent critic lately said to me, "can write as boys

* I will say at once that though *Sinister Street* was tabooed by certain libraries on account of its length rather than its morals, I should not offer it to the inexperienced reader.

talk. Except Fr Garrold," he added. I do not think that Fr Garrold is, in his very restricted sphere, beaten by Mr Mackenzie; for Father Garrold, too, verges on the miraculous for truth of speech, imagination, and thought. But Mr Mackenzie, who can deal with far more material, at least equals him. And he speaks not only with Michael's lips, and those of his boy friends, but with his sister Stella's. The six pages of conversation between Michael and Stella at Compiègne are, to my feeling, as perfect in comedy as well as in psychology as anything in English. I remember Richard Feverel, and Lucy, and Clare, and do not feel ashamed of my belief that this boy and girl scene among the bracken makes for laughter and for meditation and for melancholy as potently as any page of Meredith's masterpiece. If I speak mainly about Michael, it is not that I fail to observe those admirable pieces of feminine characterization, Stella and Mrs Fane. Miss Carthew comes in third. But not alone is this author accurate as to fact, and in word, but as to the mentality which interprets the facts and seeks expression in the words. In this, certain critics would see his condemnation. The more truly he can describe, they suggest, such a mentality, the less he ought to do so. Michael was a prig, and unhealthy-minded. A prig? well, what of it? So were all geniuses once upon a time. Indeed, so are all clever boys. We put up with their priggishness; they grow out of it. Far better that it should annoy us for a while, than that the qualities which it masks and yet expresses should be stifled by conventionalism. Disciplined, they are sure to be: and roughly. Michael had his discipline. Unhealthy? For my part, I should have thought Michael, with his home training or lack of it, and his school environment, was a singularly clean-minded boy. After the cave, he felt sick and faint. Brother Aloysius he loathed; the pseudo-Capuchin* and the faun-like men at Mr Wilmot's had no

* For I assume the Capuchin was a masquerader. Could a genuine friar have offered the boy tea in his cell, have kept a stamp collection, and provided duplicates? Yet he intrigued me not a little, and I was positively haunted by the sore on his lip . . . What does the scene stand

power over him. His instincts, when confronted by Meats at Earl's Court, reveal themselves as sound. There is more unhealthiness, by far, to my thinking, in Mr Lunn's *Harrovians*, a cynical and dispiriting book. And after all, if Michael has his moods, what boy has not? Boyhood and adolescence are generally gusty times, when in the general hurricane a few fixed points, at most, can be held to. They are supplied, to a Catholic, by his dogma and his sacramental practice. It is amazing to the unprejudiced eye how conscience, instinct, and unreasoned tradition carry boys through, even unhelped by Catholic privileges. For the moods are there perforce. One great authority puts it, in pleasant paradox, that all boys about fourteen are a little mad. Michael, I remember, thought this of himself. Anyhow, to have drawn with utter fidelity the swing of emotion, the unreasoning depression, the bursts of misery, ecstasy, brutality, and poetry, plunging upwards through the normal and commonplace, is splendid art.

If I dare say so, the most disquieting feature in Michael was that he felt intermittently so religious.

His first up-bringing was, no doubt, deplorable. His mother, poor lady, could scarcely do much for him, though she heard his prayers; his governesses, especially Mme Flauve, did less. Neither the Calvinistic town church, where he could lick the varnish, and the poultice-handed curate fondled him, nor the ritualistic sea-side church, where the red-cassocked incense-boy put out his pious tongue at him, helped him one whit. Grown-up morality was delightfully unintelligible to him (p. 64). It was the *Ingoldsby Legends*, together with Christ

for and symbolize? For what does it count in Michael's development? May it be indicative of his first encounter with the Catholic Church, which presents itself to his dormant soul merely as a negligible concomitant of stamps and tea? Or are we to regard the Capuchin as a foreshadowing of Aloysius, the puzzled Michael being as yet unable to see what all the fuss was about . . . ? The sketch is so slight. I incline to think that the two mysticisms of heaven and of hell, to which I allude below, are here presented, as often they are found, in juxtaposition so close as to suggest real connexion.

Church Priory, which suddenly re-fired his brain with the romance of ritual. St Bartholomew's, the "practically Roming Catholic" Bournemouth Church, welcomed his eager soul. All *Sinister Street* is to be taken seriously; most of all this High-Church period and its mystical sequel at Clere Abbas. *Sinister Street* is a religious document of the first quality. It may not be a book for young ladies, but it is emphatically a book for priests. Rarely anywhere have I seen even attempted this portrayal of the mystical *éclosion* in a boy's soul.* Here too Mr Mackenzie allows for brief moments the deeper sentiment to transpierce the narrative; he all but pronounces a verdict, and a tender, humble verdict, upon the evidence. Not that for a moment he loses his sense of proportion or even comedy, witness the appalling ritualist young man, Mr Prout. Still, during the Magnificat, Michael genuinely did "commune with the Saints of God." The boys' voices genuinely did express "the purity of his own surrender to Almighty God." But Mr Prout had merely seen, with satisfaction, that the censing of the altar had been all right. Michael meanwhile was mentally offering "the best of himself to the worship of Christ, for the words of the lesson were striking on his soul like bells . . . For the first time he sang the Nunc Dimittis with a sense of the privilege of personally addressing God," and, during the final space of silent prayer, "Michael said the Our Father to himself and allowed his whole being to expand in a warmth of surrender. The purification of sincere prayer, voiced rather by his attitude of mind than by any spoken word, made him infinitely at peace with life." An emotional morality descended upon him. "Under the influence of faith, Michael found himself bursting with an affection for his mother such as he had not felt for a long time."† He went to confession with "truth-

* But Mr M. Carmichael's *Life of John William Walshe* has a wonderful chapter upon this, though the theme is not elaborated.

† Also he "was seized with a determination to suffer Stella's conceit gladly." Thus, too, M. Valléry-Radot notes in his Augustin, "en même

fulness and pluck"; his sins "stabbed his self-consciousness with daggers of shame." Absolution was pronounced, "tranquil as evening bells. The inessentials of his passionate religion faded away in the strength and beauty of God's acceptation of his penitence. Outside in the April sunlight Michael could have danced his exultation, before he ran home winged with the ecstasy of a light heart." Notice those words: "surrender," "personal," "sincere," "truthfulness and pluck," "the inessentials faded." Mr Mackenzie means us to see that this was the genuine stuff of religion, despite the coefficient of sheer sentiment, and the excited and vulgar sequel of ritualistic business. From this the visit to the Anglican Benedictines rescues him. On his way, he still discusses heresy and mysticism with his friend Chator: his room at home is still one bazaar of images; but when, over the downs, he hears the Angelus, "perhaps for the first time Michael half realized the mysterious condescension of God." He felt himself converted: "not *to* anything. Only different from what I was. . . . I felt a sudden feeling of being frightfully alive." The boy marked the place with a stone, a new Beth-El. Almost immediately after this, Chator prophesied that Michael would end as an Agnostic; and indeed, even through the mystical hours of retreat, still more, when galled by ritualistic prattle, Michael retained his love of shocking the conventionalists. It is true that a phase of Swinburne followed straight upon the empty reaction-period after these experiences; and then, shall I say, a Verlaine period; Michael caught the decadent pose badly, though his personality remained wholesome. But the pious statuettes were superseded, and his exotic room is described with delicious comedy. That phase passed too. The Boer War broke out: deaths

temps je me rapprochais des miens; Sabine et Noémie me consultaient sur les dessins de leurs broderies . . . je les aidais à renouveler les fleurs dans les vases." (p. 169). It is interesting to note the rôle of music in these books. *Jean-Christophe* is the psychology of a musical genius; Stella shows the same; Wagner and Chopin symbolize the mentalities of Augustin and his sister respectively.

at the front brought disillusionment; patriotism, religion, ideal generally, went by the board. The sceptical and blasé period succeeded, till he could say, " I can't believe in God, until I can believe in myself. And how can I believe in myself yet? " I need not linger over what complacent seniors call his " calf loves," which carried him through the few terms left to him at St James's. They were valuable, for they completed his disbelief in the false self or selves; and that is the necessary preliminary to the creation of a new and truer self, worthy to be believed in, being made in the image of God.

At this point I am forced to ask myself, without waiting for volume II, what became of Michael? Mr Mackenzie gives us a hint. Michael is to go, the dedication tells us, first to Oxford, and then to some scene in which his " romantic education " shall be completed. But Oxford the author entitles " Dreaming Spires "; and I want to know if I am wrong in fancying that this portends a period of repose and taking breath, like the long grey convalescence of *La Cathédrale*, consequent upon Durtal's sojourn in the inferno of *Lá-bas*, and upon the spiritual cataclysms of *En Route*. Certainly Michael needs this. He had received as much vital stimulus as any boy can stand. If he was not utterly to overgrow his strength, he needed cerebral quiet, a respite from experiment and emotion. I should like to see him quietly bracing himself with Aristotle, and purifying his soul with Plato and Sophocles, and establishing himself on the world's historical foundations, and all this unconsciously; praying just a little, and when he can, and this too almost unconsciously. Thus he will be rested and fortified to face the waking life when he goes down.

Where will he find his *éducation sentimentale?* I want to argue, in *Seven Sisters' Road*. At least beneath that symbol its topography can stand. Michael, I believe, was incurably spiritual and a frank mystic. The lucid interspace of Oxford will have lulled this part of him, only that it might gain new power to act. Now, " the mystic," Mr Symons (as Francis Thompson's biographer reminds

us) wrote, " has nothing in common with the moralist." A wiser word is, that " mysticism is morality carried to the nth power." So indeed it is, for those strong souls who can submit to the guidance of the mother of true mystics, the Church, who is the plenitude of Christ. But Michael was alone, save for the tugging forces within him, and nothing would surprise me less than that he should some day seek as it were an inverted mysticism in the church of Satan. After all, the stars are reflected in the gutter, and it will be these he is pursuing.* And above the façades of the sordid street the spires still peer. I remember once suggesting to a wise person that the spirituality of Beardsley's more diabolic drawings was the best argument of his capacity for Catholic saint-hood. I was told that no doubt I held vice to be identical with virtue. Well, we need not go to ancient Syria or modern India to observe the alliance between soul-ecstasy and sense-delirium. Once the artificial crust of personality has been volcanically broken through, fierce flame and refuse shoot upward side by side. But the one falls back, the other soars to join the stars. I should feel myself fantastic were I to insist on the possibility of Mr Mackenzie's *Grey Eyes* and *Blue Eyes* chapters being each an allegory, though part of the piquancy of this realistic book is that general ideas lurk in the incidents and each episode is symbolic. But are not the blue eyes—even those of that pagan genius, Stella—typical of the elusive, undisciplined, and uncapturable? of the elfish, the more than half unreal? What lasts, is the " classic," the principled, the dogmatic: cold at times; even chilling, once: but reliable, truthful, and ultimate? We are assured that the " classical," in Michael's case, is to conquer. But where shall he find its full incarnation?

I trust I shall not seem to be speaking merely to my book if I emphatically say, *not* in Clere Abbas. Be the Roman system right or wrong, the English imitation *is* undoubtedly just an imitation, and no real thing. Michael

* So, once more, *L'Homme de Désir*. " Etrange et sombre idolâtrie! C'était en vous cherchant, Seigneur, qu'elle m'était apparue," p. 57.

had a soul which, whatever its destiny, could not put up with imitation work. He might grow to feel, at the end of illusion upon illusion dissipated, that there was no reality; but he would not at the end accept as reality what was no such thing. Father Viner and the Abbot are both of them true to life; remorselessly so, in fact. The Abbot's letter and Fr Viner's conversation, prove how utterly inadequate their method would be in dealing with a restless and sincere soul like Michael's, "out for" life, and the real. Should he end in any institution whatsoever, it must not, emphatically not, be at one of those havens of his outgrown boyhood, save, perchance, for a briefest spell. We cannot have him disillusioned again, and once more lost on the wind-swept seas. But the peace which must in the long run visit his established soul will be an active and ever developing state. Within the system and the institution, no shackles will be put upon the thrust and effort of the soul. Even nature will be left to him, as God's garment, not His veil nor shroud. There is only one place among us where obedience is thus liberty, and submission life. Thither should he turn, crying aloud, even as Newman's convert, as he tramped through the storm, kept crying, he knew not why, "O Mother, O Mighty Mother!"

I trust it will not be thought *Sinister Street* is warp and woof composed of moral problems and religious crises. Nothing of the sort. The incident is rapid, hilarious, whimsical; the characterization strong and varied; in many a paragraph one is reminded of that, in one's own life, which had seemed to have sunk for ever below the consciousness. Because Michael is at once so rich within himself and so typical, because his career will be that of so many of our own and the coming generation, we have felt acutely the pages of this first volume, and wait eagerly, if rather anxiously, for the second.

C. C. MARTINDALE

FRÉDÉRIC OZANAM

Ozanam fut apôtre par toutes les fibres de son cœur par toutes les pensées de son esprit, par toutes les œuvres issues de sa foi et de son amour pour son temps et pour l'eternité. (Père Janvier.)

IN attempting to write of the great Frenchman whose centenary year we are keeping, we are confronted with the difficulty of finding anything fresh to say, where so much has already been written, and so beautifully written, on the subject. What would have been the amazement of our humble and saintly hero could he have foreseen the mass of literature which records his life and work, from Père Lacordaire's admirable article in the *Correspondant* of 1855 to the long life by Monseigneur Baunard of 1912, and the tributes which are even still appearing during the centenary celebrations. The only fact which, as we can imagine, would have consoled Ozanam would have been that in each tribute to his own memory he would have seen a still greater one to his beloved Society of St Vincent de Paul, now spread throughout the world.

Frédéric Ozanam, who was, during his short years on earth, to "achieve a work for God and man which changed the religious life and history of his nation," was born at Milan where his parents then lived on April 23, 1813. Milan was at that time in the hands of the French, but when they evacuated the country, his father, Dr Anthony Ozanam, with his family returned to Lyons, his native place, and here Frédéric passed his childhood and youth.

Dr Ozanam, who had originally been a soldier, studied medicine during his residence in Milan, and after his return to Lyons succeeded in obtaining, by a public *Consensus*, the position of Physician to the Hôtel Dieu of that city. Frédéric was blessed in both his parents, and on his part no son could have been more devoted; of his father he says: "Notwithstanding an experience of life that made him acquainted with revolutions and camps and great reverses of fortune, he had preserved

a lively faith, a nobility of character, a great sense of justice and an inexhaustible charity towards the poor. He inspired us with a taste for what was good and beautiful."

His mother was a woman of considerable culture, full of courage and energy and deeply religious; for her Frédéric had the devoted love and veneration which is a characteristic of such chosen souls. The relations between saints and heroes and their mothers would be a beautiful and fruitful subject to dwell upon, and one worthy of Ozanam's own pen. "It was at my mother's knee that I learnt Your fear, O Lord, and in her eyes Your love," he once wrote, and during one of his last lectures at the Sorbonne he evoked in his weak and faltering tones the memory of this beloved mother and that of his sister, who had both passed away. This sister had been a second little mother to Frédéric, and helped in his education, and her death at nineteen was his first sorrow. Of fourteen children Dr and Mme Ozanam had the grief to lose eleven, so that as Frédéric grew up the family consisted only of himself, his brother, Alfonse, who became a priest, and Charles who adopted his father's profession. They both survived Frédéric and were with him at his death. From his childhood, the latter showed signs of exceptional talents; when he entered the Royal College of Lyons at nine years of age he was at once placed in the class for which the usual age was fifteen, and at sixteen, after brilliant studies, he completed his course. At the early age of fifteen Frédéric passed through the crisis of his life. Almighty God was pleased to permit the future athlete of the Church to be assailed by terrible temptations against Faith. The trial was agonizing, and during it, as he tells us, his pillow was wet with tears and his health became affected. His trial reminds us of that endured by St Francis of Sales, and, like the Saint, he was delivered by prayer. "Going one day into a Church and kneeling before the Tabernacle, he humbly besought God with tears to remove his doubts and to allow him to see the truth

clearly, promising that if He was graciously pleased to do so, he would devote his whole life to its defence." He rose, comforted in spirit, and submitted his doubts to his professor of philosophy, the Abbé Noiret, the ablest professor of that subject then in France. The Abbé discussed with Frédéric all the questions which had troubled him, and by the grace of God " brought order where there had been confusion, and caused the light of faith to shine again."

This immense trial had lasted a whole year, but the time of anguish was not lost and was, we may believe, allowed in order to prepare Frédéric for his special work among young men and for his future defence of the Church by his voice and pen. Henceforth his promise was never absent from his mind, and his subsequent life was devoted to its fulfilment. He had no illusions as to the work this would entail, and writing later on to friends, he says: " If I mean to write a book at five-and-thirty, I must begin to prepare for it at eighteen, for the preliminary studies are multitudinous. . . . I must acquire twelve languages so as to be able to consult sources and documents. I must be fairly master of geology and astronomy in order to discuss the chronological and cosmogonal systems of peoples; I must master universal history in all its breadth, and the history of its religious Creeds in all its depth."

Ozanam was, by his father's wish, destined for the Bar, and perhaps one of the greatest signs of his future holiness lies in his ready submission to his father's judgment in embracing a career which was very contrary to his own wishes and natural gifts. For years he strove to work under conditions the very opposite to his taste and character, and we wonder that his devoted parents did not regret their decision. At the age of eighteen he went to Paris to begin his studies in the Schools of Law. At first he was unfortunate in the lodging selected for him and the company he met, but after a month he had the good fortune to call on M. Ampère, whom he had met at Lyons, and was kindly invited by him to come and

live with him and occupy the room of his absent son. Nothing could have been happier for the young student; not only was M. Ampère a man of deep religious feeling and capable of being a second father to him, but his position as a member of the Institute, as the greatest mathematician in France, and as the head of the scientific world in Paris, enabled him to be of great use to Ozanam, by throwing open to him the Institute and the chief libraries of the city, and by making him known to the great Catholics of the day, such as Montalembert, Chateaubriand, etc. These introductions were doubly precious to Ozanam, who felt lost and singularly alone in the frivolous and irreligious world of Paris. "He feels in it as if tied to a corpse," he says. "The coldness of it freezes him and its corruption kills him—Paris is Babylon where the captive Jew weeps when he remembers Sion, that is, his home at Lyons."

He, like other religious-minded youths, was afraid to make friends among the young students—as an illustration of this, M. Goy, another law student, remained six months without making any friends: but one Sunday, seeing Ozanam at Mass, he remembered seeing him also at class, and on coming out of Church they began a friendship which proved lasting. Soon they were joined by others of the same mind and by some Lyons friends. One youth, M. Francis Lallier, became Ozanam's friend under the following circumstances. One day while he was attending a lecture at the Collège de France by the Professor of Oriental Archæology, who set himself to disprove what he contemptuously termed the Legend of Genesis, Lallier observed Ozanam, whom he did not then know, listening attentively but shaking his head in dissent. He also observed him several times in the street engaged in earnest conversations with the young men who surrounded him and who were, we may suppose, the nucleus of the chosen group which was to aid him in his fight, and of whom Lallier soon became one.

The case of the Professor at the Collège de France was unfortunately no exceptional one. Those in the University

of the Sorbonne were all infidels and used their opportunities for attacking Catholicism, and the Catholic students were so few that they did not dream of trying to protect themselves. But Ozanam was made of different stuff; he could not remain silent, and on two occasions when statements were made against God and the Church he wrote to the Professors objecting to them and stating his reasons. His letters were read publicly to the class; they were applauded by the students, and the Professor had almost to retract his words, and above all, they encouraged the students to defend their religion.

Ozanam was not satisfied with this first attempt. He organized the Catholic students and arranged that whenever a Professor should attack Catholicism, one of their number should answer him. The occasion soon came.

M. Jouffroy, one of the Professors of the Sorbonne, in a lecture attacked Revelation and its possibility. After writing to him more than once and receiving no proper satisfaction, Ozanam called a meeting of the Catholic students and they drew up a protest to which Jouffroy was obliged to attend, and he promised in future to abstain from all attacks on religion.

Without accepting the title, Ozanam now became the leader of the Catholic students. They had recourse to him in every difficulty and looked to him as their representative. He did not owe his influence to any external advantages, for he was far from handsome or striking in appearance, but his winning smile and the goodness of heart which shone in his countenance drew hearts to him. In spite of the zeal of his chosen companions, the larger body of Catholic students by their apathy and indifference saddened Ozanam, and he longed to find a way of rousing them to a better knowledge of their Faith, and from this desire of a humble individual arose the glorious apostolate inaugurated by Père Lacordaire and continued by so many illustrious men, in the pulpit of Notre Dame. Considering the good that might be effected by conferences on the great religious questions

of the day, Ozanam consulted his friends and drew up a petition signed by a hundred students to the Archbishop of Paris. The latter received the young petitioners with great kindness, but, as we know, there was much delay before the day came when, owing to the influence of the Abbé Affre, the petition was fully granted, and the Père Lacordaire was able to begin the famous Conferences.

Soon another effort in the same good cause claimed Ozanam's attention and help. The *Société des bonnes Etudes*, a literary society for law students, which had been founded before 1830 and which was presided over by M. Bailly, a Professor of Philosophy and a devoted Catholic, had been swept away by the Revolution, and its excellent President now sought some other means of helping and keeping in touch with the students. He thought that if he could get them together once a week to listen to a lecture on History or Rhetoric, to be followed by a debate among themselves, they would be provided with a useful and interesting occupation; he earnestly desired Ozanam's co-operation in this scheme, and the latter cordially entered into his views. Meetings under the name of the Conference of History were to take place in rooms in M. Bailly's office, Rue Petit Bourbon. M. Bailly had at first intended the Conferences for Catholic members only, but these were few, and he also saw that unless persons of diverse views joined in the debates there would be little reality in them, nor would they excite proper interest. Gradually, therefore, young men of all shades of thought—infidels, atheists, Saint Simoniens, Fourreristes—were admitted, and the discussions (politics excepted) covered a large range of subjects in science, history, philosophy.

The Catholics, though few in number, were able to hold their own under Ozanam's able direction, he himself being far the most erudite member of the Conference, while his gift of eloquence and power of effective retort made him an invaluable leader. The meetings were often animated and even stormy. The Catholics would some-

times point to the benefits which the Church had conferred upon Society. "Yes," their opponents would retort, "it is true if you speak of the past, but the day of the Church is gone, she has now no vitality, she is effete, she is now powerless to do anything for humanity; and you who boast that you belong to the Church, what are you doing? Show us your works that we may be convinced and accept your faith and practise it." Such words as these, which deeply affected and wounded Ozanam, were to lead to the happiest results and to open to him the great work of his life.

One day early in 1830, the meeting had been more stormy than usual, and Ozanam, strongly moved by the attacks of his opponents and by the outrage offered to God and his Church, said on leaving to his companions: "Do you not feel as I do the need of having, outside this militant Conference, another small society composed exclusively of pious and brave friends, who would reply to our opponents, not only by words but by works, and thus prove the truth of their religion by its vitality." One of his friends, Lamache, who was present, spoke of this scene long afterwards. "Even now," he says, "after the lapse of half a century, that little scene is fresh in my memory. I seem to see Ozanam's eyes with an expression of overwhelming grief, yet full of fire and ardour. When we separated, each of us carried away with him the fiery arrow which Our Lord Jesus Christ had caused to enter his heart by the words of our young comrade." This was the secret of Ozanam's influence through life. It was not only his talents, and his astounding learning, but it was the power given to his words to make others burn with the zeal which devoured him. Some days later when some of his friends were assembled he returned again to the subject. "After a year of labour and of combat, what good result has this Conference produced? After all our exertions and sacrifices, have we brought over even one soul to Jesus Christ? If then our efforts have been without success, must it not be that there is something wanting to them which would give

to our words a supernatural power? Yes, in order that our apostolate should be blessed by God one thing is necessary, works of charity; the blessing of the poor is the blessing of God." Here we see the first suggestion of the now world-wide Society of St Vincent de Paul.

Ozanam, accompanied by Lallier, Lamache and Le Taillandier, went to M. Bailly, who was delighted with the idea and recommended them to consult the parish priest, M. Ollivier. The latter suggested to them the teaching of catechism to poor children, but admirable as such a work is, it was not quite what they desired, and the young men confided to M. Bailly their wish to visit the poor in their homes and to be brought in direct contact with their misery. M. Bailly could well sympathize with such a wish, and he summoned a meeting at his office. It was held in May, 1833, and eight members were present: Ozanam, Lallier, Lamache, Le Taillandier, Devaux, Claré, and two whose names have not been recorded. M. Bailly presided, and the meeting opened by prayer, followed by a short reading from the *Imitation*. The Visitation of the Poor in their homes was adopted as the fundamental work of the new "Conference." All wished to do this in the spirit of personal service to Our Lord, and the President's words expressed the wish of their hearts: "If you really wish to be useful to the poor, and to yourselves, make your work less one of giving material aid to them, than of bringing them moral and religious assistance in the conduct of their lives, and sanctify yourselves by recognizing Our Lord Jesus Christ suffering in the person of the poor."

Two weighty principles were also adopted at this first meeting—the total exclusion of politics from the Conferences, and the resolution that they should, *as* Conferences, take no interest in the temporal affairs of the members, so that no hope of worldly advantage should be a temptation to them. Such was the first sketch of the great work, which was gradually filled in as time went on, and with which Ozanam's life and death were to be identified, and such the spirit that has sustained the

great Society, which now numbers some 140,000 members and which continues to spread throughout the whole world.

We must now briefly consider Ozanam's professional career. He had, in obedience to his father's wish, come to Paris to study law, and in spite of his constitutionally frail health, his indomitable energy enabled him to pursue a double course of study, and to aim at securing degrees both in Law and Literature, while with the view of qualifying himself for his lifelong work in defence of the Truth, he studied Oriental languages, including Sanscrit and Hebrew; and let us not forget that to these labours were added all he was doing for the Catholic cause. He took his degree as Licentiate of Literature in 1835, that of Licentiate of Law in the following July, and became Doctor of Law in 1836. On November 3, of that year, he signed the roll of Counsel at the Law Courts of Lyons, that is, was called to the Bar.

In 1837 Ozanam suffered a great loss in the death of his father, who died as he had lived in the active exercise of charity. The care of his mother, who was aged and feeble, now devolved on Frédéric, and the Doctor, having left little money, they found themselves in very straitened circumstances. By this time Ozanam had found that the practice of the Law was even more uncongenial than its study, and his delicate conscience found much that disturbed him in the exercise of the profession. He made up his mind to endeavour only to teach Law, to which his degree entitled him; he determined also to prepare for his degree of Doctor of Literature, and in May, 1838, he sent to the authorities in Paris the *thesis* he was prepared to defend—that in Latin entitled *De frequente apud lectores poetas heroum ad inferos descensu*, and that in French called *De la divine Comédie et de la Philosophie de Dante*.

The *Consensus* took place in Paris on January 7, 1839, and Ozanam appeared before a distinguished body of Professors and a crowded audience eager to hear him. His replies to the venerable Professor who occupied the

rôle of Objector were unanswerable, but when he came to defend his *thesis* on Dante, he electrified his audience, and one of his judges, the Minister of Public Instruction, exclaimed: "Ah, Monsieur Ozanam, it is impossible for anyone to be more eloquent than you," a statement to which the audience replied by a thunder of applause. In Lyons his success created a great impression, and he was nominated in the following year to the Chair of Commercial Law, which he had vainly sought to obtain for two years.

Ozanam was also, about the same time, offered the Chair of Philosophy at Orleans but this he declined, chiefly because it would have necessitated much separation from his mother. She, alas, was soon to be beyond his care. He had to visit Paris in connexion with his appointment, and during this short absence Madame Ozanam's illness grew rapidly; he returned to Lyons to find her sinking. Providentially all her sons were able to be with her and to nurse her, and Frédéric was sitting by her the night the last change came. "She remained for three days," he says, "calm and serene, murmuring prayers and a few words of ineffable maternal affection in return for our care and our caresses. At last the fatal night came and it was my turn to watch. Myself in tears, I suggested to my poor mother the acts of faith, hope, and charity that she taught me to lisp when I was quite small." Towards the morning new symptoms appeared, and Ozanam called his eldest brother the Abbé, and Charles joining them, they knelt round their mother's bed while her priest-son recited the last prayers. Madame Ozanam, like her husband, died in the service of the poor, and her son could think of his parents, he says, as "re-united in God in the same joy, as he had seen them united here below in the same labours and sorrows." "May I," he says, "continue with them still by thought, by faith, by virtue, that intercourse which nothing can interrupt and may there be no change in our family save that there are two more saints in Heaven."

His mother's death was the deepest sorrow of his life.

To the end his love and thoughts were with her and he almost felt her presence. "It is like a dear beneficent presence, though invisible," he writes to an intimate friend. "When I am good, when I have done something for the poor whom she so loved, when I am at peace with God Whom she served so well, she seems to smile at me from afar. Often when I have the happiness of going to Holy Communion, when Our Lord comes to visit me, it seems to me that she follows Him into my wretched heart as she followed Him so often when He was taken in Holy Viaticum into the miserable homes of the poor."

In this short sketch we must pass over Ozanam's labours in Lyons and the terribly hard work entailed by the preparation he made—in obedience to M. Cousin's special wish—to compete for a Chair of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne. The result of this contest was that he came out first and was appointed Assistant Professor to the Professor who then held the Chair. At the same time he was offered the similar Chair at Lyons and he had to make his choice. Giving up the chance of remaining at home, near his friends and in comparative ease, he determined to go to Paris where he would be in the centre of the Catholic Movement and could more freely devote himself to his work of defending the Faith; where also he would be at the head-quarters of the Society of St Vincent de Paul and likewise help and encourage the large body of Catholic students whose difficulties he so well understood. This decision, made only after earnest prayers for guidance, was to be the turning point of his career.

Ozanam opened his course of lectures at the Sorbonne in January, 1842. The ancient College founded by St Louis and illumined by the learning and sanctity of so many great men, was destroyed during the Revolution and its property confiscated and applied to other objects. It was, however, revived by Napoleon I and possessed three faculties—Theology, Science, and Literature; but as we have seen, it was now very much in the hands

of free-thinkers and atheists. The subject of Ozanam's first course was to be German Literature of the Middle Ages—a theme specially congenial to him as we may suppose; but he was to enter into the kingdom of his future triumphs through apparent incapacity and failure.

There was much excitement among his audience composed of professors, students, men of letters, and the general public, to hear him and the first moment was not encouraging.

For half an hour the lecturer was overcome with shyness and his words were slow and laboured. He seemed incapable of expressing his thoughts, and in spite of the plaudits of his friends he made no way. " He was not Ozanam." At last, however, " escaping from the servitude of notes, and supplying by courage for his bodily weakness Ozanam felt that he was master of his voice and of himself; assisted by the sympathy of his audience he brought to a satisfactory conclusion a lecture frequently interrupted by applause."

Another most important change in his life occurred about this time—that of his marriage with Mademoiselle Amélie Soulacroix, the daughter of the Rector of the Lyons Academy. She was a devout Catholic and a most accomplished person, and in her he found entire sympathy with his ideals. Their union was to be one of unalloyed happiness, and when the great trial of ill-health came to interrupt the course of Ozanam's busy life, she was his support and consolation. Writing to his friend Lallier during this happy time Ozanam says of his wife: " She enchants every one. I just let myself be happy and do not count the hours or minutes. Time does not exist for me. What does the future matter? Happiness in the present is eternity. I understand heaven; help me to be good and grateful."

The young people determined to spend their honeymoon on a journey to Italy, ending with Rome, and on November 5, Ozanam first beheld the Dome of St Peter's of which he writes: " It is the Diadem of the Papacy suspended between earth and heaven. From the seas that

bathe the coasts of Italy this colossal dome is visible. At other times from the neighbouring hills one sees the sun setting behind it—admirable emblem of the Church which we see always erect and immovable, whereas we pass with the waves of time, and upon which will set the last earthly sun." Pope Gregory XVI received the Ozanams in the most fatherly way and made them sit down beside him and talk; the conversation was chiefly on Dante. At Rome, Ozanam found his friends the Abbé Gerbert, and M. Cazalès, and he made acquaintance with Cardinal Pacca and Cardinal Mezzofante, with whom he discussed Eastern lore. Of this great and learned man he says: " The ancients would have made a god of him, but now Almighty God will no doubt make him a saint." But the chief joys were the visits to St Peter's and to the catacombs, " where one plunges oneself so to speak into the midst of Christian Rome. I feel a new life in my thoughts," he says, " and my ideas which were a little spent by premature work, seem to be re-animated and to enlarge and revive."

On his return to Paris, Ozanam resumed his lectures. Curiously enough he came back just in time to assist at the funeral of Professor Jouffroy, whose errors, he, as a young student, had combated in 1831, and he had the consolation of knowing that his old foe had died reconciled to the Church.

Ozanam devoted himself entirely to his work. To him it was a sacred duty. He prepared the whole day before his lecture and, as we need hardly say, prayer was ever part of this preparation. After the first his unusual talents showed themselves, and in this connexion let us quote the words of a great orator. " Those who have not heard Professor Ozanam," says M. Ampère, " do not realize the personal note in his talents. Laborious preparation, indomitable research in original documents, knowledge acquired by great efforts—and then—brilliant improvization, fluent and glowing words. Such was his teaching. He prepared like a Benedictine and delivered his lectures like an Orator, a double task in which his

ardent nature exhausted itself and which ended by breaking him down."

This was indeed the danger, and Ozanam's friends urged him to temper his zeal for work, but it was no easy matter to persuade him not to sacrifice himself as long as there was good to be done. The students adored him and naturally increased his fatigues, but he put himself entirely at their disposal every morning from eight o'clock till ten o'clock except on lecture days. They crowded his drawing-room, and he received them so charmingly and was so ready to discuss all matters of interest to them that he seemed to have no other business. But there was another side to the busy Professor's life—his personal service to the poor. Besides the immense number of those succoured by the Society of St Vincent de Paul in general, he had his own special clients, those belonging to his "Conference." He never preached to them, but would sit down and chat upon whatever subject might interest them, and as he declared he gained much himself from these talks. One day when he felt very depressed, he was impelled to go to see his poor people, and the sight of their real miseries cured his imaginary troubles. "How often," he says, "when I was oppressed by some spiritual trial or anxious about my own weak health, I have entered a poor man's house, full of sadness, and there at the sight of so many unfortunates more to be pitied than myself, I have reproached myself for my discouragement, I have felt strengthened against suffering, and I have thanked the sufferer who had consoled and fortified me by the sight of his own trials."

After the fatigues of his morning lecture at the Sorbonne he was often to be heard in the evening speaking to an assembly of working men in the Crypt of St Sulpice, and drawing from his stores of learning some of the beautiful legends of the past. On one of these occasions he drew a lesson which has always seemed to us singularly beautiful and helpful. "These legends," he said, "are symbolical of another world, where all that we have done in this one is punished or rewarded. We are all of us like

the weavers of the *Gobelins*, who, following out the pattern of an unknown artist, endeavour to match the thread of divers colours, on the wrong side of the woof and do not see the result of their labour. It is only when the texture is complete that they can admire at their ease these lovely flowers and figures, those splendid pictures worthy of the palaces of kings. So it is with us, my friends; we work, we suffer, and we see neither the end nor the fruit. But God sees it, and when He releases us from our task He will disclose to our wondering gaze, what He, the greatest artist everywhere present and invisible, has woven out of those toils that now seem to us so sterile, and He will then deign to hang up in his palace of gold the flimsy web that we have spun."

In 1844 M. Fauriel, the Professor of Modern Literature to whom Ozanam was assistant, died and after much opposition from the infidel party at the University, Ozanam was elected in his place.

Would that we could linger over these years at the Sorbonne: years most fruitful in work but which broke Ozanam's health. His home life had been rendered still happier by the birth of a little daughter to whom there are charming references in his letters, and his life seemed prosperous in every way, but for the feeble health which soon began to show signs of the strain his work entailed. In 1846 he was prostrated by a malignant fever, and the doctors ordered a year's rest. A mission of historical research in Italy was kindly devised for him, and this tour did much for his health and was of great use for his literary work. In 1850 his health again gave way and he went to Brittany to recruit. On his return to Paris, Ozanam began to prepare his lectures of 1849-50 for publication under the title of *L'Histoire de la Civilization aux Temps barbares.*

This was to form part of the vast work he had planned, and which was intended as the fulfilment of the vow made in his boyhood to give his life to the defence of the Truth. It would have taken ten years to complete, and Ozanam now realized that he was not likely to live to do

this. Uncertainty about his health was to be his peculiar cross, for even to the end there were days of hope, and the wish to live and work was strong within him. Easter, 1852, was, however, to be the term of his official work. It closed under very pathetic circumstances. He was ill with fever and when the Easter recess ended he was obliged to announce by a notice that his course of lectures would be suspended for a time. The students reading this were much disappointed and murmured, saying: "The Professors take matters very easily, dispensing themselves from their duties, as if they were not paid for discharging them." Unfortunately Ozanam heard of this and was deeply grieved. His lecture had been prepared and he determined to give it. In spite of the tears of his wife and the doctor's protestations he had himself taken to the Sorbonne, where pale as death and in a state of extreme exhaustion, he delivered his last lecture with more than usual fire and eloquence. The students, who were horrified at his appearance, greeted him with acclamation and the enthusiasm of the whole audience must have cheered and consoled him; but the effort was too great and on his return home he became most seriously ill.

When he was again able to move, Ozanam and his wife and child left Paris for the south—this time for good—and spent some time at Eaux Bonnes and Biarritz. The south, with its beautiful climate and scenery, and still more its historical associations, was very dear to him and under ordinary circumstances his stay there would have been a joy to him, but we see from his letters how the shadow of the approaching end, and the anxiety for the future of his wife and child hung over him. "It is a great misfortune for me," he wrote about this time, "thus to see my work interrupted . . . but one must learn to make these sacrifices when Providence requires them of us, and beg Him to do His will in us as it is done in heaven."

One last earthly pleasure reserved to him, was a short excursion into Spain, always the land of his desires, and

it won for us the exquisite pages of his *Voyage au Pays du Cid*. On November 18, the travellers reached Burgos and the next day was almost entirely spent by Ozanam within the walls of its glorious cathedral, " in admiration; and in prayer to Our Lady its Queen." His feelings found vent in the following beautiful words in a letter to his brother. " Ah, Holy Virgin, my Mother! You are a great and powerful Lady, and, in exchange for your poor little house at Nazareth, what admirable dwellings your Son has caused to be erected for you. I know some very beautiful ones from Notre Dame de Cologne to Ste Marie Majeure, and from Ste Marie de Florence to Notre Dame de Chartres. And here the Castilians, exchanging their proud words for trowel and chisel, have succeeded each other for three hundred years, working in your service, in order that you should also have a fine dwelling among them. Blessed Virgin, you who have obtained these miracles, obtain also something for us and for our dear ones. Strengthen this frail and weakened structure of our body, and raise to Heaven the spiritual fabric of our souls."

That Our Lady granted the latter part of the prayer the last days of Ozanam's life bear witness. They were passed in Italy, and here in spite of his great weakness he was able to work still for his beloved Society of St Vincent de Paul. Owing to his efforts Conferences were started in Florence, Pisa, Siena and Leghorn, and the latter place received his last words. At the urgent request of the Conference he presided at one of their meetings and gave a short address which concluded as follows: " It is for you, dear brothers, to place yourselves between the rich and the poor, in the name of Jesus Christ, the God of the poor and of the rich, the greatest of the rich since He is rich by nature, and the most holy of the poor since He is poor by the free choice of His love." When the summer of 1853 came the Ozanams moved to Antignano on the sea coast, but after a slight rally Ozanam became gradually weaker and was not able to leave the little garden attached to his villa. On the Assumption,

however, he made a supreme effort and, accompanied by Madame Ozanam, he walked to church for Mass. The country people who had grown to love him lined the road as he passed, showing him the greatest reverence and affection. To crown this touching scene the Curé, who himself lay dying, insisted on being taken to the church to give him Holy Communion. This was the last time Ozanam assisted at Mass. He longed to die in his own country and this wish was granted, for he was able to reach Marseilles and there on September 8, 1853, his holy soul went to its reward.

M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT

THE HERO OF ENGLISH FICTION

THE potential hero, like the poet, is born, not made, but the actual hero requires making, and for the making of him two things are necessary, the man and the opportunity; the man who can do, and the deed that needs doing. But in this prescription, there must always be a similar proportion between the two ingredients, the man must always be greater than, or at least equal to, the occasion, for it is the distinguishing mark of a hero that he is equal to any occasion he has to face; when the occasion is trivial, the trivial can be equal to it, but when the occasion is great, terrifying the weak by its magnitude into confusion or acquiescence, it is only the hero who can master it, who has courage to grasp it, and strength to use it for the noblest ends. Sometimes the man is lacking, but more often, let us hope, the opportunity, for heroism is a characteristic which cannot exist by itself, it is essentially the outcome of character and the need of the situation in collision; the situation challenges mankind to subdue it, throws down the gauntlet before its unproven knights errant, and the conqueror it calls for is the hero. When there is no demand, there is no supply; there is never a glut in the heroic market; the hero is purely temporary, made to fulfil a passing need, and with the passing of the need, he too passes; sinks with the situation into life's dead level.

In real life, where, given one half, we cannot always find the other, the potential hero cannot, for lack of the right occasion, become the actual hero; often he is lost because he has never had a fair chance; but in fiction the heroic lot is happier, for, starting with the hero, the author can always manufacture circumstances to suit him, there is always waiting for him an opportunity by which he can prove his right to his title. His is the conquest, not of circumstances by personality, but of lesser individualities by the greater; his strength is that of personal magnetism;

he, too, must be equal to the occasion, but the trial he has to undergo is that of compelling the interest of his audience; if, though we know that transplanted into real life he would fail, though even in his own imaginary world he is weak and despicable, if, in spite of this, he still holds our interest, still stands above his fictional companions in attractive power, he is equal to the greatest occasion he has to face, is a hero in spite of all.

The maker of the fictional hero creates him, inevitably, in conformity with the prevailing tendency of the times, yields for the most part to public opinion, and produces the character it demands; insensibly he reflects the taste of the age, and its attitude towards life. If we go back to the beginning, we find that the old English created their ideal; imagination, in those days of hardship and stern necessity, was robust enough to contemplate perfection without a consequent slackening of sympathy; it did not arouse irritation as it does to-day, when we will suffer nothing to exist without a redeeming flaw. To the Englishman who lived a dozen centuries ago, the hero was the man who succeeds; honourable failure would have sounded a mere paradox to him; he had neither eyes to see nor heart to understand the " mute inglorious Milton " we so often extol in theory while despising in fact. Our forefathers did not give him even the tribute of words, they ignored his existence, and turned their gaze upon the man who had the power to make himself the observed of all observers. It was a position that was not at all easy to fill; in a limited community such as that of the city or district in thinly populated days, it was impossible to pose as a hero before one half of the world, while the other knew you as a thief and a coward; there was an intimacy between the members of society which prevented any uncertainty in men's minds as to whether their neighbour were a god or a villain; he could not hope for an instant to stand on the slippery foothold of a compromise. In the first place, therefore, he had to be a hero right through, and the heroic essentials, though few, were difficult of attain-

ment. Courage, truth, and consideration for others, these three, and the greatest of these was undoubtedly courage; without it a man was only fit for exile and abandonment. Considering the life of the old English, it is only natural that they should have valued it so highly, for the emergencies which arose in their time were primarily those which demanded courage; war was a thing of every day, and even the well-known paths over sea and land held unseen perils, the traveller could not go forth unarmed or in sure hope of safety. When every man had to face danger of some sort in the daily occupations of life, the standard of courage was inevitably high; to do what the unfamed majority did as a matter of course was not to be a hero in the eyes of the old warriors; it required a heart undaunted before nameless fears and overwhelming odds to gain their slow-given but whole-hearted admiration. There were dangers more terrible to them than anything merely physical; it was an age of mysteries and awestruck belief, when men suffered all the terror of unexplained nature with a troubled mind, when shadowy yet all-powerful spirits lurked in mountains and winds and waters. It is significant, therefore, that their greatest hero, Beowulf, who gives his name to the epic, faces the horror of the unseen as well as the more accustomed perils of fierce foes and stormy seas. He waits unarmed in the darkness for Grendel, the great marsh stalker, who has wrought long havoc among the Danish thanes, and whose comings and goings are full of a fearful mystery, and he goes alone to seek the mere-witch beneath the waters in which even the hard-pressed stag will not take refuge from the eager hounds.

Another characteristic of the hero in ancient times was that he was always a leader of men, hence it is that the old English ideal is so essentially aristocratic; the noble as opposed to the ordinary fighting man, the man who has to face responsibility as well as danger. Even with their passion for physical strength and physical courage, a mere fighting machine would not satisfy them, they wanted a warrior who could direct and counsel as well as wield a

sword, one whose decision would be at once the swiftest and the best. The mental anguish of a Hamlet they would neither understand nor respect, their vote was always in favour of the man who "took arms against a sea of troubles." Life they knew as something to be grappled with; the man who mourned his friend when vengeance might be taken was but as a child crying over a broken toy, it was a man's part to give others as good a cause for grief.

Action was, undoubtedly, held to be the chief end of existence, but where it was impossible, the old English knew how to admire the endurance which makes no complaints; an impenetrable reserve in the midst of grief was one of the first lessons the warrior had to learn; it comes early in the list of virtues which the old poet gives as comprising the character of the ideal Englishman: "The wise warrior must be patient, never too hot of heart or swift of speech"; and there is no character in this early literature more sympathetically drawn than that of Hrothgar, king of the Danes, sorrowing in silence for his people, during twelve long winters, while Grendel ravaged the land.

It was the strength of this same stoicism which helped the warrior to face life undismayed in spite of the fatalistic spirit which told him that "Destiny goes always as it will" and no efforts of his could turn it from its course. Their fatalism brought with it, not the apathy which it brings to the Hindu of to-day, but a sort of philosophic content which simplified existence. They looked before and after without any of that hopeless pining for what is not, which constitutes half the pleasure and more than half the misery of modern life; they looked forward with the resolution to accept uncomplainingly whatever might come, and backward with thankfulness either for joy or sorrow. In death, the hero never sighed over a life unfinished, his last words were a grateful appreciation of the joys he had received, coupled with a thanksgiving even more passionate: "Thank God I have done my duty."

The Hero of English Fiction

Though courage was chiefly necessary to the hero, faithfulness to his lord and faithfulness to his own word were also required of him; after cowardice, treachery came next on the list of their deadly sins; the man who fled the battlefield was doubly despised, because he was afraid to face death, and because he had failed his leader in the hour of need. To enemies, as well as friends, faith was due; the hidden attack, the veiled conspiracy were as abhorrent to the man of honour as the betrayal of his brother, or the murder of a sleeping thane; their sense of justice as well as their good faith demanded open and equal warfare, so we find Beowulf refusing to use a sword against his unarmed foe, and Byrhtnoth, leader of the English army, waiting for the Danes to reach safe ground before he begins the attack. Necessary was it also to fulfil always a given word; it was the custom of the warrior in the overflowing boldness of his heart at feasting times to boast of what he would accomplish in battle, of how he would win the day or never return; to come back with the promise unkept would have required a moral courage they neither understood nor appreciated. Failure was equivalent to dishonour. The man who failed was both a liar and a coward.

Beside the great crises of life, which required transcendent courage and unfaltering faith to meet, even in those days of broad outlines and simplicity, there were slighter situations to be faced also; it was no true hero who failed in these. The sterner side of life was the most prominent, but it did not satisfy altogether: hence, combined with the qualities of a warrior, the hero had also those of a man of peace; the generous appreciation of merit in others, which was not slow to show itself in the bestowing of rewards, hospitality which welcomes the homeless and the stranger as well as the well-loved guest, and the unvarying courtesy which no passion can break through. Always we find emphasized a certain stately consideration in the hero for both friend and foe; in Beowulf, it is especially noticeable,—his reverence for the ancient Danish king, his gentleness to women, his

courteous treatment of Unferth, the Danish thane, who had provoked him by unmerited taunt and insult. It was the most delicate, yet an indispensable part of the heroic outline.

Throughout, we find in the early hero an absolute unconsciousness of his own heroism, he never poses as a pattern or a fetish; in all his acts, the strongest motive force is the sense of duty, of what, as a prince or faithful thane, he ought to do, added to the feeling that if he leave any part of it undone he is, not merely an unprofitable servant, but one dishonourable and ungrateful, who has proved himself unworthy of the gift of life.

Upon this stern, merciless old ideal there came suddenly the influence of Christianity, a faith which taught forgiveness instead of revenge, humility and self-abasement instead of the pride of life; but the revolution in the hero that we should expect it to bring about was slow in coming, for in literature, the tradition of the past is stronger than any new power can be. To the old English writer, the men he knew were infinitely more real than those alien saints who were the heroes of the new religion. He accepted the letter of Christianity without in the least understanding the spirit, and he endowed the apostles and martyrs with the virtues of his own ideal. To him, they were warriors and leaders of men, the devil was only a new kind of monster, the heathen another rebel tribe to be subdued. Christainity gained a footing none the less; it could not be ignored, but it grew up at first apart from ordinary daily life. Thus it was that in the Middle Ages life and its ideals were divided sharply into two: on the one hand, the world, not always to be separated from the flesh and the devil, with the knight of chivalry for its hero; on the other, the Church with its monks and ascetics, looking beyond an earthly ideal, finding the fulfilment of life in the destruction of self, and the highest good not in action but in contemplation.

To find these two ideals in their most pronounced form, we must look elsewhere than in English fiction, in

the literature of nations more emotional and less restrained; in the Englishman, influenced as he was at the time by all things French, in language, literature and politics, there still remains his national characteristic of reserve, his insular prejudice against letting an outsider see the full revelation of himself. Thus it is that, in an age of extremes, we find so sane and, on the whole, so moderate a conception of the ideal both in the Church and in the world in mediæval English fiction.

In the religious works, the hero is for the most part not of the author's own choosing; the rough material, so to speak, is provided and must be made the best of, for the writer in those days was nearly always the monk, whom it behoved to busy himself with the life and deeds of some holy saint who might or might not prove an inspiring theme. If the author were a mere scribe and translator, he reproduced with painful fidelity the conventional virtue of his original, but if he were an artist as well as a Christian, he did his best to humanize the stiff angular morality of his hero, to make him interesting as well as admirable. No less did he modify the evil of sinners, or, rather, he did not let the evil prejudice him unfairly against them; in spite of the influence of Christianity which should have taught the barbaric Englishman to abhor war and all its vainglory, his feelings were still those of a fighter and a seaman, he still appreciated the same good qualities, and could respect a man for bravery, though he was a thief and a murderer; he kept his unemotional, unswayed sense of justice.

All through the Middle Ages, and, indeed, later, we find this curious struggle between the old heroic traditions, where the hero is always a fighter and an aristocrat, and the new doctrines of poverty, gentleness and humility; as we should expect, both have to make concessions, the warrior and the noble is still the chief hero, but the stern aloofness of his character is softened; it is his pleasure rather to humble himself than to be exalted, his glory lies often in his self-abasement. So we get the knight of chivalry who fights primarily to succour

the needy and distressed, but, as a secondary consideration, for the good of his own fair fame. The worldly champion of the Middle Ages evolved into something nearer the men of modern life than was the hero of the old sagas. The outlines are the same, but the accumulation of detail has altered his appearance. He is still the ideal, still the aristocrat: courage, truth and courtesy are still the chief tenets of his life creed, but his first simplicity is lost. Till now, he has appeared only in his relations to his fellow-man; now, at last, we see him in his relations to woman. She has entered the literary Eden, and with her, her feminine characteristic of complexity. Hitherto, she had been a far-off vision to be honoured, but not approached; an intangible power for good or evil; with chivalry, she becomes a reality, reverence is intensified into love, and the intricacies of life forthwith follow. We get none of the fierce, half repellant passion, the voluptuous giving way to pleasure which we find in the works of the Provençal singers, but we get elements which revolutionize literature. We still see the hero as a warrior, a friend and a loyal subject, but we see him as a lover too, and even his heroism cannot save him from the consequences. English restraint, or, if you will, English stolidity holds him in check, helped by the quelling power of the new religion; he is not altogether abandoned to the joys of love, he will lose the whole world for it and consider it well lost, but not his own soul; he must be a devout Christian as well as a devout lover. But in spite of this, the old traditions of the warrior, his patient silence and grim control are broken down; for the sake of his lady, to prove himself her true slave, he may show the whole world his sorrows, to save her from harm he may break faith with his friend, be false to his lord, and, if not vindicated, he is at least excused. But in his lady's service he must give no sign of weariness, he must be able to pine through nights of sleeplessness and days of sorrow, and to dare undaunted all perils of peoples, lands and monsters. It is the motive of his combat, however, which marks, perhaps most strongly, his altered

attitude towards life. He no longer fights to save a nation or subdue a menacing peril; whatever his avowed intentions may be, there is always at the bottom a certain insoluble basis of selfishness, and he fights that he may be seen of men—or women—and, being seen, admired. It is doubtless natural that the hero in love should think much of himself, of the impression he is producing on the spectators, but while he is the more convincing as a lover because of it, he is less genuinely a hero. Instead of accepting life as it comes, and living through dull empty days with patience, as well as battling through times of danger with valour, he goes out of his way to display his nobility, and seeks an occasion on which he may be seen to advantage. It is the glorification of the individual that is craved, and as a consequence war dwindles into the single combat, where the universal gaze is centred on the champion; so the hero gains in personal importance while he loses in national significance; he is no longer the leader of men, the deliverer of a people; he fights not for bare life but for a crown of laurels, braves not the bitter disfiguring blows of war to the death; but the regulated thrust and parry of a picturesque sword play. In the early poems of Gawayn the Good, in Chaucer's romances, in the later work of Malory, we find the same motive, the same subtle atmosphere of unreality with war as a convention, and danger as an inevitable make-believe.

He is more delicately drawn, this mediævel knight, but he is a pictured ideal still, the perfect paladin; it is not till we come to the Elizabethan age that we find the epic type overthrown, and the more realistic hero taking his place. It was the drama which brought about the change; it is one thing to read of the ideal described in winged words of power, it is quite another to see him on the stage; in the flesh, perfection ceases to be convincing, and seems a little too good to be true. Also it removes all possibility of tragedy which is almost invariably the outcome of a weakness in its hero's character. So we get a new heroic conception, the real man of everyday life placed in circumstances possible to anyone

yet invested with a dignity which makes him akin to the universal.

Besides the influence of the dramatic form itself and of the exigencies of the stage, we find that of the audience before whom the hero had to appear; the knight of ancient romance had but a limited public: only a minority of the people could read, so he was created for the the minority: he was not seen of the multitude, but the dramatic hero undoubtedly was. The drama was more popular then even than now, and to keep its popularity it had to satisfy the public demands and appeal to the sympathies of all sorts and conditions of men; therefore we find the hero depending on interest rather than admiration for his success, for interest is less a matter of class and education than admiration. It is here, in the Elizabethan drama, that we first get the fictional hero no longer fulfilling the duties of the real hero; he is interesting because of what he is rather than what he does; it is this change which makes possible the great dramatic masterpiece of Hamlet, which is opposed directly in its weakness, indecision and inaction to the old heroic ideal: a character which, in spite of its vacillation, its faults, its inability to cope with the situation, never loses its fascination.

Here too, going still further, we find the hero as the man supreme in evil; hitherto, his good deeds have outweighed his evil ones, but in Richard III, in Macbeth, in Marlowe's Faustus there is nothing to redeem, nothing to lessen the baseness of their crimes, but mixed with horror at the murder is a sort of admiration for the murderer, a glamour of greatness and supremacy. In its most pronounced form, we have personality rather than worth constituting the man's right to heroism; the heroic position is thrown open to unnumbered men to whom before it was impenetrably closed.

The average Elizabethan, however, was patriotic as well as imaginative, and he asked for a hero who would satisfy both these sides of his nature; thus it is that we get conceived the great titanic hero of the tragedians

whose fate is so often connected with that of the nation. With Hamlet's death closes the old era of Danish history, with the fall of Lear comes a new epoch in the government of Britain, and in the series of Shakespeare's great historical plays, the king, besides his personal significance, stands for England itself, welding the separate dramas into one great national epic as magnificent and impressive as the Iliad or the Æneid.

Besides these intensely human men of the drama, the old world knights of Sidney's "Arcadia," with their idyllic courtesy and gilded valour seem unreal and dreamlike, while still more unsatisfactory are the allegorical champions of the "Faerie Queene," who, trying to be men and personified virtues at the same time, are, naturally enough, very bad specimens of either. It is difficult to believe that they are the creation of the Elizabethan age, but fortunately both Sidney and Spenser were wise enough to make a fairyland for them to live in, and even now the knight of fairyland may attain perfection and unnatural picturesqueness without arousing envy or disbelief. It is significant, however, that he is banished from every other country, from every region of reality, never again to make his appearance there without the jeers and contempt of a bored and incredulous public; the laws of literary development are unalterable, they allow no going back, no re-crossing; of that Rubicon which, so slight a stream at its first passing, becomes thereafter a barrier not to be destroyed.

At the very heroic antipodes of the Spenserian knights were the adventurers in the so-called Picaresque novels written about this time, of which Nash's "Jack Wilton" is the most famous; they were roistering wild soldiers or travellers, who spent their time in impossible and careless escapades. Here comes in the hero of low birth, who was still excluded in most cases from the heroic position, for the drama, revolutionary as regards character is conservative as regards rank, and still keeps the aristocractic convention; Hamlet is prince of Denmark, Macbeth thane of Glamis. Even in comedy the heroes are nobles—

Orlando, Benedick, Petruchio—men about court with a recognized position and an ancestral tradition.

This low-born hero had appeared occasionally in the Middle Ages, in the popular tales and ballads, and was rather a favourite with Chaucer, but he assumes greater importance now, though in truth, he neither is, nor is meant to be, heroic; his adventures, not himself, are the important part of the story, and where his character is emphasized, it is chiefly as a buffoon or man of wit; Shakespeare used him to amuse the groundlings, as a foil to his other characters; nevertheless, he is not ignored as in the days of the warrior hero; he is allowed his place, though he has to wear cap and bells to obtain it.

The Elizabethan hero in his greatness and magnificence was perhaps as much the product of the age as the creation of the author, the natural outcome of the nation's enthusiasm, patriotism and adventurous spirit, so that, with the decay of the Elizabethan age, comes the deterioration of the hero; he weakens perceptibly in the days of the decadent drama; up till now he had kept his ancient strength, evil he had been but mighty, great in failure as in success. But man, fictional as well as real, is made in his creator's image, and if his creator be but a poor sort of god, he will be but a sorry man.

The late Elizabethans had lost that feeling of national unity which made their fathers know themselves as parts of a great whole, they were drifting away into the weakness of egoism and isolation; prosperity and security had brought with them luxury and either a weakening or perversion of energy. The hero of their tragedies was heroic, not from action or character, but from situation; he is great because he has greatness thrust upon him; he fills the heroic niche set apart for him. The only situation considered heroic then was that of the faithless or forsaken lover, who did not bear his sorrows with the stern self-control of the old English, or the despairing misery of the mediæval knight, but who brought always in the train of his woes the greater evils of battle, murder and sudden death. We have a man capable of feeling and

of action, but lacking the greater strength required to resist and control both; he is ruined by impulses which he cannot govern. Only too clearly, at this period, he begins to lose his importance, no longer is he the chief interest. At the beginning of fiction, it was the great hero who gave his name to the saga, all great achievements were attributed to him so magical was the power of his name, but now on the contrary the individual is made to fit the circumstances; any and every man is forced into the great situation, to stand or fall there as he may.

There is a grandeur of fierce, at times almost repellant, passion overshadowing this weakened hero at first; the rainbow hues of some of the most brilliant writing in the English drama are woven round him, investing him in a borrowed glory, which all too soon we recognize as not his own; but gradually he loses his splendour and great consequence, and becomes more and more of a shadow limping far behind the former substance. So he dwindles, till, with the merging of drama into masque and pastoral, he becomes a mere puppet and stage property walking amidst cardboard scenery with whose artificiality he fits in only too well.

Beside this merely degenerating tendency, there arose at the time an opposing force to all things literary which were written for pleasure and not for profit; the Puritans, with their hatred of the world, condemned first of all the stage, and then all non-religious writings, so the hero for a while perished. The great civil war being waged at the time between the various branches of the church militant found its way into literature, and almost the only publications were controversial pamphlets, where, instead of exalting a hero, the author abused his enemies. Then came the period when the pen, for all its boasted superiority, was found to be inferior to the sword as an argumentative force, and England gave itself up to marching and counter-marching, battles and all the pomp and circumstance of war.

Not very long after peace came the Restoration, and with the Restoration came a reaction from Puritanism.

Not its destruction, however, for the Puritan writings and the Puritan ideal still remained; once more, as in the Middle Ages, the world and the Church mutually despised, mutually shunned one another; what one held valuable the other scorned. The court had a society and literature of its own, a literature written only for its own pleasure, and limited therefore to the capacity and the ideals of the court; then society looked, as it is always apt to look, upon the outward appearance, and demanded a hero pleasing to the eye. In the restoration drama they got what they wanted, one mighty, valiant, conspicuous, speaking and acting always for effect, yet at heart too often a villain and a coward, in action despising virtue, while in words he extolled it, but to the audience of his day in every way admirable, satisfactory and heroic.

Here at the beginning of the 18th century when life was essentially artificial, we get what would have been impossible in the Elizabethan age, the conventional hero on the stage, where he stands before the audience in the studied poses they so much admired. The real hero had practically disappeared; men had lost their imagination and their power of appreciation; they had separated reason from sentiment, and banished the latter from their lives. This was fatal to the existence of the hero who is created to arouse feeling and depends for his very life upon enthusiasm; when it disappears he also has to go.

In this new age of flippancy, it was the Puritans who saved from destruction the old tradition of heroism; they still kept a fervour which the court took for fanaticism, a seriousness which it confounded with dullness. They had been comparatively silent during their brief supremacy, but when their enemies triumphed their voice was heard, strangely dissonant among the clamour of cavalier tongues.

Neither blindness nor persecution could crush Milton's genius; he never lost his passionate sense of the dignity of man, and, in the age of "Hudibras" created Adam the

devout, the deep thinking: his titanic Satan: his Samson Agonistes. One other great character we have, that of Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress"; Bunyan, a true Puritan, recognized no rank or place, no claim to superiority save virtue, so we find in Christian the first real hero of low estate. Allegorical though he is, he is still human and arouses sympathy inasmuch as he is typical of mankind, his journey the type of every man's journey through life, whatever his conception of the Celestial City. Bunyan had realized that the great facts of life are the same for all classes and all ranks, and the very simplicity of his hero invests him with a certain dignity; he shows the innate nobility of man unaccompanied by any halo of pomp and glory.

These are, however, but exceptions to the general rule, for, taken as a whole, the limited literary society of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries consisted only of wits and politicians; their world was bounded geographically by the suburbs of London, ideally by the success of their party and the annihilation of their enemies in the government. They were interested only in themselves, and they were not heroic, they were practical and self-satisfied, they laughed at the follies of others, but only admired themselves. So we get the days of the great satires, when the heroism of man is derided and his ideals laughed to scorn; we get the Epistles of Pope, and the Gulliver of Swift. They wanted neither passion nor emotion, tragedy nor romance, all they wanted was to be amused; the supreme object of existence was to escape being bored, and it required a brilliant wit to attain it, a very ridiculous buffoon on which to expend one's humour. Satire creeps in everywhere, in consequence; chiefly, and most amusing, satire on individuals they could recognize or guess at (for they liked a touch of pointed personal attack to add zest to the more general application), which appears in political poems, essays and the drama. But the more far-seeing and less personally bitter used a more universal, and, at this far distance, more amusing form: that humorous treatment of society that we get to per-

fection in Fielding's novels and the Coverley papers of Addison.

If the majority of writers, however, had reason without sentiment, it is only to be expected that a few should represent the other extreme, and have sentiment untempered by reason. Richardson was one of these, and he created for his novels a new hero, the sentimental, immaculate gentleman who became so popular. In "Sir Charles Grandison" we get him described in every inch of his bland and beruffled beauty; his morals, his manners and his dress are all perfect, his discourses eminently proper, and tinged with decent rhapsodies at the moment that decorum dictates. His actions are uniformly admirable, and to Richardson's select following he was probably in every way satisfactory, but to the modern reader he is ridiculous to excess, more mirth-provoking, perhaps, in his absolute unconsciousness of his own folly than any other creation of eighteenth-century wit.

He lingers on, with modifications, in Miss Burney's "Evelina," and has, in spite of his obvious artificiality, a sort of flowered silk fascination which keeps him from oblivion. He is interesting, too, as the last of the old conventional heroes, for with the nineteenth century comes another change in the heroic conception. The Revolution, if it did not bring the new heaven and new earth it promised, brought at least a new hero; it aroused imagination, fostered independence of thought, so that poets and novelists, casting away the old traditions and conventions, each chose the hero that pleased him best.

Wordsworth, with his passion for the real man beneath the outer husk, found him most easily among those people who were least subject to the words of artificial society; he gives us the hero of poverty and obscurity, the wandering pedlar in the "Excursion," the leech-gatherer, the shepherd, anyone whose character is influenced and ennobled by constant intercourse with nature; the hero is not a man of action to him, rather he who "makes his moral being his first care." Shelley's hero is the ideal

rather than the real, the embodiment of all his aspirations, the fulfilment of all his dreams; he is best shown, perhaps, in Prometheus, who endures unnumbered years of torture to save mankind, who never falters once in his resolve; his hero is the man who, by setting himself free from every desire or fear in this life, gains the only true liberty.

In Keats and Coleridge we find the old mediæval hero once more, the armoured knight of chivalry, but he has lost his conventionality, he has lost also the naïve simplicity of the Middle Ages; he is modern in his intricacy and his complex thoughts; they have succeeded in showing that human nature can be the same in helm and coat of mail as in the more unpicturesque garments of modern life. In Byron we get, perhaps, the most pronounced example of the individual point of view as regards heroism; with him, the hero is always Byron, a man of violent action but still more violent feeling, pessimistic, vindictive; in proportion as we admire Byron, we admire his hero.

By this time the real and the fictional hero have drifted far apart, the one depending on greatness, the other on personal interest; it is this fact, that personal interest makes the fictional hero, which causes the difficulty of determining who is the hero in Scott's novels; it is easy enough to see who is meant to be the hero, he has all the badges of his position, the rich array and the valorous deeds, but as regards character, he is a mere nonentity, a man who would not have deceived anyone but the utterly silly heroine into thinking him heroic; the interesting people are the so-called unimportant ones, the old country men and women, the comic interludes in the set romance of the plot: no early writer would have left such an ambiguity for a moment; the hero in early days stood supreme.

In Jane Austen his position is more marked, he is always, from the beginning, the man of first interest in the small circle she describes; the only possible man as a rule, who can marry the heroine, which of course constitutes the chief duty of the hero. The other characters

are always either evil at heart or intolerable in manner, as in "Pride and Prejudice," Wickham has a handsome person and engaging manners, in fact "looks quite the gentleman," but is wild, extravagant and faithless, Mr Collins has doubtless excellent qualities, but his appearance is clumsy and his manners still more so; it is only Mr Darcy who unites virtue with elegance.

So the heroic circle widens, until with the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the hero has become merely the man an author chooses to write about, his creator makes him interesting, invests him with importance, but he is no heroic character necessarily; he is human, subtle, perhaps attractive, sometimes he is even noble, but he holds our attention because of his nearness to us, rather than by his distance from us; he is a man one might meet anywhere, at any time, and we find his faults and peculiarities in ourselves—or our neighbours, which is perhaps the more acceptable. In any case, admiration and awe are replaced by intimate knowledge, and we feel that we might even be heroes ourselves, so that we are perhaps more in sympathy with the sinning hero of to-day than with the perfect ideal warrior of olden days.

Following Wordsworth's example, the modern author finds his hero in any rank of life, the old aristocratic ideal is done away with; the hero, even the noble, valiant, unblameable hero, may just as well be a grocer as an earl; so far we have advanced, we realize that heroism has nothing to do with wealth or position, but neither do we make heroism the strenuous hardly-achieved matter it used to be. In the present day, in novels of what one may term the baser sort, heroes fall broadly into two classes, and are always quite recognizable; there is the man with the sensitive poetic face and the dreamy dark eyes who thinks things indescribable, or the man with the broad shoulders and clear-cut chin who does things unbelievable; the man of meditation or the man of action. So far, so good; but the meditations are generally unhealthy and lead to nothing, the actions are often in-

excusable, bringing with them an undeserved success; the hero is easy enough to discover, but the heroism is more difficult to find; we are confronted by a mental consumptive on the one hand, on the other by an unscrupulous adventurer.

Higher in the literary scale we find a hero more entrancing, though perhaps no nobler; he is still the man faulty in deed, unregenerate of heart, sometimes even base of motive. Under all guises and by countless methods he is presented to us, enveloped in the swirling bewildering clouds of enigmatic fine writing, thrust forward by brilliant epigram, revealed suddenly by the lightning flash of vivid description, felt rather than seen in sudden silences which speak of hidden strength; on all sides we see him, from all points of view, a fellow wanderer among the pitfalls of human life. No longer is he made the author's " great example " as well as his theme, for the author's motive has changed, he has ceased to demand the superlative, all he asks is the real. Man has grown more introspective with each succeeding century, till the most interesting problem he has to solve is that of himself. In nearly every modern novel we get a fresh attempt at a solution; humanity, the permanent, the unalterable, the same in every age, yet different in every individual, baffles us still. Neither physiology nor psychology can explain it, nor offer an adequate reason for its thoughts and feelings; strangely enduring, it is at the same time strangely elusive and subtle; fugitive at every approach of scientific inquiry. Confronted thus by the eternal riddle of man as he is, alluringly imperfect, the author of to-day has neither time nor inclination to study that far off scarce possible problem, man as he should be.

E. G. MOORE

THE DIVINE PRIVILEGE

LORD, where are Thy prerogatives?
Why, men have more than Thou hast kept.
The king rewards, remits, forgives,
The poet to a throne has stept.

And Thou, despoiled, hast given away
Worship to men, success to strife,
Thy glory to the heavenly day,
And made Thy sun the lord of life.

Is one too precious to impart,
One property reserved to Christ?
One, cherished, grappled to that heart?
—To be alone the sacrificed?

Oh Thou who lovest to redeem,
One whom I know lies sore oppressed.
Thou wilt not suffer me to dream
That I can bargain for her rest.

Seven hours I swiftly sleep, while she
Measures the leagues of dark, awake.
Oh that my dewy eyes might be
Parched by a vigil for her sake!

But Oh rejected! Oh in vain!
I cannot give who would not keep.
I cannot buy, I cannot gain.
I cannot give her half my sleep.

ALICE MEYNELL

NOTES ON RECENT BOOKS BY THEIR WRITERS

NOTWITHSTANDING. By Mary Cholmondeley.
HORACE BLAKE. By Mrs Wilfrid Ward.
GRACECHURCH. By John Ayscough.
WATERSPRINGS. By A. C. Benson.
COME RACK! COME ROPE! and
AN AVERAGE MAN. By Robert Hugh Benson.
MAGIC. By G. K. Chesterton.

It is now a well-known fact that Sir Walter Scott was, on one occasion, his own reviewer, and that in that review are to be found most valuable criticisms of his work. As a rule, in the midst of much activity on the part of critics the author alone is silent. He may agree with their strictures, and in that case he would often like to say that he is of the same opinion, or he may feel that amidst great praise there is a lack of real understanding of his aims. To the public it is surely most valuable to obtain from the authors of books that have aroused general interest their own last word on the subject.

EDITOR, DUBLIN REVIEW

I SUPPOSE every writer has in his mind a theme quite distinct from the actual plot of his novel. His plot may be good or bad, dramatic or melodramatic, but it is not of first importance. It is the scaffolding in which and by means of which the central idea is developed.

It is a little disappointing when a book is judged without reference to its central idea, for it proves either that the reviewer has not given an intelligent attention, or that the writer has not made his meaning sufficiently clear.

In *Prisoners* the theme of the book was the very old one, that in life the affections are everything and that egotism—not hate—is the opposite of love.

Truths such as these are of the nature of platitudes.

Notes on Recent Books

I suppose a platitude to be a universally acknowledged truth with the vain repetition of which we are all so bored that no one pays any further attention to it beyond avoiding the enunciator.

But if, instead of enunciating it, the preacher set about practising it in silence then its enormous power for good would be felt and recognized once more. So in a book it is no kind of use my saying, however emphatically, that the life of the affections is everything. I might as well "hold my noise," as my old nurse used to say. But if I can describe (without twisting it to meet my requirements) a piece of life which exemplifies this truth, and life is always exemplifying truth in some form, then I have succeeded in expressing what I set out to express.

In *Prisoners* I endeavoured to show the effect of love on two narrow-minded egoists who eventually marry. The weak, silly, cowardly Fay, and the old-maidish, priggish, middle-aged Wentworth, to whom nothing had ever happened, were not lovers from whom I could expect great things. But the dawning in their hearts of even a feeble affection, and they were neither of them capable of anything but a feeble affection, made them gradually more alive, more vulnerable to happiness, more capable of receiving it. Even the crudely sensual Lord Lossiemouth has a flash of perception of what love is, and of the aridity of his life without it, and turns, in middle age, on a sudden impulse (which we must hope he did not regret) to the woman whom he had forsaken in his youth.

It has always seemed to me absorbingly interesting to describe mediocre people such as these, and to watch them "muddle through" their difficulties. The upright prig who cannot rise to magnanimity, the harmless little woman who cannot be quite honest—these are the people whom I care to draw.

No reviewer has touched on the theme of *Notwithstanding*. My endeavour, of course, was to show that truth and uprightness are an immense strength even when they are not allied to intelligence. I tried to describe

how a dull woman can blunder out of an extremely awkward situation by sheer uprightness. I endow my slow-witted Annette with an astute worldly-wise friend, Mrs Stoddart, who sedulously endeavours to save her from the consequences of an act of supreme folly. But Annette will not be saved. She gives herself away on the first opportunity and repeats the damaging circumstances, not to the wise and kindly elder man, Mr Stirling, who admired her, and was capable of acting with magnanimity towards her, but to a stolid young land agent, as dull and upright as herself, who was thinking of marrying her. He does not rise to the occasion. How could he? He believes the worst at once. He naturally would. At this juncture I call in another narrow-minded, upright, dull young woman, who also believes the worst at once, also in love with the stolid and upright land agent, to help to set matters right.

Three stupid people involved in the meshes of a serious predicament is an interesting problem. How will they get out of it? It was their intrinsic honesty and sheer uprightness and nothing else which restored the lovers to each other. I am not now speaking of the scaffolding of the story, of my melodramatic incident of the burnt will, but of how these three people acted and re-acted on each other, while the astute middle-aged Mrs Stoddart, and the admirable, sagacious Mr Stirling, both anxious to assist Annette, hovered impotently on the fringe of the situation, and could achieve next to nothing. What pleasure it would have given me if any of my many reviewers had commented on my problem and its solution!

MARY CHOLMONDELEY

HORACE BLAKE is more sharply divided into two parts than is usual or desirable. The first part is intended to give as objectively as possible the narrative of the phenomena of what is called a "sudden conversion." The second half introduces the question of the duties and difficulties of a biographer. The style and treatment of the two parts is different, and in spite of obvious

objections I think that the difference ought to have been still more marked. The story of Blake's illness might have been told yet more simply, more objectively. Then in the second half of *Horace Blake* there might have been more reflections of his personality from the mirrors of other men's minds. It is to the impressions left on such an onlooker and enemy as the old don, Edward Hales, that the second half owes its vitality and might have owed still more.

It is a great risk in any book to assert that a man is a genius, and in *Horace Blake* the genius is simply postulated from the first. He arrives on the scene dying and it is postulated of him that he was very great and very bad. In the plain tale of his last illness and conversion there was not sufficient opportunity to prove his greatness or his wickedness. That had to be shown after death. In fact the whole history previous to his illness has to be learnt by following the tracks of his biographer. If Blake had not been very great the biography and, consequently, the second half of the book would not have been of any importance and all the characters must have lost in significance. I do not think he would have been more convincing if he had been described as middling great.

Horace Blake was very bad. If he had not been very bad the point of the book would have been missed, namely, the overwhelming mystery of the gospels, the forgiveness of any and every sin. But I am inclined to think that in my anxiety to make him bad enough I strained a little beyond the mark. It would have been more living if Blake had had even some travesty of a virtue, if, for instance, he had done occasional acts of liberality (not, of course, towards his creditors) or if he had shown some sense of honour among thieves, or any other habit or quality, not intellectual, on which a bad man generally piques himself.

After the attempt to see Blake through the eyes of those who had known him there had to follow his vindication of the one thing in which those survivors judged him unjustly, that was the reality of his conversion. The

time-honoured device of the discovery of the notebook was a counsel of despair, a garrulous ghost was the only alternative. It was not possible to fall back on the *abbé's* testimony because that would never have convinced Kate Blake. For that conquest Horace himself had to have the last word. Kate had been brought up in a school that looked for truth to facts and facts alone. Blake wanted to show her, however much it cost himself, that the phenomena of conversion are facts that must be accepted as well as any others. By the almost scientific analysis of what he had passed through he convinced Kate of its reality. With all its faults what is written in the poor little *cahier* is a true cry of human pain and love, and the expression of that deep longing to understand the spiritual which has a pathos of its own.

Horace Blake, in this review, takes, as he always did, the lion's share. As to the other characters, Stephen Tempest is fairly true, but thin. Edward Hales is a good rough outline, and, personally, I find the batch of Breton priests and the sacristan at St Jean des Pluies a relief in the general gloom.

You never know what women will do in a book. I thought Kate Blake would be hard, bitter, vehement and arid throughout, but she developed large qualities out of the great virtue of forgiveness. It is a mystery to our ignorance that if she had not forgiven Blake she might have been saved from much of his influence. Stephen thought that she did not mind Blake's badness; he was wrong. What she had said, and in a temper, by the way, was that she did not mind if the world thought him bad. Trix started well and went well for a good time, but she was gradually sacrificed to the greater claims of Kate's personality. That was an unexpected and unwelcome development.

But if I had remembered the " Bab Ballads " and " lost Mr Blake [who] was a regular out-and-out hardened old sinner," I would have christened my dying dramatist otherwise.

JOSEPHINE WARD

Notes on Recent Books

THERE must be a portion of the public by whom John Ayscough's works are read, since he has published a dozen or so within the last six years; and, by those who like them, *Gracechurch* will also be liked, for it is full of his peculiar qualities, though it does not particularly resemble any previous book of his. It is not pure romance, like *Dromina* or *Hurdcott;* or historic romance, like *San Celestino;* or a Sicilian romance, like *Marotz;* or a truss of essays, like *Levia Pondera;* and those who prefer Mr Ayscough on his high horse may not at first approve of him ambling familiarly afoot, as he permits himself to be seen in *Gracechurch*. But by certain newspapers, experts in that branch of literary criticism, *Gracechurch* is already tenderly alluded to as one of the "sellers" of the year, so that it may turn out that its unlikeness to its predecessors may really secure for it a greater popularity, and gain a new "public" for its author. Should that prove to be the case the fact might well convey a lesson to Mr Ayscough—the simple one that library-subscribers like books with names they know how to pronounce: it is disconcerting to have to ask for a work whose title sticks in one's teeth. And English readers do not care much for "foreign" stories—unless, indeed, the scene be laid in some almost unheard-of surroundings: a Chinese novel, now, or a Tibetan play; if Mr Ayscough saw his way to gratify the public with something of that sort (only for once: London would not care for *two* Chinese romances, in successive years, or for a cycle of Tibetan comedies) he might use any title he liked, for one would merely ask the librarians if they had "Ayscough's Chinese novel" without the slightest necessity for pronouncing the name. Anyone can say "Gracechurch"—that, very probably, may be the primary reason for this book being more in demand at libraries than *San Celestino* or *Mezzogiorno*. And here we may as well hint to this writer that his first terrible mistake lay in the choice of his *nom-de-guerre*—why so uncouth and *sneezy* a name as Ayscough? We understand that there are five different ways of mispronouncing it,

all in constant use, so that any reputation the author might have gained keeps oozing away by five distinct leaks, so to speak.

And *Gracechurch* not only has an English name, but it is all about England and English people. *Hurdcott* was an English name too (though many believed it to be Finnish), but most of the leading characters were foreigners, or of mixed descent, like an aeroplane accident or the late Lafcadio Hearn. *Gracechurch* is English to its backbone: there is not a foreigner in it, and its innumerable characters could exist nowhere out of England: it may well be popular with a people sincerely, if silently, convinced of the superfluousness of other countries. *Gracechurch* is homely, one can savour it without any knowledge of Italian or of history; and it is kind and good-natured, and we Britishers are more at home there than among the theological virtues; indeed, in this book, John Ayscough lets all his innate optimism out of the bag. And elderly English people (would that we were all as young as we look!) do love pathos: did not Dickens know it? and was not that great man perfectly aware that the majority of readers are turned of forty, in spite of anything census papers may say against it? Dickens, we have long heard with misgiving, wallowed naked in the pathetic; of course, no modern writer durst do that, but, in parts of *Gracechurch*, Mr Ayscough keeps very little on—e.g., in the chapter called " Nandy's Child," which, for our part, we like as well as anything in the book.

Probably the " younger generation " (born elderly, which is not at all the same thing as being elderly in spite of ourselves) will not care much for *Gracechurch;* it says it cannot read Dickens, nor Thackeray, nor George Eliot, nor Mrs Gaskell, so little Mr Ayscough need not mind; the picture caught, as in a net, among all these chapters, each having a story of its own, can only appeal to those who know its truth and find in it an echo from a past all the dearer for its hopeless removal. The life of *Gracechurch* in the sixties was more different from the life of " Greater London " to-day, than its own life then was from what

it had been under the Four Georges. If it was dull, then, John Ayscough has singularly glorified it, but it was quiet, orderly, unambitious, unfretful, leisurely (with ample time for the small charities that are one of the Holy Oils of life) not discontented, nor greedy, and certainly not monotonous—as all Mr Ayscough's crowd of infinitely varied Gracechurchians bears singular witness. Provincial it was, and the provincialism of the book may well account for its popularity, for there is much more Englishism in the towns whereof Gracechurch stands for type than in all London.

[JOHN AYSCOUGH]

ROBERT BROWNING, in the only piece of prose which he deliberately wrote, a preface, I think, to some forged letters attributed to Shelley, said that a poet either began with an ethical idea, and formed a scene to illustrate it, or saw the scene first, and left the idea to look after itself. I do not know whether he was speaking autobiographically, or even whether it is a real distinction at all. But my book *Watersprings* belongs to the second of these processes.

The story all arose out of a house I saw in Wiltshire, in a hamlet half-hidden among the downs. The place dwelt very insistently in my mind, and then the central figure of my story, Howard Kennedy, walked on to the scene. The question then was, whom did he find in the house, and Mrs Graves made her appearance; then Jack Sandys arrived, and after that the other figures came very briskly into view. After that there seemed no doubt at all about the matter; the groups formed themselves, made entrances and exits, talked and smiled. The end of the story was at first hidden in a luminous sort of mist; but by the time I began to write, it was all plain enough. I do not, to speak very frankly, feel that I created the story at all. It was a thing rather seen than made, and the people a great deal more actual to me than men with whom I have sat on Boards, or women whom I have taken into dinner. Then presently I had the curious sense,

which I have had in writing certain other books, such as *Paul the Minstrel*, and particularly *The Child of the Dawn*, that I was not fashioning anything, but merely describing an affair that was really enacting itself, just so and not otherwise.

The book was written very quickly, day after day. I was staying in the country, and used to walk alone in the afternoons. At the start of my walk, I merely looked ahead, and saw the incidents shape themselves; and then put the whole out of my mind, though occasionally the characters chose to converse of their own accord; and when after tea I sat down to write, the thing spun off the reel without a hitch. I never reconstructed or rewrote anything, or introduced any incident subsequently; while the erasures and corrections were very few.

This being so, I find it as difficult to criticize the story as I should to criticize a country-house visit, or a day of my working life. My figures were not puppets, dancing to my order, but human beings, inconsequent and impulsive. They did not always behave as I expected or speak as I intended. One of my critics said that the fault of the book was that all the people in it had too comfortable a time and too large an income, I felt, when I read the words, how little he understood what had happened; the money was no affair of mine; those were the incomes they had! But I suppose that this all proves that the book is deficient in art, and that I did not control my material, but simply accepted it.

Of course, the idea which underlies the book is a very simple one; it depicts the sterility of the intellectual life, and the blessed possibility of curing the vacuous dreariness which that may bring, by draughts of love and contact with the realities of life. Howard Kennedy has been playing the academical game, which is a very good game in its way, and amusing himself with his pupils, as a man may spin teetotums. His sympathy and his diplomacy have been artistic rather than human. Mr Sandys, the Vicar, is playing the clerical game too; but he does it more spontaneously, and his nature is a

simpler one—so he is content. Mrs Graves, on the other hand, is a mystic, and has learnt to look through and beyond life; while Maud is the best of all, because she lives directly in admiration, hope and love. Jack Sandys, the undergraduate, is not an attractive character, but I am not sure that he is not the most alive. The book was read in proof by an undergraduate friend of mine, and by a don; and they both agreed in thinking that.

I shall not write a sequel to *Watersprings*, though I know well enough what is happening to all my Windlow party; and if I have to say frankly why I wrote the book at all, and enclosed just that little piece of human adventure within its covers, I can only say quite simply that I did so because it appeared to me to be beautiful.

A. C. BENSON

COME Rack! Come Rope! I fear, is the kind of book which anyone acquainted with the history, manners and customs of the Elizabethan age, should find no difficulty in writing. For, first, to the Catholic at least, the drama is all ready-made: it would be impossible to construct a story dealing with the sufferings of priests in those days which should not have in it almost irresistible elements of pathos and terror. Against this background, then, it is very nearly inevitable that there should be set figures symbolical of human love; and equally inevitable, therefore, that the author should see how poignant must be the conflict between innocent human love and heroic Divine Love. This, so far as the plot is concerned, is all that I have done; and, further, history has supplied one more need which imagination usually finds difficult—namely, a set of secondary characters who bear out, and cast lights and shadows upon the main theme, who take a real part in the story and who yet have—again ready-made—a reality which an author would find very hard to create. I take, therefore, no kind of pride in my plot, and hardly any in my character-drawing. Robin and Marjorie are scarcely characters; they are rather a pair of negations. They have a fortitude which is hardly more

than an absence of fear; a self-sacrifice that is merely an absence of self. I am not pleased with them. People are more complex. There are certain scenes, however, with which I am pleased—for example, the imaginative presentments of the emotions of hunted priests, and, especially the descriptions of torture written from within the tortured man's own experience. It seems to me—who have never been on the rack—that I have succeeded pretty well in writing down what the rack must have felt like, and the mental states it must have induced. When I had finished writing that scene I was conscious of very distinct and even slightly painful sensations in my own wrists and ankles. Such points as these I would select for commendation; but the book itself cost me very few real emotions: it is particularly clumsy for the first 150 pages: the figures do not really live—they only ride to and fro endlessly, and supply topics of local and contemporary colour—until Edmund Campion appears. He, and he alone, seems to have galvanized them into a semblance of actual life.

An Average Man is, I think, a very much better book. First, with the exception of my hero's father, the characters are, I think, alive. His mother is not wholly alive; she is a bundle of mannerisms and qualities, true and consistent, but not completely united into a soul. But the rest, I think, are real. Of course many of them are exceedingly disappointing in their behaviour—especially Percy—but people are, usually, disappointing. But Percy is particularly alive; he is an ill-bred snob who thinks he is a well-bred gentleman, or at any rate desires to be one; but he only desires it with certain reserves on which he will not yield, and therefore he only succeeds up to the point to which a thoroughly selfish man can attain. He gets what he wants, and therefore he fails. Mr Main, too, the curate, is precisely the reverse; he has no reserves; and he wills instead of wanting. Therefore he gets nothing that he wants, and all that he wills. This, I think, is a true presentment of experience; and it is expressed sufficiently clearly. There are, of course, some bad mistakes

in the book, some of which I recognize for myself, and others that have been pointed out to me. For instance, city clerks do not read *Comic Cuts*; that is simply uncharacteristic, and, above all, as I ought to have perceived, uncharacteristic of Percy with his social ambitions. Again, even the most scheming and adroit mother in the world could not possibly have arranged a marriage between her son and Mabel in the time allotted. Again, a man who had been master of his house in Hanstead could not, in the time allowed in the book, have become so entire a nonentity at Marston. Lastly, marriages do not take place from the bridegroom's house except under very peculiar circumstances; and there were none such in Percy's case. Yet, in spite of these flaws, I think the book as a whole to be tolerably adequate to its theme. The two main figures—Percy and the curate—like the man and the woman in the weather-house, slowly change places with, I think, psychological fidelity; their characters unfold; and each ultimately displays his inmost soul by his actions. I have wondered sometimes whether Percy's apparent conversion is properly pictured, but I do not doubt that, whether this is so or not, such an event is a real feature of life, that it happens under the circumstances and produces the effects which I have described. In short, I am pretty satisfied with the work; and I think that the very deep depression under which I suffered when the book first appeared arose from the dismal history related in it, rather than from a consciousness that that history was ill-written. ROBERT HUGH BENSON

THE author of *Magic* ought to be told plainly that his play, like most other efforts of that person, has been treated with far too much indulgence in the public press. I will glide mercifully over the more glaring errors, which the critics have overlooked—as that no Irishman could become so complete a cad merely by going to America—that no young lady would walk about in the rain so soon before it was necessary to dress for dinner—that no young man, however American, could run round

a Duke's grounds in the time between one bad epigram and another—that Dukes never allow the middle classes to encroach on their gardens so as to permit a doctor's lamp to be seen there—that no sister, however eccentric, could conduct a slightly frivolous love-scene with a brother going mad in the next room—that the Secretary disappears half way through the play without explaining himself; and the conjurer disappears at the end, with almost equal dignity. Such are the candid criticisms I should address to Mr G. K. Chesterton, were he my friend. But as I have always found him my worst enemy, I will confine myself to the criticism which seems to me most fundamental and final.

Of course I shall not differ from any of the dramatic critics: I am bursting with pride to think that I am (for the first time) a dramatic critic myself. Besides, I never argue except when I am right. It is rather a curious coincidence that in every controversy in which I have been hitherto, I have always been entirely right. But if I pretended for one moment that *Magic* was not a pretty badly written play, I should be entirely wrong. I may be allowed to point out the secret of its badness.

By the exercise of that knowledge of all human hearts which descends on any man (however unworthy) the moment he is a dramatic critic, I perceive that the author of *Magic* originally wrote it as a short story. It is a bad play, because it was a good short story. In a short story of mystery, as in a Sherlock Holmes story, the author and the hero (or villain) keep the reader out of the secret. Conan Doyle and Sherlock Holmes know all about it; and everybody else feels as silly as Watson. But the drama is built on that grander secrecy which was called the Greek irony. In the drama, the audience must know the truth when the actors do not know it. That is where the drama is truly democratic: not because the audience shouts, but because it knows—and is silent. Now I do quite seriously think it is a weakness in a play like *Magic* that the audience is not in the central secret from the start. Mr G. S. Street put the point with his usual unerring simplicity by saying

that he could not help feeling disappointed with the conjurer because he had hoped he would turn into the Devil. If anyone knows any real answer to this genuine and germane criticism, I will see that it is conveyed to the author.

There are two more criticisms of which I will take note, because they can best be dealt with by an impartial critic like myself. The first concerns that paralysis of the mind which scientists now call Pragmatism, and which is represented in this play as freezing for an instant the intellect of an Anglican priest. I know it is ignominious to talk of artistic aims that aim and do not hit. But the idea of the scepticism of the priest was perfectly simple. It was that there should be no faith or fancy left to support the supernatural, but only the experience of it. There is one man who believes—and he believes so strongly that he wishes he didn't. In the same way, all the people in *Magic* are purposely made good: so that there shall be no villain, except the great invisible villain.

The other criticism which the present critic may criticize is the frequent observation that a soliloquy is old-fashioned—and by "old-fashioned" they always mean artificial or unnatural. Now I should say that a soliloquy is the most natural thing in the world. It is no more artificial than a conscience; or a habit of walking about the room. I constantly talk to myself. If a man does not talk to himself, it is because he is not worth talking to. Soliloquy is simply the strength and liberty of the soul, without which each one of us would be like that nobleman in one of the most brilliant and bizarre of Mr Henry James's tales, who did not exist at all except when others were present. Every man ought to be able to argue with himself. And I have tried to do it in this article.

G. K. CHESTERTON

A NEGLECTED ASPECT OF ANGLICAN CONTINUITY

COUNTLESS books and pamphlets have been written during comparatively recent years on the subject of the Continuity of the Established Church of England, but always, I think, from the standpoint of its relation to the pre-Reformation Church. But there is another aspect of the matter which seems to have escaped comment, though it can hardly have evaded observation, and that is the continuity of the Church of England as it appears to-day with that of the same body as it existed much less than a century ago. Its official continuity is of course obvious, but how far are the teaching and practice of those who at present form the dominant party within its ranks continuous with the teaching and practice of the early forties and fifties, or with those who established the Church of England on its present basis? Continuity must be continuous, and those who maintain it as existing in the Establishment must accept the reversion to Rome during Mary's reign, after the breach under Henry VIII and Edward VI, as well as the subsequent re-reversion under Elizabeth. But even this is hardly more difficult than it is to trace a catena of faith and practice which links the Church of the first half of the nineteenth century with that of the twentieth, or with that of the Anglican divines of the Tudor period.

It would of course be impossible in the space of a review article to demonstrate this position with anything like completeness. The differences between the teaching and practice of the modern advanced Anglican party and those of the leaders of the original Oxford movement—such as Pusey, Keble, and, later, Liddon—would alone form the basis of an interesting comparison—a comparison which might extend to almost every item in the programme of the advanced party. But among these the Eucharist stands out as in every way first in the order of importance, and I therefore propose to confine myself

to the contrast between the position which that Sacrament now occupies in the Established Church, and that which it held from the Reformation down to the middle of the nineteenth century.

At the present time it is hardly too much to say that in a large section of the Church of England, by no means confined to the advanced party, the Eucharist has been restored to the position from which it was ousted at the Reformation. In many quarters it has resumed its place as the principal Sunday service; its celebration is always dignified, and attended with observances varying in degree and kind, but often including every detail of Catholic ritual; the word "Mass" is widely employed; and there has grown up in connexion with it a vast output of literature, derived mainly from the liturgical and devotional books of the Catholic Church. The duty of hearing Mass on Sundays and holidays is as strictly inculcated by advanced Anglicans as it is among ourselves, and is set forth in numerous popular devotional works with equal, if not with even greater, directness. In one of these, *The Casket and People's Mass Book*, we find

> It is the bounden duty of all Christian people, unless prevented by illness or other urgent causes, to hear Mass every Sunday and Holy Day of Obligation. . . . To be absent when you can help it from any part of the Mass between Gospel and the Ablutions, is not to hear Mass at all, and is a mortal sin.

Even more impressive is the statement in *The Perpetual Memory*, a little book "intended for those who worship at the High Mass," which was in use at St Bartholomew's, Brighton, in 1903:

> If any persons present in the church are unbaptized, or excommunicated, or possessed by devils, they should go out after the sermon. Otherwise they should stay until the choir have left the church.

There is no need to elaborate this point further: it must, however, be added that "Children's Eucharists," analogous in almost every detail to our children's Masses,

are celebrated on these days, and school children are taken to them as part of the recognized routine. In the preface to *Hosanna: a Mass Book for Children*, edited by the Rev. R. A. J. Suckling, of St Alban's, Holborn, and the type of a number of similar manuals, we read:—

> In this parish for many years—indeed since the consecration of our Church [1863]—the Children's Mass on Sundays and Saints' Days has been a special feature in the religious teaching of our young. This book . . . is written for young children who are being brought up to know that to assist at Mass every Sunday is a necessary part of their Christian duty:

and throughout the book the duty of going to Mass is emphasized. Similar teaching is given in Church Sunday-schools: thus, to the question, "Explain Feast of Obligation?" a girl of fifteen replies:—

> It is a day on which we are bound to be present at the Eucharist. Do not call yourself a "Christian" or a "Catholic" if you are not present at the Eucharist on a day of obligation:*

The practice of non-communicating attendance, however, found no place in the early days of the Oxford movement, and Keble was opposed to it. Writing in about 1850 he said:—

> I cannot deny that I have a strong feeling against the foreign custom of encouraging all sorts of people to assist at the Holy Eucharist without communicating:

and again:

> There appears to be some danger of the idea gaining ground, which meets one so often in Roman Catholic books of devotion, of some special quasi-sacramental grace connected with simply assisting devoutly at Mass, over and above that promised to all earnest and faithful prayer.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, from whose evidence before the Ritual Commission (ii. 342) I take these

* Parish Magazine of St Michael and All Angels, Woolwich, cited in Report of Ritual Commission, ii. 96.

quotations, adds that Keble continued to deprecate the practice of non-communicating attendance* and strongly disapproved of any insistence of a rule of fasting communion. This latter practice became established almost as soon as the hour of celebrations rendered it practicable; it will of course be remembered that in the earlier days of Anglicanism the celebration was always at mid-day. The Convocation of York, however, in 1899, adopted a report of a Committee appointed to inquire into the matter, and deprecated " the teaching of various manuals of instruction and devotion " thereupon adding that " infrequent reception and non-communicating attendance cannot wholly be dissociated from fasting communion," and that " these customs find no support in the teaching and practice of the Primitive Church," adding that " the English Church since the Reformation has ceased to require fasting before Holy Communion." The Bishops of the Province of Canterbury had adopted a similar Report in 1893.

The astonishing view which connects fasting communion with infrequent reception and non-communicating attendance, is on a par with that by which we are assured that one object of the abolishing of the Mass was to increase communions. Nothing is more remarkable in the whole history of the Anglican movement than the extraordinary increase which has taken place in the number of communicants, especially—indeed, almost entirely—at early celebrations, where most, if not all of the communicants are fasting. This is by no means confined to advanced churches, either as to the number of celebrations or as to the attendance thereat. Anyone who is familiar with advertisements of the services at the advanced Churches on the great festivals will know that

* A full and interesting historical discussion of the matter, by the Rev. T. W. Drury, will be found in the Report of the Ritual Commission, Appendix D. Mr Drury concludes that " the attendance of those who rarely if ever communicate, and the arrangement of services in which the communion of the people holds a comparatively insignificant position, are things which cannot be regarded as falling within the proper limits of the Eucharistic worship of the Church of England " (iv. 61).

the celebrations frequently begin at 5 or 6 a.m. and continue every hour until 9, to be followed by a "high celebration" at 11. But in churches where the ritual is of the simplest, the practice of fasting communion is equally general. As an example of this I will cite the parish church of Kensington, where the standard of externals is so low that there is not even a Choral Eucharist every Sunday. In connexion with the church are two district chapels: at all there are, every Sunday, celebrations at 7 and 8 as well as at mid-day; at the parish church there is also a daily celebration at 8, with three on holy days. From the parochial report for 1910 I learn that during that year the total number of communicants was 16,537 at the parish church, 4,140 at Christ Church and 7,810 at St Paul's: of these 14,394 were at the 8 a.m. celebration.

Compared with this striking evidence of the growth of the spiritual side of Anglicanism, the development of externals is of minor importance. "It is," of course, "the Mass that matters," not the accessories which may surround it, dignified and beautiful as these may be. There seems no need to say more than that the Catholic doctrine, having been accepted, found its natural outward expression; and that a "high celebration" in an advanced Anglican church hardly, if at all, differs in externals from a Catholic High Mass. The fact that even in village churches—as well as in the cathedrals, notoriously difficult to move—the general standard of altar decoration has been raised to that which was exceptional and uncommon seventy years ago, and that the teaching regarding the Eucharist and the frequency of its celebration has advanced concurrently, is sufficient evidence of the spread of Catholic ideas in the Church of England.*

But how do these correspond with the teaching and practice of the Church of England, not only since the

* I may be allowed to refer to my paper on "Anglicanism Sixty Years Ago," published in this Review for April, 1910, for much matter bearing upon this subject.

Reformation, but in comparatively recent years? What continuity have these teachings and practices—admirable in themselves because Catholic—with those which are actually responsible for the Anglican liturgy as it stands? Our Anglican friends speak of "the Mass" and accept all that the Catholic Church understands by that word: what, then, do they think of the language, concerning it used by Cranmer, the chief compiler of the Prayer Book, and Ridley, his principal assistant? There is no need to enlarge on this point—Dom Norbert Birt has rendered their sentiments readily accessible to all,* and I gladly leave so distressing a subject.

As a natural consequence of the blasphemies of those who took a leading part in constructing the new religion, and as an immediate result of the Reformation, the Eucharist fell into disuse. There can be little doubt that this was deliberately intended as a means of emphasizing the difference between the new system, which prescribed Matins and Evensong for daily public recitation, and the old, in which Mass was the chief and indeed the only popular service. The argument (already referred to) that the aim of the Reformers was to substitute Communion for Mass finds little support in the actual results of the change. The Bishop of Gloucester, in the valuable "Historical Notes on the Administration of the Acts of Uniformity," which form Appendix C of the Report of the Ritual Commission, writes of the reign of Elizabeth:

> Holy Communion in Cathedrals was required by the Prayer Book attached to the Act of Uniformity "every Sunday at the least." The advertisements reduce the requirement to once a month "at the least," requiring the clergy attached to the church to receive "four times in the year at the least," while Parker's Visitation Articles (1567) reduce the requirement still further to "at least thrice in the year," and Grindal's (1576) are content with exacting the bare minimum, "at the least once in every year."

From the period of the Restoration (1660) onwards:

* *The Cleavage under Elizabeth*, C.T.S. 6d.

> The rubric requiring weekly communion "at the least" in cathedrals and colleges was scandalously neglected. In 1681, Dean Comber speaks as if "monthly communions" were all that were generally to be found in cathedrals: and Dean Granville . . . about 1680 says that the rubric was not observed in more than two cathedrals . . . it was certainly not the custom at York, or Rochester or Windsor in 1684.

If this was the standard of the cathedrals, it is hardly likely that that of parish churches was generally higher; and it must be remembered that, the Sacrament not being reserved, there was no other opportunity for Communion. I have nowhere found any suggestion of more than one celebration on the same day. It cannot be said, as has been alleged, that the infrequency of celebrations resulted from the apathy of the eighteenth century, for we find Bishop Cosin * (1594–1672), who was accepted by the earlier Anglicans as representing the High Church school, writing that "the Eucharist is religiously and decently celebrated by us on the greater festivals and on the first Sunday of every month;" he adds that after the prayer for the Church Militant "those that are not about to communicate are dismissed." This practice extended into a considerable period of the High Church movement: the custom of non-communicating attendance did not come into vogue until comparatively recently and a voluntary was played while the greater part of the congregation left the Church, only those who were going to "stay"—*i.e.* to communicate—remaining.

In the general revival of Catholic doctrine attendant on the Oxford movement, the position of the Eucharist was of course recognized, and its devout frequentation was practised. But the state of desuetude into which the Communion Service had fallen had become so general that it was long before any steps were taken to restore it to its position in Christian worship. The earlier Oxford and Cambridge High Churchmen were content to urge the daily recitation of Matins and Evensong; and the

* Quoted in Meyrick's *Old Anglicanism and Modern Ritualism.*

reversal in later years of the position of Matins and the Eucharist is a remarkable testimony to the changed state of affairs. An accurate notion of the attitude of the early High Churchman towards each, so far as public observance was concerned, may be obtained from Miss Yonge's popular story, *The Daisy Chain*, published in 1856. The author, it may be remembered, was a devout Anglican, whose books have played an important part in the propagation of High Church views; yet in this volume, the interest of which culminates in the building and opening of a church, we find Matins and Evensong prominent, as well as Baptism and Confirmation, but practically no reference to the Eucharist; there was evidently no celebration at the consecration of St Andrew's, Cocksmoor. The musical portion of the service was in those days almost always confined to the morning and evening services, and the singing of the Psalms at these was regarded both by the then Archbishop of Canterbury (Sumner) and the Bishop of London (Blomfield) as a legitimate ground for complaint. The first musical setting of the Communion Service throughout was a chant service; this was followed by Helmore's version of Merbecke, published in his *Manual of Plain Song*, which was for a considerable time the only setting used in Anglican churches. The adaptations to the Communion service of Masses of the Palestrina and Vienna schools are of later introduction, as are the numerous arrangements by English composers now frequently performed. At many of the English cathedrals there is now a choral Eucharist after Matins: but at Westminster Abbey and the Temple Church, to take two conspicuous examples, the choir does not remain for the celebration. The modern tendency in advanced churches is to make "the Mass" the chief musical service of the day; the evidence before the Ritual Commission affords numerous instances of the simple recitation of Morning Prayer, followed by "Mass" celebrated with all ritual and musical accessories.

An examination of the books published towards the

middle of the last century by representative churchmen yields interesting information as to the widely different position held by the Eucharist in public worship at that period, and as to the relative importance with which it was regarded by typical English Churchmen. We may take as an example a little book entitled *Village Conversations on the Liturgy of the Church of England*, by George Davys, D.D., who was tutor to Princess Victoria in 1827 and died Bishop of Peterborough in 1864. The book was published by the S.P.C.K., so that both author and publisher may be considered representative of the Anglicanism of the period: the two parts of which it is composed went through numerous editions, ranging from 1820 to 1849.

The dialogues between William Walker, a labourer who goes to church, and Thomas Brown, another, who doesn't, are favourable specimens of their kind; they deal at considerable length with "the Liturgy" as understood by the author, and treat in detail of the composition of the Book of Common Prayer, from the time "when the errors of Popery were laid aside." There is the usual tribute to "the excellent young King," Edward VI who "got a better crown in heaven"; then came "bloody Queen Mary" who "was always trying to keep the people from the way of instruction, and to bring back the old days of ignorance" and then "a better"—Elizabeth.

> When first King Edward ordered a Prayer Book to be made, it was not made just as it is now; but in a few years afterwards, when the people got to think less of their old customs, and to see from the Bible what was the right way of praying, then the rest of the old Popish ways were left off, and some more prayers were put into the book.

Matins and Evensong are gone through in great detail; then comes "the Litany," and, in the same chapter, "The Communion Service." Having commented on the opening collect and the Commandments, Thomas proceeds (p. 91):—

> I think as we have gone through so much of the service, we shall not have occasion to discourse about the remaining part. I

think I see enough of the nature of it, to make me look with attention at the whole, and I think I shall be able to understand it. There is, however, one thing I should like to talk with you about. I mean the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

For the discussion of this, which is practically limited to the question of eating and drinking worthily, exactly three pages suffice! There is no indication of any kind of Presence in the consecrated elements, nor indeed is the act of consecration mentioned. At this time, and indeed long after, it was customary to read "the ante-communion service," as it was called, from the reading-desk; indeed, this would seem to have been the general practice, for Robertson, to whose book I shall have occasion to refer later, says that the Laudian bishops who ordered that it should be read at the Table were in consequence charged with innovation; and Robertson himself, while favouring this, considers as thoroughly defensible what was evidently the general practice. Another representative author is William Gresley (1801–1876) who was in many respects a pioneer High Churchman of the old type, and whose *Portrait of an English Churchman* (1838) may be regarded as the high-water mark of churchmanship at the period. The attitude of the writer, both towards "Rome" and Dissent, is more aggressive than that of the work just noticed: the "main positions of the Oxford Tract-writers" are supported, although Gresley regrets "the small account they make of the Establishment. Yet in this work the Eucharist occupies only five of the 326 pages, and there is a curious absence of any definite teaching regarding it. We read that "there is a monthly communion now in almost every church (except perhaps in rural districts*); in some churches there is a weekly communion." This is, so far as I know, the first mention of a weekly communion apart from cathedral and collegiate churches in which it was sometimes, but not always, observed; it may, however, have occurred earlier

* This seems at least doubtful. Blomfield (Bishop of London) in his charge of 1842, spoke of quarterly celebrations as the rule, and urged upon his clergy the duty of more frequent provision.

in some places, for the editor of the *British Critic* for 1832, commenting on the suggestion of a correspondent that at the four great festivals the Sacrament might be administered twice, says:—

> This is the habit in many country places. In one large village known to the editor, there is an early Sacrament at eight o'clock as well as at the usual hour on the great festivals.*

In 1849, according to Masters's *Guide to the Churches where the Daily Prayers are said*,† there was a weekly celebration in 122 churches—a number which in twenty years' time had increased to 115 in London alone and 556 in the country.

It would be interesting to ascertain at what period early communions were introduced: the late Dean Gregory in his *Autobiography* (p. 35), says that in 1844 " we never had an early celebration; the only one I ever saw in those days was at St Mary's, Oxford."

Gresley's book contains a picture of " the Communion Table " which may be taken as representing a high level of church decoration in 1838. The central ornament of the Table—which is draped in the style of a dressing-table, the flowing drapery bearing no ornament of any kind—is the alms-dish, flanked on either side by a flagon, a chalice, a paten,‡ and an open book, the position of which shows that the eastward position was not then observed. There is no other ornament—cross, candles, and flowers, which now appear in most churches throughout the country, are conspicuous by their absence. The position of the alms-dish as a central ornament of the Table was common until a much later period, and is not yet entirely obsolete; two years ago it formed the sole

* Report of Ritual Commission, ii. 347.

† Quoted in *The Oxford Church Movement*, by G. Wakeling, p. 61. Sonnenschein, 1895.

‡ See the letter on *Popish Practices at St Paul's, Knightsbridge*, addressed by Charles Westerton, Churchwarden, to Bishop Blomfield in 1853. From this we learn that at that date the eucharistic vessels formed part of the adornment of the altar.

decoration of the Table in Faringdon Church, Berks. One of its uses was to conceal the altar cross from view: it was so employed, according to Westerton, when Blomfield consecrated St Paul's, Knightsbridge. It is noteworthy that apart from the picture to which I have alluded, the book contains no reference to liturgical or ritual observances. It is also exceedingly anti-Roman—Gresley shows no tendency to follow Keble in speaking "gently of our sister's fall." The "superstition of the Romanists" abroad is "an object of pity and astonishment . . . here in England all the most offensive parts of their system are kept in the background"—the King William Street Oratory had not arrived—"idolatry is not rampant as elsewhere."

But liturgy and ritual were beginning to attract attention, and a sense of their importance led to the publication by Pickering of a beautifully printed book entitled *How shall we conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England?* by the Rev. James Craigie Robertson, M.A. (1813–1882), curate at Boxley, and afterwards a Canon of Canterbury. At the time it was written the author was a moderate High Churchman, protesting against the excesses—ordinary enough as they appear now—of the then extreme party,* and greatly irritated by the writings of F. W. Faber, then still an Anglican, and especially by his *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches*, to which he more than once refers. In this work the author takes the

* He quotes as "the most extravagant specimen that has fallen under his notice," an account of a service held at St James's, Enfield ("the names of the place and the persons are from charitable motives omitted," but a reference to the newspaper quoted supplies them). The church was decorated with flowers and banners: "the altar was solemnly ornamented with its own peculiar plate": there was a procession of clergy in surplices and stoles, headed by a boy in a surplice carrying a banner with a cross on it; matins was followed by the Eucharist, the prayers being intoned: afterwards the clergy and congregation went to the schools in procession, chanting the litany. Nothing is recorded which would even excite remark at the present day, yet Mr Robertson asks: "can these clergymen really think it right to play in this manner with God's house and service?" (pp. 327-*sq*).

Book of Common Prayer as the standard of the Church of England, and its interpretation is based on an exhaustive study of the early post-Reformation writers and divines, illustrated by numerous quotations from their works, all duly authenticated by references. It is a valuable contribution to Anglican Church history and will well repay perusal; my present purpose, however, is only to show its evidence as to the then state of Anglican observance.

With regard to the "daily service"—*i.e.* Matins and Evensong—the author, while convinced of its desirableness, thinks that "we are at liberty to use caution and expediency in striving after the fulfilment of our Church's intentions in this respect": it was, he tells us, far more common a century before the time of his writing. As to altar-lights, he concludes that "they have never been restored in parish churches since their removal under Edward VI," and

> that there is no authority whatever for using them in churches or chapels of the parochial class. If, however, they could be introduced without any superstitious assertion of their necessity, on the one hand, or equally superstitious alarm on the other, they might, it is conceived, form an innocent and not unsuitable decoration (p. 92).

Robertson quotes Blomfield (Bishop of London) as having then said "I see no objection to candles on the communion-table, provided that they are not burning, except when the church is lighted up for evening service;" and also a pamphlet by the Rev. G. A. Poole, who defended their presence, but "very properly resented the false assertion that *he* has burnt them at mid-day." *

With regard to vestments, the only one discussed apart from the surplice—which "has always been prescribed, and is now universally used, as the dress to be generally worn in public service"—is the cope, the use

* In his concluding chapter (pp. 311-314) the author, who had evidently been greatly annoyed by a well-known passage in Faber's *Sights and Thoughts*, speaks strongly against the use of candles.

of which in parish churches is shown to have been condemned by Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1576 and by Piers, Archbishop of York, who places it among "reliques of popish superstition and idolatry, [to] be utterly defaced and destroyed."

The position and material of "the communion-table or altar" are discussed at length, but there is no reference to any covering for it, nor to any ornament other than the candles already dealt with: there is, however, a caution that

> if we provoke puritanically-disposed churchmen by introducing unauthorized and unfamiliar ornaments and ceremonies about our altars, they may be able to give us considerable trouble by a reference to the authorities for the position of the table at times of communion (p. 162).

Robertson concludes from evidence that the Table was before Laud's reforms usually placed with the ends east and west; this he considers countenanced by the rubric, which speaks of the north *side:* and he considers that "the rubric and the canon of 1604 favour the removal of the holy table at communion-time" into the body of the church. His view as to the place for reading the ante-communion service has already been quoted: the fact that in the seventeenth century this was commonly called the "second service" is further evidence of the infrequency of celebrations. His note on the reading of the Epistle and Gospel is amusing:—

> It has been said of late, that even where there is but one clergyman officiating before commencing the epistle he should cross to the epistle side, and recross before beginning the gospel. (*English Churchman*, vol. i, p. 246).* This practice is forbidden in Edward's injunctions of 1549, and in those of Bishop Ridley, where it is directed "that no minister do counterfeit the popish mass in shifting the book from one place to another" (Doc. Aun. i, 63-81). It has no kind of sanction from the Reformed Church. . . . To revive it at this day—as is done, according to the writer

* It should be remembered that this was originally a High Church newspaper.

whom I have quoted, " in at least one church in London "—is nothing better than a ridiculous and offensive playing at popery (p. 215).

The author sums up against the " eastward position " of the priest at the consecration, which now obtains in the most moderate of " high " churches, although Pusey tells us that Newman never accepted it, and indeed has become so little of a party badge that Archdeacon Sinclair, a Low Churchman, adopted it in St Paul's Cathedral. It may be noted that in 1844—the date of the second edition of Robertson's book, from which my extracts are taken, the late Dean Gregory took this position because he " never could see that the rubric ordered any other." * About this time, the matter was discussed at St Paul's, Knightsbridge, and " was left as a doubtful point; " Bennett adopted the position, and, when it was objected to in 1850, by his bishop (Blomfield), was able to cite a few others—Manning among them—who observed it. Blomfield, however, wrote:—

> If the discussion at St Paul's left this practice a doubtful point, it ought to have been considered as set at rest by the custom of our Church, and at any rate by the decision of the Ordinary. The recent examples of four or five individuals, and of one modern writer, are of no weight as authorities. It is clear that the rubric is not complied with, which says that the bread is to be broken " before the people " if the priest stands between the bread and the people.†

Pusey, in 1851, held the view last expressed, but the practice gained ground, though it did not become general until after the Purchas Judgement in 1871, when its condemnation led to an attempted prohibition by Bishop Jackson; this was successfully resisted at St. Paul's Cathedral by Gregory and Liddon, and the practice rapidly spread.

On the question of " non-communicating attendance " —the practice of attending at the celebration without

* *Autobiography of Robert Gregory*, p. 35.

† See pamphlets on *The Roman Catholic Question*, No. xii.

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partaking—Robertson points out that it is not forbidden, but clearly does not contemplate it as desirable; it has been suggested, he says, "that young persons newly confirmed might perhaps be allowed to be present *for once* without communicating" (p. 221).

The section on "the yearly number of Communions" —*i.e.* of the Communion Service—contains much matter of interest, confirmatory of and additional to the passages already cited from the Bishop of Gloucester. Bishop Andrewes (1562) thought the Church "would" do better to celebrate more often, but says "If it be *panis annuus*, once-a-year received, we think our duty discharged." Andrewes himself, according to Bishop Buckeridge, who preached his funeral sermon, "kept monthly communion inviolably, yea though himself had received at court the same month." George Herbert * says, "The parson celebrates it, if not duly once a month, yet at the least, five or six times a year, as at Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, afore and after harvest, and the beginning of Lent." Robertson himself rejoices that "the number of celebrations generally throughout the country has increased much of late;" but the two contemporary Bishops whom he quotes—Blomfield and Philpotts—are content to recommend monthly celebrations—an evidence that these were not usual. It is unnecessary to point out how widely the practice even of such saintly men as George Herbert differs from that of those who nowadays rightly regard the Eucharist as the chief Christian service, and who insist on weekly attendance at its celebration.

Robertson makes no reference to the practice of communicating fasting, but as this finds no place in the Book of Common Prayer, the omission is natural; indeed, as the usual hour of celebration was after the morning service at 11 a.m. such a practice would not have been possible. Thus both the time of the celebration and the absence of fasting differentiate the Eucharistic use of the English Church of the post-Reformation period alike from the earlier Church and from the Anglicanism of to-day.

* *Country Parson*, c. 22.

Anglican Continuity

The developments of Anglicanism which culminated in the opening of St Barnabas', Pimlico, in 1850, and which followed its consecration, formed the subject of a paper in this REVIEW for April, 1910, and need not be referred to here. I will, however, cite one more witness as showing that, even four years after that epoch-making event, the standard of practice, especially with reference to the Eucharist, was very far from that of even moderate clergy of the Establishment at the present day. In 1855 an excellent little book—*A Guide to the Parish Church*—was issued by Harvey Goodwin (1818–1891), who became Bishop of Carlisle in 1869 and retained the position until his death. He tells us that

> As a general rule our churches are not open except upon Sunday, and then the morning service consists of the morning prayers appointed for daily use, the Litany—and a small portion of the Communion office, namely, to the end of the Nicene Creed, after which follows the sermon, and then the congregation is dismissed.

After pointing out that "the testimony in the present practice of the Church of Rome . . . is not to be despised, though the service of mass be in its present form defiled with human inventions and injured by human defects," he sums up by saying:

> The Church of England, however, does not command a weekly celebration of the Lord's Supper; it is clear also that such celebration is not contemplated as the usual practice; in certain exceptional cases, namely cathedral and collegiate churches and colleges, a weekly Communion is enjoined,* and therefore, by implication is supposed not to take place in other cases. Moreover, the curate is desired to give notice of an intended celebration upon some previous day, which would be unnecessary if the celebration were weekly and fixed; and in the rubric before the Prayer for the

* I do not know how far this injunction was obeyed; but Dr Temple told Dean Gregory that one morning he attended St Paul's Cathedral intending to communicate, when a verger expressed the hope that he would not do so, "as that will give the minor canon the trouble of celebrating, which otherwise he will not do." (*Autobiography of Robert Gregory*, p. 160.)

Church Militant, directions are given as to what the minister is to do, "*when* there is a communion," the case of there being no communion being thus manifestly contemplated. At the same time weekly communion is nowhere forbidden (!); and if the state of religious feeling in a parish should seem to justify it, there is nothing to prevent such celebration at the discretion of the minister (pp. 151, 152);

Elsewhere (p. 21) he regrets that in many parishes "the holy Sacrament, which was the weekly feast of the Christians of the Early Church, is celebrated [only] three times in a year and sometimes not that." It may be noted that the time of the celebration is assumed to be eleven o'clock (p. 140), and that there is no reference to fasting communion. Goodwin regards the rubric as to the ornaments of the Church as "governing the matter" of "vestures," but adds:

Nevertheless, it is manifest that any attempt on the part of individual ministers to alter that form of vesture which has become usual in the English Church, would be most mischievous and useless . . . the vestures actually used are the surplice, the stole or scarf, and the academical gown and hood.* (pp. 185, 187).

It is interesting to compare the standard of worship set up in the books quoted with that now maintained not only in advanced but in moderate Anglican Churches. The most ordinary adornments of the altar find no place in these earlier books: candles are indeed mentioned by one writer, but he who was accused of having lighted them repelled the charge with indignation: eucharistic vestments are named by another, but any attempt to revive them is denounced as "most mischievous and useless." Of the remainder of the "six points"—incense, wafer bread, mixed chalice and the eastward position—we hear nothing, and we may doubt whether the writers, save possibly the last, had ever heard them associated with Anglican worship.

The eastward position, which is now so generally

* It will be observed that there is no mention of the cassock, now commonly worn by all save the extreme Low Church party: when Gregory was made Canon of St Paul's Cathedral in 1868, no clergyman there wore a cassock. (*Autobiography*, p. 164.)

adopted, seems to have come into notice in 1850 at St Barnabas', Pimlico. Gregory adopted it in 1844—not, as we have seen, with any doctrinal significance, but because he "never could see that the rubric ordered any other position;" * and Pusey, who did not use it until 1871, when he did so as a protest against the Purchas Judgement, did not "attach any doctrinal significance to the position," † which we know Newman never assumed. The altar decorations of 1838 have already been described; none of the writers makes any reference to any other: cross, candlesticks (with the exception above noted) and flowers find no place in their descriptions, evidently because they were then non-existent: the crucifix was of course of later date. Even Harvey Goodwin, though he maintains that the Ornaments Rubric involves the use of "the vestment, cope, tunicle and albe," never suggests that thuribles or crucifixes are included in its scope. Such later developments as the invocation of saints are of course absent; and there is nowhere any reference to prayer for the dead.

The absence of continuity between present-day Anglicanism and the period immediately preceding and including the earlier days of the Oxford Movement is at least as notable in the attitude of the Bishops as in the directions already indicated. The evidence of this is so patent, even in the dress now affected by a considerable portion of the Anglican hierarchy, that there is no need to discuss the matter at length, but one or two points may be noted. The Articles of Religion have long since ceased to be recognized by Anglicans as authoritative, and their interpretation in the non-natural sense first indicated in Tract 90 and later developed by Bishop Forbes's treatise is accepted by those who do not frankly ignore them. Yet it must be remembered that they were "agreed upon by the Archbishops and Bishops of both Provinces and the whole Clergy" in 1562, and were framed especially "for the avoiding of diversities of opinion and for the establishing of consent touching

* *Autobiography*, p. 35.
† *Life of Pusey*, iv. 225.

true Religion;" and their plain interpretation with regard to the Eucharist can hardly be doubtful, especially if this be taken in connexion with the contemporary Book of Homilies, which they commend as containing "sound and wholesome doctrine" and order to be read in churches.

It is of course possible to produce a catena of Anglican divines who had a personal belief in the Eucharist as a means of grace and in a Real if undefined Presence of Christ therein. This indeed has often been done with considerable effect; but side by side with these expressions of personal belief stand others diametrically opposed to them. In this as in other matters we look in vain to the Bishops of the Established Church for a definite expression of belief or opinion, except, as has more than once been bitterly pointed out by Anglicans, when temporalities are concerned; and even on this matter in its latest form with regard to the Church in Wales, there is now a difference of opinion.

The nearest approach to a pronouncement on the doctrine of the Eucharist at the period we have been considering is that conveyed in the address presented to the Queen by "the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England" in 1850, on the occasion of the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy. In this it is stated that the Roman Church "continues to maintain practices repugnant to God's 'word'" and "inculcates 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits'" These expressions are quoted from the Articles; the sentence in which the latter occurs runs:—

> The sacrifices of masses, in which it was commonly said that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits (Art. xxxi).*

* The attempt to distinguish between "the sacrifices of masses" and "the sacrifice of the Mass," and to contend that the belief condemned not the true Catholic doctrine, but a mediæval conception, is not, I think, now seriously maintained; any way the intention of the Anglican hierarchy in adopting the phrase can hardly be in dispute.

Anglican Continuity

The practical unanimity of the Anglican hierarchy at this period in their attitude with regard to the rapidly increasing High Church movement is manifest from the official pronouncements of the time, which was one of great excitement. Between the secession of Newman in 1845 and that of Manning in 1851, there was a steady stream in the Romeward direction. The "Popish Aggression" frightened men like Blomfield, who had encouraged High Churchmen, into a policy of attempted repression: his action at St Barnabas', Pimlico,* and that of Longley at St Saviour's, Leeds,† were typical instances of this policy. The attitude of the Anglican bishops may be gathered from a letter addressed in 1852 by Neale to Prynne of Plymouth, whose justification of the use of habitual confession had been accepted by Philpotts as satisfactory: "It is fearful to think," he says, "what the result might have been in any but the diocese of Exeter, and it surely is not less than providential that in that diocese the event should have happened."‡ To the exceptional position held by Philpotts at this period Liddon also bears testimony:—

> In their terror of Rome (he says) they [the bishops] included in a general denunciation not only the Roman Catholics, but also the whole Tractarian party—Pusey and all who in any way sympathized with him. The Bishop of Exeter indeed was a noble but solitary exception.§

This being so, it may be of interest to see what Philpotts held with regard to the Eucharist. In his *Letters to Charles Butler* he defines very clearly what he considers the doctrine of the Church of England as distinguished from that of the Catholic Church:

> The Church of Rome holds that the body and blood of Christ are present under the accidents of bread and wine; the Church of

* See DUBLIN REVIEW, April, 1910.
† See *Life of John Hungerford Pollen* (Murray, 1912).
‡ *Life of George Rundle Prynne* (Longmans, 1905, p. 163).
§ *Life of Pusey*, iii. 293.

England holds that their real presence is in the *soul of the communicant* * at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

He proceeds to develop "the doctrine of our Church on this subject" at considerable length:

> She holds that after the consecration of the bread and wine they are changed not in their nature but in their *use;* that instead of nourishing our bodies only, they now are instruments by which, when worthily received, God gives to our souls the body and blood of Christ, to nourish and sustain them. . . . It is in this sense that the crucified Jesus is present in the Sacrament of His supper, not in, nor with, the bread and wine, nor under their accidents, but in the souls of the communicants.

It may be noted that although the *Letters* were first published in 1825, they were reissued by Philpotts in 1866: "the motive of his present republication," he tells us in his preface to this edition, "is to meet the renewed attempts which are made to reconcile the differences between the Articles of the Church of England and those of the Council of Trent."

How completely the teaching even of the same individual varied during his own life-time is sufficiently shown by the change made by Keble on his deathbed of his lines—

> There present in the heart
> Not in the hands. . . .

to—

> There present in the heart
> As in the hands.

It is, however, even more noteworthy in the case of W. J. E. Bennett, whose volume on *The Eucharist*, published in 1837, is in direct opposition to the views for which he was brought before the Court of Arches in 1870. In his book he defines the Eucharist as "a symbolical commemoration, instituted by Christ Himself, of the sacrifice of His death;" in 1867 he wrote

* Italics of original.

Anglican Continuity

"[I] myself adore and teach the people to adore the consecrated elements." *

Anglicans may well point with satisfaction to the advance their party has made in the episcopate. To say that the proportion has been entirely reversed would be an exaggeration, for there are two or three definitely Low Churchmen on the bench, and others who are Broad rather than High. But there can be no doubt that as a whole High Churchmen prevail among the Anglican Bishops: indeed, a remonstrance on this head has lately been addressed to the Prime Minister.

But what guarantee is there that this condition of affairs will be permanent? There are some who think the Oxford Movement is already in its last phase,† having deserted its original position; and the very rapidity of the development of Anglicanism and the accompanying decadence of the Evangelical school suggest at least the possibility of a reversal of affairs. Who could have supposed that the movement in which Charles Simeon was a leading figure would in less than a hundred years have practically ceased to exist? or that the opposite school of thought, the rising of which he saw and deplored, would have dominated the Church of England, notwithstanding episcopal opposition more unanimous and more outspoken than can now be claimed in its support? What has happened once may happen again; and there are not wanting evidences of the growth of yet a third school of thought—never entirely absent from the Church of England and once more assuming important dimensions —which may prove a powerful rival, if not a successor, to the other two, to each of which it is equally opposed. At present Anglican bishops are endeavouring to check its development, in language which contrasts curiously with the diatribes by which the nascent Anglicanism was

* This phrase was subsequently altered at Pusey's suggestion, to "who myself adore, and teach the people to adore, Christ present in the Sacrament, under the form of Bread and Wine."

† See the *Latest Phase of the Oxford Movement*, by J. P. Valentine (C.T.S. 1d.)

assailed; but the events of the last sixty years have shown that episcopal utterances represent only individual opinion, or, at most, the view which happens for the time being to dominate the Establishment of which the Bishops are officers. Even if they claim obedience they are powerless to enforce it unless with the help of the State, and their experience in that direction has not been of a nature to induce them to renew it.

Even among Anglicans themselves, apart from the growing sense of the claims of Rome, there is an increasing feeling of unrest. We hear it said that ritual may —and indeed does—exist where Catholic doctrine is not preached, or is even denied; and the concluding chapter of Mr G. W. E. Russell's history of St Alban's, Holborn, indicates "possibilities of change," not only in that church but in the party which it represents. From the very nature of the case, the Church of England, having no unity in itself and no definiteness of teaching, is deprived of the essentials of stability, no matter how flourishing it may be in appearance; it has withstood many storms, nor can anyone zealous for religion wish that it should succumb to them—it is, as Newman said, "a breakwater against errors more fundamental than its own:" but, as some of the most devoted of its members are coming to recognize,* it is separated from the Rock on which alone is raised the only structure that can resist the coming tempest.

JAMES BRITTEN

* "The Anglican Communion has lost fellowship with the central See of St Peter, and with it Christ's sacramental principle of unity; while in addition to this it has also lost in its Ordinal expression of an important element of the priesthood. . . . The Anglican Communion is chiefly a political church, in the sense that its alienated existence was born in a political quarrel, and it has been under the power of the State ever since." *Catholicism and Life*, by the Rev. C. H. Sharpe, Diocesan Missionary for Gloucester, pp. 136, 138 (Longmans, 1913).

CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN THE STUDY OF SCRIPTURE

THE publication of Father Hugh Pope's *The Catholic Student's Aids to the Bible*,* and the fact that it is preceded by a Preface of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, suggests to a Catholic Bible student in England many and various thoughts. And first as to the book itself, it is a praiseworthy endeavour to provide the Catholic student with helps of parallel value to those excellent well-known manuals which Oxford and Cambridge have long provided for the non-Catholic scholar. It is an obvious fact that the Catholic views the Scriptures in a different light from that in which they are viewed by the Protestant. For the Catholic a number of questions arise out of the relation of the Bible to the Church, which are of no primary importance to those who have another conception of the Church. The Catholic student in using non-Catholic manuals, especially in these days when the fluctuations between rigid old-Protestant orthodoxy and the "advanced" school are beyond number, is perpetually faced by the distressing doubt how much of modern conclusions it is allowable for him to adopt.

A book by a well-known Dominican, whose name as a Scripture scholar has now been for some years before the public, a work having received encouragement from highest authority, comforts and reassures the Catholic mind.

And the book is well done. In the present fermentation of spirits concerning Biblical matters, it required great courage to write it, for it is so difficult to walk the narrow path and not to stray to the right or to the left, or at least to seem to have done so to the keen and zealous adherents of either school. The book is conspicuously Catholic, it opens with Leo XIII's famous encyclical: *Providentissimus Deus;* it contains *in extenso* the decisions of the Biblical Commission, it devotes particular attention

* R. & T. Washbourne.

to the Vulgate and to the English Catholic translations, and warmly recommends Abbot Gasquet's thesis that the so-called "Wycliffite" Bibles are in fact Catholic pre-Reformation Bibles; a thesis which has received too scant attention from Protestant scholars. Besides these obvious characteristics of its Catholic authorship, throughout the book it is the Catholic author who is discernible on well nigh every page.

Let us now have a closer look at some of its chapters. The chapter on the idea of Inspiration first engages our attention. It is evidently by a Dominican and by a Thomist, it is evidently an echo of the masterly exposition on the subject by Père Lagrange. Of course the chapter contains not a word of controversy, but the opinion and method of explanation which for some years now have held the field in theological text-books are set aside, or rather passed by in silence, and the author's view alone is given. It is clear, brief, and telling, and the day may come when it alone will hold the field, but a reference to what may be called the Jesuit view might have been added. "It will also appear," says the author, "how futile it is to suppose that the ideas are God's, while the way of expressing them is left to the human author; for then neither God nor the writer could be regarded as the author of the whole." Yes: but what seems futile to a keen and logical mind schooled in St Thomas, does not seem so futile to those who speak of the *res et sententiae* as coming from God and the language from the human writer, and the large school that holds such views should have been mentioned.

While realizing the delicate and dangerous task which Father Pope had undertaken, and sympathizing with the caution inspired by reverence for the Scriptures and the fear perhaps of erring and in some sense going counter to the spirit of the Church, one cannot but say that the able Dominican seems now and then to run away from the problem which must be uppermost in the reader's mind. In his "Literary Table" the approximate date of the "Precepts of Kaqema" is

given as 3900 B.C., and as Kaqema was an official of the Third Egyptian dynasty the First dynasty must begin well before 4000 B.C., and as even the layman has heard of pre-Dynastic Egypt, this must lie still farther back in the past, and this Father Pope distinctly states, when giving as approximate dates for the ancient Egyptian Empire 4400 to 2466 B.C. On the other hand, when dealing with Biblical chronology, pp. 15-21, some five pages are devoted to showing how Archbishop Usher's calculation from Biblical data puts the Creation at 4004 B.C. and how the Septuagint and the Samaritan differ therefrom by "systematic procedure." Any reconciliation between the Biblical and the profane is not given, but only a somewhat laconic note: "It is well to bear in mind that the Biblical chronological system is in no sense a scientific one, that its details are often conflicting, that, starting as it does from the beginning when there can have been no means of dating events, it is possibly only meant as a guide to the memory and not as a clue to history." It is then stated that profane dates of these early periods are also only approximate and of no more authority than the Biblical chronology. The layman here clamours for more information; to leave him with the words "it is not scientific; it is conflicting in detail; it deals with a period when there could be no means of dating events; but profane chronologies are in the same boat," is very cold comfort. But, it may be urged, the space at Father Pope's disposal was so limited. Quite so, but two thousand words could have been saved, if it had been simply stated: by comparing and adding up all figures in the Hebrew text we obtain 4000 as the first year of Adam's life, the Septuagint gives about thirteen hundred years and the Samaritan about three hundred years more. It cannot at present be scientifically proven that mankind made its appearance on this earth more than some 8,000 years ago. In history the remotest certain dates do not go back further than at most the middle of the fourth millennium B.C., and a thousand years after the appearance of the first pair of men

there might well have been a considerable population in the Euphrates and Nile valley. In anthropology no proof has as yet been brought that the species *homo sapiens* is older than eighty centuries. Human remains are found only so near the surface of the earth that arguments drawn from the human fossils in the strata of the soil do not convincingly prove the fabulous age of the species. The extreme age of mankind is often used as a working hypothesis by scientists, but a working hypothesis is not a proven fact. No Catholic of course would confuse the age of the world or the date of Creation with the date that man first made his appearance on earth. The earth might well have been millions of centuries old before *homo sapiens* first was installed as king of this world. It is, therefore, a tenable hypothesis that the Bible meant to give the exact date from Adam to the death of Thare, as it certainly meant to give the exact dates from Abraham to Moses and from Moses onward. To say that "in the beginning there can have been no means of dating events" will not strike a simple lay mind as very conclusive. As far as we know, mankind has ever used as basis for his dating events the evolutions of sun, moon or stars, or the sequence of the seasons, and those means of counting were at his disposal from the beginning, as from the beginning he could have connected these solar, lunar, astral or seasonal years with births or deaths of well-known persons. We do not expect perfection of calendar, but we cannot see how mankind could ever be without possibility of dating events. Let it, however, readily be conceded that it is an equally tenable hypothesis that the Bible did not intend to give the exact dates for those early periods, but that these numbers were originally but metaphors of some kind with a meaning which now escapes us, that they were perhaps merely clues to memory or merely re-echoed the traditions of that time which God wishes to hand down in His inspired book. Then surely Father Pope might have given us the Babylonian parallels to the ten antediluvian Patriarchs, taken from Berossus,

with their prodigious ages, and the keenly interesting fact that though their names are corrupted almost beyond recognition in the Greek yet it seems very likely that they meant in Babylonian what the Hebrew names mean in Hebrew. Such a procedure would, I think, have left the Catholic layman more satisfied. He would have realized that "the antediluvian patriarchs," whose longevity is often the subject of light remark, find support in the traditions of the most ancient people of history, that Biblical numbers are modesty itself compared to the corresponding Babylonian ones, that somehow the key to the understanding of these numbers is lost at present, but that there is distinct hope of some light on this problem from further research.

Father Pope will probably plead that in the section called "The Hexaemeron" he has given the clue to the solution of further questions concerning the understanding of Chapters I-XI of Genesis. And no doubt in a sense he will be right, but has he sufficiently realized the unique character of a description of Creation as such, previous to man's arrival on earth? Such a description must ultimately depend on revelation, as there was no human being to witness it, and such a description in scientific terms of the process by which this universe developed would have been unintelligible to men in those days and would perhaps remain unintelligible to the bulk of men till the end of days. From the moment, however, that the first man looked around himself on this earth, true history, in the commonly accepted sense of the term, the true story of the adventures of men on land and sea, really began. That it may *de facto* not have been put on record, we concede, but the reason why it should not have been or why it could not have been, does not strike the simple layman as obvious. The inference from the character of the story of Creation to the character of the story of Adam and his descendants contains a flaw, for there is no parity, and the ordinary Catholic is much more anxious to obtain some guidance with regard to the latter than the former. The former

does not really trouble him very much, at least the present writer never met lay folk who were troubled by it, though he knows it is widely discussed in the schools. It is not so much the first chapter of Genesis that matters, it is the following ten. Here especially there seems to be a serious lacuna. One might have expected a concise statement of the few points concerning the creation of man and his fall which for a Catholic are beyond controversy on dogmatical grounds. These points are given in the usual text-books on the treatise: *De Deo Creante.* At present the uninitiated student lays the book aside in complete vagueness and confusion of mind: the whole story of Adam and Eve and Paradise and the first sin and the devil may be unscientific, conflicting in detail and no history, because then there could be no history properly so-called, and the story of aboriginal man in profane writers is just as uncertain. Of course, Father Pope would not think so, for he knows as a theologian the framework of dogmatic truth that underlies the story, which the ordinary reader does not know and clamours to be told. Nor can it be pleaded that the book could not trespass on dogmatic theology, for all that was needed was the indication of such points in the exegesis of the early chapters which are certain to us in consequence of our Catholic Faith.

In many other instances, however, Father Pope gives us excellent guidance in a very short compass; the description of the precise character of the Book of Daniel, a thorny question if ever there was one, is lucid and satisfactory, but there is a cryptic phrase at the end which must be a mistake: "Until the Book of Daniel is *proved* to be historically inaccurate it is our duty to hold by it." He cannot mean to suggest that our holding by a book of Scripture is only provisional until it is proven inaccurate. Or that we could substitute in this sentence for instance the Gospel of St Luke for the Book of Daniel and only hold by that until it is proved historically inaccurate. Father Pope's meaning

is of course correct, but surely it is not happily expressed.

The grounds for the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy are set out in a clear and very neat fashion, easy for the student to remember, and given the short compass nothing more telling could be done. As the finding of the Book of the Law in Josias' reign, seemingly by chance during repairs at the Temple, easily lends itself in this incredulous generation to the suggestion of "suspicious circumstances," and as the average Catholic student is liable to be somewhat nettled by this rather disconcerting find, it is a pity that Father Pope did not see his way in a line or two to remind him of the surprising parallels in Egypt and Babylon of laying up important literary products in masonry within the sanctuaries of temples, and how natural it was that in consequence of structural repairs at the Temple ancient books should come to light. Naville has shown this for Egypt and Euringer has well extended it to Babylon.

The comparison made between the historical value of II Machabees as compared with that of First, does not leave the poor student much confidence in II Machabees; "the first had abundant and different sources for his work; we note the number of documents he cites, also his scrupulous care in giving dates whenever possible; we feel that we are dealing with an historian who has access to thoroughly reliable documents and who gives them faithfully. The perspective of the compiler of II Machabees is quite different: his work is the religious history of the period." The comparison of II Machabees with Chronicles is not really very helpful, for there, if such a colloquialism might for once be pardoned, the boot is on the other foot, for Chronicles is conspicuous for the citation of its authorities, and for at least the appearance of extreme exactness.

In speaking of the Divine name used in the Book of Job, Father Pope's words might easily mislead the student: the term "El-Shaddai" or "God Almighty"

does not frequently occur in this book, it is the word "Shaddai" alone that occurs, although remarkably often with the word "El" and "Eloah" in the same sentence, but separated from "Shaddai" by part of the phrase. However this is but the merest trifle. The long quotations from St Jerome, however interesting in themselves, are hardly of much use to the student, who wishes to grapple with the Book of Job. They are given one would think rather for their piquancy than their helpfulness. The space might have been utilized to lengthen the paragraph on the theology of the book, which is rather meagre and in which one has the uneasy feeling that a well-known problem is passed by in silence, and where it might be shown that Job indeed makes an explicit declaration of his faith in his own future Resurrection, as indicated in the previous analysis.

But it is ungracious to find fault with smaller details of an excellent piece of work. There is, however, something which might be suggested to the learned author for a next edition, which is sure to be called for, that is, some attempt to give a bibliography. It may be argued that such a thing lies out of the scope of the work and that there exist commentaries in plenty and a student can have no difficulty in ascertaining the current ones on a given book. Here we might answer: the Catholic student wants Catholic books; not that scholarship does not remain scholarship whether the author be Catholic or Protestant, not that advanced scholars should limit their library to Catholic works, for a vast amount of good works have issued from non-Catholic and even non-Christian studies, but for the Catholic student the path is strewn with dangers. In no field of knowledge have such wild theories been broached and found temporary acceptance as in that of Holy Scripture. Some master in the art ought to point out the reliable books to the beginner. It may be true that English Catholic works on Scripture are few, but the Catholic student, more than any other student in England, is conversant with Latin; almost anyone desirous of

becoming a Biblical scholar is acquainted with French, and there is not a book of the Old Testament that has not found a reliable commentator either in France or in Catholic Germany within recent years. After Isaias, Condamin and Hitchcock, and after Job, Hontheim might have been mentioned; after Judges, Lagrange; after Samuel, Dhorme; after the twelve Minor Prophets, van Hoonacker; after Kings, Sanda; after Ezechiel, Schmalzl; after Ecclesiastes, Podechard; after Genesis, Hoberg; after Esdras, Klameth; after Deuteronomy we ourselves would have placed the name of Hugh Pope; and after Daniel, Riessler. The usefulness of the book would have been immensely increased for Catholic purposes.

When on p. 21 ff. Father Pope gives a list of Fathers, Ecclesiastical writers and Biblical critics, whether Catholic or Protestant, whose names and dates are of importance to the Biblical student, he enumerates eighteen scholars during the nineteenth century and of these only seven are Catholics and of these, further, two are Cardinals Wiseman and Newman, who were not Biblical scholars, however great in other ways. There thus remain only five Catholic names for the century—not very comforting for the Catholic reader! Might not the place of Bauer—whose weird fancies may now be described as dead as a doornail, whose system is now used only to point a moral as to the possible vagaries of the human mind, have been taken by a Catholic scholar of merit? Could not some names have been found amongst the following: Hug, Feilmoser, Reinke, Patrizi, Zschokke, Reithmayer, Aberle, Haneberg, Ceriani, Lenormant, Bisping, Schegg, Ubaldi, Steenkiste, Maier, Le Camus, Coleridge, de Saulcy, Le Hir, Kaulen, Lamy, Cornely, Knabenbauer, Fouard, Schanz, and Scholz? That living scholars, however eminent, are not included in the list, one understands. The young Catholic student in England especially is in danger of being overwhelmed by the vast crowd of names of non-Catholic scholars in England and Germany, and gets an impression as if all wisdom in

Biblical matters was with them. A service to the Catholic cause would be done by disabusing their minds. In Germany at least and in France, Catholic Bible studies are not stagnant. The seventeen volumes of *Biblische Studien*, which began in 1895 and remained under the direction of the same veteran Catholic scholar, O. Bardenhewer, Professor of New Testament at Munich, are a monument of sound erudition erected by no less than fifty-five German and Austrian Biblical scholars. They are all detailed work, it is true, monographs on technical points. These authors have understood that spadework is the work now wanted, the time for a vast synthesis has not yet come, glib generalizations are easy but useless; they do not contain "startling theses," which so often issue from non-Catholic workshops, there is no wild desire to say and maintain something which no one has ever maintained and which no one except the writer is likely to hold. Catholic scholarship is tame—perhaps—unless one is struck by the romance of orthodoxy. Take one book as an example, say Job; there one finds: *The Metre of the Book of Job* by Vetter, *The Eschatology of the Book of Job* by Royer, *A Commentary on (the poetical and metrical construction of the) Book of Job* by Hontheim, *The Eliu Speeches in Job* by Posselt, *A Babylonian Source for the Book of Job* by Landersdorfer. Inspired by the same leading scholar and carried on by his two disciples, Göttsberger for the Old Testament and Sickenberger for the New, we have the *Biblische Zeitschrift*, which is entering its twelfth year of publication. Here again one is struck by the sobriety and thoroughness of the articles. It is true there is nothing "epoch-making" in them. Its very existence, we might surmise, is unsuspected by many a scholar in England. It contains no articles on "The Consciousness of Jesus," or on "Astral myths in the New Testament," or on "Totemism in Israel" or "The Psychology of Jesus and Paul Compared," ingenious subjects indeed, but passing with the hour; in the work of these Catholic scholars none the less, though fancy be not served, learning is.

in the Study of Scripture

The Catholic output of literature on Biblical subjects is decidedly less than that of non-Catholics, granted, but a careful reading of the *Theologische Literaturzeitung*, the organ of the Harnack-Schürer school, for the last fifteen years has suggested to the present writer a doubt as to the lasting value of much that is produced in such feverish haste. Many years ago he once asked the well-known Talmudic scholar, Schechter, for guidance in his Biblical studies. "Read the Bible," said the old professor, "read the Bible, read every word of it, read it carefully and remember it. Professors nowadays are in such a hurry to write a book about a chapter in the Bible that they cannot find time to read the whole." Christians might perhaps profit by the quaint advice of that famous Jewish rabbi. The mention of the Talmud might excuse the reference here that even in extra-biblical or Apocryphal literature Catholic scholarship is not at a standstill. Catholics have perhaps not yet a complete counterpart to Charles's Apocrypha; but in France an admirable series of *Documents pour l'étude de la Bible* has been appearing since 1908, containing the Book of Enoch by Martin, the Wisdom of Ahikar by Nau, the Ascension of Isaias by Tisserant, the Psalms of Solomon by Viteau, and preparatory studies to the Book of Jubilees have already appeared by Nau in the *Revue Biblique*. A similar series has been started by Bousquet et Amann for New Testament Apocrypha, and the notorious Odes of Solomon have certainly not been neglected by Catholic scholars. Just now we receive the announcement of a *Bibliotheca Apocrypha* in two heavy volumes, of which the first has appeared, by Szekély, the Regius Professor of New Testament studies at Budapest. In this field then there is no lack of Catholic workers.

For over twenty years the *Revue Biblique* has reached a standard certainly not falling below any Biblical periodical in Europe, and in Palestinian topography and archæology it has done most careful and painstaking work. The *Etudes Bibliques* have given us a dozen volumes

worthy to be compared with the very best which non-Catholic Germany has produced, and some of these volumes, as Lagrange's *Studies on Semitic Religions* and his *Messianisme chez les Juifs*, *Canaan* by Vincent, *Les douze Petits Prophètes* by van Hoonacker are now classics of Biblical literature of which any Catholic can be proud. The last-named scholar has made Louvain respected, I would almost have said revered, in the Biblical world; this is no exaggerated estimate, if one believes De Knevett in the *Expository Times* of 1909, pp. 165, who in glowing colours and with almost affectionate care describes the venerable Belgian scholar, Albin van Hoonacker. It is true Spanish literature of the Bible is deplorably meagre, but in Italy new activities are stirring. The *Scuola Cattolica* of Milan gives hospitality to many a Scriptural article; Amelli, Cellini, Cereseto, Rinieri, Zarantonello, and others display notable activity in this field. The Biblical Institute founded by the munificence of Pius X must affect the studies of the country where it has its home, though at present its staff is not conspicuously Italian, and the first *Scripta* published do certainly not bear Italian names, but Gabrieli and Mezzacasa's studies are in the press. One regrets a little that the former's contribution should be *Il Santo Vangelo per i piccoli;* one would have hoped that the Italian little ones would have been provided for from elsewhere. An apparently important study is just published at the same institute: *On the Demoniacs in the Gospels* by J. Smit (a name more frequently met in the streets of Amsterdam than of Rome).

We have travelled far from a critique on Father Pope's *Aids to the Bible* to a survey of Catholic Bible studies in many lands, as we would have wished them indicated in Father Pope's manual. But as we have wandered so far, we may be pardoned if we have a glance also at Scripture studies in England. After three hundred years' exclusion from all English seats of learning, no wonder that the progress is slow. Yet there is progress. Almost any volume of the *Journal of Theological Studies* for the last

ten years contains some Catholic authors' names, though Biblical studies are only touched incidentally, Patrology and Orientalia being the favoured field. Many a name occurs here too familiar to be quoted. The most promising feature is the raising of the Scripture studies at our Seminaries; the importance there attached to Biblical Greek; the teaching of Hebrew at least to a certain number. In the American *Ecclesiastical Review* of this year the suggestion was made in the October number by Dr Quinn that the study of Greek in our Seminaries should be restricted to the narrowest *élite*, the bishop should fix on a few men in his diocese destined for this study, but exclude the study of Greek from the curriculum of the ordinary priest. Such a suggestion even has become an impossibility in England. In Wonersh, St Edmunds, Upholland, Oscott, Ushaw, four-fifths of the students have a good working knowledge of Greek and thus at least New Testament studies are on a sound basis.

As we turn our attention to Scripture studies at Seminaries we think instinctively of Lord Braye. His enthusiasm during the last twenty years in the furtherance of these studies, and more especially his vision of the importance of New Testament Greek calls for our admiration. Moreover his generosity in maintaining scholarships and prizes shows that his keen enthusiasm has a distinctly practical bent. No one can too greatly commend his interest nor its practical expression.

Protestant clergymen are often envied for their knowledge of the Bible text, which seems at first to be lacking in the English Catholic priest. This, however, is doubtless due in great measure to the fact that the latter's liturgical Bible text is in Latin; many a priest practically knows his Latin Psalter from cover to cover and could give long passages of the Bible word to word, but it would be in Latin, as he reads it in Breviary and Missal, and as it is quoted in most of his devotional books and was quoted in his text-books of theology when he went through his course. The present writer would from his experience

be led to believe that at present the Catholic priest in England is not inferior in Bible knowledge to his confrère in the Protestant ministry. At the above-mentioned centre of clerical education at least two lectures of an hour's length are given per week during, say, a five years' course, and sometimes three hours a week for the same period to the students in divinity. Surely, unless we suppose Catholic students to be abnormally dull, during their five years' theological course an amount of solid information must be imparted, and this compares well with the time and effort bestowed on the same subject at Ely, or Cuddesdon, or Mirfield, or Headingley, or any similar Anglican or Nonconformist centre. When Oscott was a central Seminary, Hebrew used to be obligatory during a number of years, but we do not know what is done there now in this respect. However, the future of Scripture studies in England for us Catholics does not exclusively depend on the amount of knowledge acquired by the rank and file of the priesthood, it largely depends on the expert training of those few, who in the above Seminaries and in the corresponding institutions for Jesuits, Dominicans and the other chief religious orders, are the official professors of Scriptural science. It ought to be possible to have in those centres of ecclesiastical learning in this country men totally given to the study of their subject, who would thus acquire a standing amongst the acknowledged Scripture authorities in this country. These men ought to have all the advantages of specialists; several years' exclusive training in their science at some recognized Scriptural centre, Jerusalem, Rome, Louvain, or some continental Catholic University, and ample leisure for research afterwards; if possible the chairs of the Old Testament ought to be separate from the New, for few can be masters in both. Some generous Mæcenas might even assist them financially, for it is hard with very restricted means for books and travel to compete with a professor at Oxford or Cambridge, however keen the intellect of the poorer Catholic scholar. If this were

done, we should have in England what the Catholics have in Germany, the calm certainty that at Tübingen, and Bonn, and Breslau, and Wurzburg, and Munich, and Eichstatt, and in half-a-dozen other places, a number of priest-scholars were devoting their lives to upholding Catholic honour in the Biblical field. No doubt the time is coming for us too in England. When the Cardinal appealed this year for the maintenance of ecclesiastical students, he added a list of the students engaged in Higher Studies for the diocese of Westminster and one found the goodly number of seven, placed at Cambridge, Rome, Louvain and Fribourg. If other dioceses are doing likewise, the level of clerical studies will be such that scholarship in Scriptural matters will be for ever assured.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY AND AGRICULTURE

MANY years have passed since agriculture played so important a part in politics as at the present time. The cynically minded will say that it is the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourer which has promoted this sudden interest in the welfare of the tillers of the soil, but whatever may have been the cause of the initial stimulus, the importance of the industry from a national point of view has been revealed, and it is realized perhaps now more than at any other previous time that the State has a real responsibility in preserving and ensuring the prosperity of agriculture.

Formerly the land was farmed under what is known as the communal or open-field system. The greater part of the cultivated area was probably farmed on this system till the end of the eighteenth or beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

Mr Prothero, in *English Farming Past and Present* gives a careful account of this system.

> The land comprised in a thirteenth-century manor was generally divided into four main portions, and, speaking generally, was cultivated on co-operative principles; the demesne or "board" land, reserved for the lord's personal use, surrounding the manor-house, and forming the smaller portion of the whole; the free land, occupied by freemen holding by military service, or by some form of fixed rent in money or in kind; the unfree land, occupied by various classes of bondmen, holding by produce-rents and labour services which varied with the custom of the manor; the common pastures and untilled wastes on which the tenants of the manor and the occupiers of certain cottages, in virtue of their holdings, fed their live stock. This right of pasture must be clearly distinguished from those rights which, at certain seasons of the year, were exercised by the associated partners over the cultivated arable and meadow lands of the village farm. Thus the lord's demesne, using the word in its narrower sense, might be kept in hand, or let on lease to free or unfree tenants, or thrown into the village farm, or dealt with as to portions in each of

these three ways. But whether the land was treated as a compact whole, like a modern home-farm, or whether the landlord, as a shareholder in the village association, allowed it to be cut up into strips and intermixed with other holdings, the demesne was mainly cultivated by the labour services of the unfree peasantry. The larger portion of the cultivated area was farmed by village partners, whose rent chiefly consisted in the labour, more or less definite in amount, which they were obliged to perform on the lord's demesne. . . .

The remaining portion of the cultivated land of the manor was occupied by tenants, who paid rents in the form of military or labour services, or money, or produce. Their farm practices, crops and live-stock were the same as those of the demesne, though their difficulties in combating winter scarcity were greater. Free tenants, whose tenure was military service, or who had commuted the personal obligations for quit-rents, may sometimes have held land, like modern farmers, in their exclusive occupation for individual cultivation. But the area of free land was comparatively small, and, as often as not, it was thrown into the village farm, occupied and cultivated in common by an agrarian association of co-partners, free and unfree. . . .

Besides the open arable fields, the meadows, and the stinted hams, there were the common pastures, fringed by the untilled wastes which were left in their native wildness. These wastes provided fern and heather for litter, bedding or thatching; small wood for hurdles; tree-loppings for winter browse of live-stock; furze and turves for fuel; larger timber for fencing, implements and building; mast, acorns, and other food for the swine. Most of these smaller rights were made the subject of fixed annual payments to the manorial lord; but the right of cutting fuel was generally attached to the occupation, not only of arable land, but of cottages. The most important part of these lands were the common pastures, which were often the only grass that arable farmers could command for their live-stock. They therefore formed an integral and essential part of the village farm. No rights were exercised upon them by the general public. On the contrary, the commons were most jealously guarded by the privileged commoners against the intrusion or encroachments of strangers. The agistment of strange cattle or sheep was strictly prohibited: commoners who turned out more live stock than their proper share were "presented" at the manorial courts and fined; cottages erected on the commons were condemned to be pulled

down; the area within which swine might feed was carefully limited, and the swine were to be ringed. Those who enjoyed the grazing rights were the occupiers of arable land, whose powers of turning out stock were, in theory, proportioned to the size of their arable holdings, and the occupiers of certain cottages, which commanded higher rents in consequence of the privilege. It was on these commons that the cattle and sheep of the village were fed.

The principal feature of villages under this system was that they were entirely self-contained. They neither looked to the outside world for support, nor did the outside world look to them for supplies. Trade was internal; food, drink and necessaries were made by the inhabitants. Each village was a little world to itself, and the interest of the community was confined to the immediate surroundings.

The first factor which contributed to a change in the farming methods of this country was an improvement in the means of communication. Villages had grown corn for home consumption and had taken little notice of outside markets. Money was hardly needed, except for rent, as payment could be made in kind or by labour. But better facilities for transport, and with them an increase in the population, led to a greater demand for food, both from our own people and from abroad. Money became more plentiful and circulated more freely; and farming was no longer a self-sufficing industry but became a profitable occupation.

With the arrival of the commercial element into agriculture, holders and owners of land turned their attention to putting their properties to the most profitable use. It was discovered that the open-field system, however serviceable when the only object was to supply food, was quite inadequate to cope with the increased production which was required when money-making became an incentive. The system of intermixed strips and commons which supplied the village wants so well was altogether uneconomic when dealing with the demand of the

outside world. The policy of enclosure was therefore embarked on. The various owners of land in the parish pooled their various strips on the village farm together, and re-arranged their properties so that the holding of each individual was in a compact piece instead of scattered here and there. Commons were treated in a like manner. The advantage both to the landlord and tenant is obvious; the former could drain and develop his estates, and let them out in convenient holdings, and the latter could introduce a far more advanced and scientific method of farming than was possible in the village partnership.

It took many years for the value of enclosures to be realized. Indeed, they were forced upon the country more from an economic necessity than from any other reason. For a long time England exported wheat to other countries, and Parliament encouraged the exportation, but an ever-increasing population soon made this procedure impossible, and all the food our farmers produced became required at home. Under the old communal system, while the population increased, the production of food did not, and towards the end of the eighteenth century, England ceased to be a self-supporting country. The importation of food was not the easy matter it is now; ships were slow and freight expensive, and, strange though it may seem in this generation, a genuine shortage of our food-supply began, and a possibility of starvation brought about a panic at the time of the Napoleonic wars. The price of wheat was rushed up during the fifty years from 1765 to 1814, from 51*s.* to 68*s.* a quarter.

An immediate increase in the production of our corn supply at home became imperative, and with this end in view enclosures became very numerous. During this period Mr Prothero estimates that not less than 4,000,000 acres were enclosed in England and Wales, and that probably it was a great deal more.

The landlords of that date have been blamed for avaricious and selfish methods in dealing with enclosures, and it must be admitted that while a landlord undoubtedly

gained by the enclosing of his estates, through increased rent and easy administration, many of the small holders on the village farms suffered real distress, but it must also be remembered that Parliament was undoubtedly actuated to deal with the agriculture of this country in so drastic a manner by the fear of the possibility of starvation looming ahead. The landlords were the capitalists to whom the country looked to increase the production of the land. It was their capital and their capital alone which could develop the agriculture of the country so as to avoid the peril which was near at hand. Landlords were therefore encouraged to deal with their estates, and every facility was given them by Parliament, so that the possibility of a national disaster might be avoided.

The sudden reconstruction of the system of agriculture caused a total displacement of the foundations of village life. The sufferers were undoubtdly the cottagers and small holders who, besides working for a wage, made their living by common rights for a cow, or by a strip in the open field. The large tenant farmers or freeholders were competent to look after themselves, but the position of the labourer was unfortunately overlooked, and he had no means of guarding his interests. After the enclosing had taken place, the labourer found that his commons had disappeared, and that there was no place to graze his cow; also there was no room in the new scheme for the arable strip that he had rented before. He could obtain compensation if documentary evidence was forthcoming that he was legally entitled to it, but in the majority of cases the rights which he had enjoyed were merely based on custom. It was not so much the fact that his share in the village farm had disappeared which caused his distress—that might have been only a temporary trouble—but there was absolutely no apparent means of ever regaining the interest in the land which he had held for so many generations. The bottom rung of the ladder had disappeared, and he was now merely dependent on his wage for a living.

Although enclosures have undoubtedly contributed to

a large extent to the labour problem which we have to face now, there were other features, almost equally important, which have helped to cause the flight from rural life which has been so disquieting a feature for over half a century. Large commercial and factory towns sprang up with surprising rapidity. The local industries and handicrafts of rural villages, which had played so important a part in their internal history, became concentrated into large industrial centres, and villages from being self-supporting and self-sufficing, were reduced to communities almost entirely dependent on large industrial towns, possibly many miles away. The effect on the agricultural labourer is obvious: while he was in the fields, his wife and children at home—aforetime busily engaged in spinning, lace making, woolled work, sack making, basket and wicker work, etc., and adding appreciably to their weekly income—were left many empty hours which would have been otherwise remuneratively employed; the labourer himself discovered that all other demands upon his time and work had disappeared and his entire living had gradually become dependent on his earnings from a single industry—his upkeep on the payments of an individual employer.

The immediate effect of the dislocation of village life was to cause a natural desire for rural labourers to leave their agricultural employment if better opportunities for employment were to be offered. That these opportunities were readily available was only too obvious. A great industrial revolution caused a demand for labour which had to be drawn from rural districts. Better prospects and better wages were offered, and the life and excitement in towns was more congenial than his unremunerative and blind-alley employment. Later, the attraction of our Colonies proved insurmountable. Land was to be had for the asking, and the willing labourer who was anxious to work hard and to better his position had every prospect of a prosperous career before him in Canada, Australia and the other hitherto undeveloped countries. The inevitable result has been a steady depopulation of

our countrysides, as the following table shows only too clearly:

TABLE SHOWING THE NUMBER OF FARM WORKERS (MALE AND FEMALE) COMPARED WITH THE TOTAL POPULATION IN ENGLAND AND WALES (1851–1911).

Year.	Farm Workers (Male and Female).	Decrease.	Total Population	Increase.
1851	1,376,051		17,927,609	
1861	1,296,805	− 79,246	20,066,224	+ 2,138,615
1871	1,073,084	− 223,721	22,712,266	+ 2,646,042
1881	965,217	− 107,867	25,974,439	+ 3,262,173
1891	866,034	− 99,183	29,002,525	+ 3,028,086
1901	727,140	− 138,894	32,527,843	+ 3,525,318
1911	722,000	− 5,140	36,075,269	+ 3,547,426
		− 654,051		+ 18,147,660

At present, in many districts, the agricultural labourer has been left with a wage that is hardly sufficient for proper sustenance, while in other districts where there is an industrial competition for his labour his earnings are amply sufficient. The following table from the Board of Trade Report on the Earnings of Agricultural Labourers will show how the remuneration varies:

District.	Average Weekly Earnings in 1907 of									
	Labourers.		Horsemen.		Cattlemen.		Shepherds.		All Classes.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Northern Counties . . .	19	2	21	3	21	11	23	5	20	10
Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire . .	19	6	19	5	20	3	20	6	19	8
North and West Midland Counties .	18	3	18	6	19	0	19	9	18	7
South Midland and Eastern Counties .	16	1	18	1	18	4	18	9	17	3
South Eastern Counties .	18	1	18	11	19	8	19	9	18	9
South Western Counties .	16	10	17	4	18	0	18	3	17	4
Wales and Monmouthshire . . .	—		—		—		—		18	0

Exactly how far the low rate of wage is to blame for the heavy depopulation of our countryside can best be illustrated by the following extract from a Report on the Earnings of Agricultural Labourers for the year 1912–3, issued by the Central Land Association:

Even in the northern counties, where labourers can earn a large wage, it would appear that the prospects held out by an agricultural career are not sufficiently attractive to hold an energetic man to agricultural employment. From Westmorland, where the system of "living in" enables young men to save the greater part of their cash wages, and thus in a few years to save sufficient capital to take a small farm of their own, it is to be regretted that there should be a difficulty in satisfying the demand for small farms which would enable the younger and more thrifty men to marry and to settle down in an agricultural occupation. The same difficulty of obtaining small farms applies to other dis-

tricts where the labourer is in a position to save money. As soon as sufficient capital has been put by the best men go and farm abroad.

Arguing from the reports received in the north, a mere increase in the earnings of the poorer labourers in the south, which is now occurring automatically, will not be sufficient to keep them to the land, at any rate in this country. It is probable that their past poverty has been the one means of keeping a larger number of them to their agricultural employment than would have been the case if they had earned enough money to save and to emigrate. Thus a large increase in earnings in poorer districts, as matters are at the present time, would only tend to hasten the depopulation of our countrysides rather than to stem the tide. In spite of the fact that many have undoubtedly left our rural districts, the mere paucity of earnings has prohibited many more from leaving in the past.

It is not intended to infer that there are not certain districts where it is essential that wages should increase. Localities are to be found where the earnings of agricultural labourers are so low as to hardly permit of proper sustenance. Some remedy should be found to alleviate actual distress. *But in reviewing the question of the rural labourer as a whole, besides an actual increase in his earning capacity, the solution of the problem can only lie in an agricultural career being made more attractive, and better opportunities for self-advancement being presented.*

It must be fairly evident from this report that the problem of the agricultural labourer does not rest with the question of wages alone, and that if we are to retain our agricultural population, which is so essential to the welfare of our country, an endeavour must be made to re-create those opportunities in the career of the rural labourer which were lost to him a hundred years ago.

We have shortly reviewed the chief causes which have brought about what may be called the social problems of agriculture. It is now necessary to see how the industry itself has progressed over the same period. The growth of enclosures formed a new epoch in the history of agriculture. If the employed population suffered, there is no doubt that agriculture as an industry benefited to an enormous extent. Landlords invested more capital in their estates, with the feeling that it was well invested.

Tenant farmers, in the meantime, brought to bear on their operations the latest scientific methods and machinery. They were more open to education and to new ideas for increasing their output and for reducing the cost than had ever been possible under the old system of the village farm. The whole general level of agriculture was raised and more intensive farming was introduced. The production of the soil went up, and wheat, although not holding to the extraordinary level of 1810, was very profitably cultivated. There followed half a century of great prosperity. The population was increasing, and with it a demand for food, of which our farmers took full advantage. Farming during this period probably reached the highest point during the whole period of its history. There was, however, a break coming which, obvious though it is now, would have been difficult, indeed almost impossible, to have foreseen then.

The population of the country continued to increase at a rate hitherto unknown. Thus the demands for food gradually overcame the possibility of our home production and we had to look to other shores for a large proportion of our supplies. The United States of America and subsequently Canada, Australia, and other new countries, with a rich virgin soil of almost unlimited area, were opened up, and commenced to pour their crops into this country in ever-increasing quantities. The first effect of this large importation of foodstuffs from other countries was found on the arrival of a bad harvest. Prices were no longer governed by harvests at home, but by the output of countries in many cases thousands of miles away. Farmers discovered that a bad harvest was no longer compensated for by good prices which before had always been the natural consequence of a failing crop. A good or indifferent harvest at home could have no effect on the price of a commodity which was being poured into the country in such vast quantities. It was soon discovered, however, that besides the enormous quantity of food which was flooding our home markets, these countries could produce their crops at a cost which involved a

serious depreciation of prices on the home markets. Prices gave way in an alarming manner, and the prospects of agriculture in this country were speedily at a discount. The final blow was delivered at the most anxious moment of the crisis by a series of bad years. The distress among farmers was very great. The smaller tenants or freeholders went under entirely, and their holdings became absorbed into those of the larger holders of the land. The larger farmers were in a better position to withstand the strain, and with the assistance of landlords, who reduced their rents by 20 and 30 per cent* all over the country, managed to survive the period of distress.

Latterly, however, there has been an increase in prices, and the prospects of agriculture have improved. The more enterprising farmer looked round to see whether he could not adapt himself to the new conditions. Agriculture, however, as a whole, has not recovered from the crisis of the last century. The severe blow of 1870–80, which we have referred to, naturally caused a serious upheaval in the agriculture of this country, and a certain apathy for some years afterwards would have been easily explicable, but now that prices are on the up-grade, and the prospects held out for agriculture are better than they have been for many years, there must be some very grave cause for the state of affairs being such as it is. Agriculture, instead of taking advantage of the prosperity which it is now enjoying, appears to be still on the down-grade, and although landlords when they have a holding to let have many applicants, statistics show that the agricultural industry of this country is, without doubt, still going back rather than progressing. There seems a general aversion to putting more capital into the land than is absolutely necessary.

The reason is not far to seek. Agriculture has unfortunately been drawn into the arena of party politics, and with it the landlord, the chief capitalist of the

* The gross income from the ownership of lands in England and Wales sank from £51,599,428 in 1880 to £36,843,606 in 1910.

industry, who is being made the backbone of a party cry. The long period of agricultural depression placed a severe strain on the landlords' capital. It was they who were expected to maintain the industry; it was they who had to find the necessary capital to steer it through its evil times, and who were not asked in vain to reduce rents to such a figure that the return on their capital became practically nothing; and it is now the landlords whom, when times are better and the demand for farms increasing, tradition forbids to raise their tenants' rents, with the result that it is estimated that at present the agricultural land of this country is underrented by about 16 per cent.

Landlords have long realized, however, that it is a responsibility that they owe to agriculture and to the nation. The good administration of a large estate brings position and distinction rather than a large return on their capital. Tenants in the past and tenants in the present are only too content to remain under the old system, where their landlord supplies capital at the cheapest rates for all heavy improvements, and they can utilize their own capital for the business of farming. They have preferred, and they do prefer, to take their holdings on a yearly agreement basis, having known in the past that as long as they farmed well they had absolute security of tenure, with the knowledge also that should evil times arise they would not look to their landlords in vain.

It will be seen from this that the whole basis of the landlord-and-tenant system rested on the landlord being content with the holding of his land. As long as he was there undisturbed, the system worked as well as any system in the world. If anything should happen to displace him, then the entire fabric breaks down. During the last few years there has unfortunately been an onslaught on the owners of land. Already heavily burdened, it is suggested that further taxes should be raised on the site value of land, and in order that this policy should be favoured, misrepresentations have been made, to an extent that is unfortunate, of the manner in which landlords

have carried out their duties, and of the terms on which the landlords and tenants of this country are with each other. These onslaughts have grown in violence and culminated in the Finance (1909–10) Act, 1910.

The unfortunate result has been that landlords, smarting under the injustice of this attack, and with the full knowledge that their capital in land can be far more profitably utilized, are being driven to sell their estates. That the sales of estates are assuming large and serious proportions is shown by the following table:

SUMMARY OF RECORDED SALES BY AUCTION OF AGRICULTURAL LAND IN ENGLAND AND WALES DURING THE YEARS 1910–11–12. PRIVATE CONTRACT SALES ARE NECESSARILY OMITTED. THE FIGURES MAY, THEREFORE, PROBABLY BE DOUBLED. MONMOUTHSHIRE IS INCLUDED IN WALES.

Divisions	1910	1911	1912
	Acres.	Acres.	Acres.
1. Eastern and North-Eastern	32,679	41,076	63,563
2. South-Eastern and East Midland	19,963	45,266	31,573
3. West Midland and South-Western	28,374	83,656	65,439
4. North and North-Western	10,837	9,796	13,222
5. Cheshire, Lancashire and Yorkshire	9,723	21,837	28,073
6. Wales	3,142	22,373	26,288

The immediate effect on the farmers of this country is to create a feeling of insecurity which has never been there before, for although the sales of land may seem small in proportion to the total cultivated area of the country, nevertheless the possibility of a change of ownership is now a very real dread in the minds of all tenant farmers. Their position is undoubtedly unenviable.

When a landlord decides to sell his estates it is usually preferable to give vacant possession to the new purchaser. He therefore gives his tenants notice to quit. The tenant

is thus placed in a position of great difficulty. As the result of his landlord selling, he is uncertain whether the estate will be sold as a whole, under which circumstances his notice may either hold good and he will have to go, or else he may be able to make terms with the new purchaser. In the latter event, it is probable that under his old landlord he was not paying the true market rent of his farm, but under his new landlord his rent will be subject to revision and he is liable to be rented on all the improvements he himself has executed, without any compensation

In most sales of estates, rather than be turned out of his farm, a tenant prefers to buy. But here again his position is far from satisfactory. If a tenant leaves, he will often lose a valuable business connexion. If a good farmer, it might take many years to work a new farm up to the condition of his old; and if he has executed improvements and farmed well, the purchase price he pays is often accordingly increased, and he will be buying his own improvements.

In buying his farm at the auction a sitting tenant will often bid up to a sentimental rather than an economic price for his farm. Land speculators are taking advantage of this natural feeling. The process of paying a deposit on the purchase of a large estate, and then instructing the same auctioneer to put the estate up to auction in lots before completion, brings profit to the speculator and often ends in sitting tenants being induced to give extravagant prices for the farms in order to save their homes.

When a tenant decides to buy, the capital has to be found. He will probably be able to raise a mortgage at 4 per cent up to 70 per cent of its value; a friend will probably be found to advance a second mortgage at 5 per cent, which will bring his loan up to 80 per cent of the cost of his property. But the 20 per cent. balance has to found. The average farmer has little spare capital except that which he employs to conduct his farming operations successfully. And he will have to take from his working capital in order to complete the purchase of his

farm. His position is not a happy one. He has a permanent charge of 80 per cent on his property which a fall in the value of land might cause to be called in; he is paying in interest as much as, or more than, he had been paying in rent to his landlord, and his farming operations cannot in future be conducted on so extensive a scale as in the past, owing to his working capital having diminished in the purchase of his freehold.

The insecurity which is being felt among the tenant farmers of this country who represent 90 per cent of the holders of cultivated land, is having a serious effect on the agricultural industry. So serious a view did the Government take of the position of affairs that they appointed a Departmental Committee under the chairmanship of Lord Haversham to report on the position of tenant farmers on the occasion of a change of ownership in their holdings.

We have briefly dealt with the two principal phases and causes of our agrarian question at the present time, viz., the serious depopulation which has been taking place for over half a century, and the lack of confidence which is displayed in agriculture, resulting in a decreasing production of the land.

We must now deal with the proposals of the Unionist party for dealing with these problems. The basis of their policy must be the restoration of confidence to the industry, so that capital, which is now so sadly lacking, may once more commence to flow into the land for the development of its resources. Steps must also be taken to ensure that those who are employed by the industry shall not only earn sufficient for their healthy maintenance, but shall also have a direct interest in their employment, so that the energetic may reap the reward of enterprise and perseverence.

Let us turn to the Report of the Haversham Committee. We find Section 60 reads as follows:

> Of all the remedies which were advanced by the witnesses which came before the Committee to alleviate the grievances

under which the tenant farmer was alleged to be suffering none was advocated so strongly as a scheme by which the tenant should be enabled to purchase his farm by the advance of money by the State. It is clear from the evidence that the main thing which the tenant farmer desires is to be able to remain as a tenant; it is owing to the breaking up of estates that he desires to become an occupying owner. There is little desire for ownership in itself, and it is only advocated as an alternative to being turned out of his home.

The advantage of this recommendation lies in the fact that the insecurity under which the farmer is working at the present time is entirely overcome. Tenants are, as the evidence before the Committee conclusively showed, entirely satisfied under the old conditions of tenure. All they want is to be given some security, in the event of it being necessary to buy their farms, that they shall not have to do so on onerous terms.

In deciding on the practicability of the State assisting tenants to purchase their holdings, the two primary conditions to be taken into consideration are the position of the farmer and the security of the State. If the State proposes to lend money to the farmer, it is only justified in doing so by lending all that is required. If, however, the farmer required a sum larger than that for which he can offer adequate security, the State would be quite unjustified in advancing the money. Therefore to arrive at a policy equitable to all parties, it is necessary to discover how much a farmer requires when compelled to purchase his holding, and then to ensure, in making such an advance, that the State runs no risk of a capital loss.

The tenant farmers of this country are engaged solely in the business of farming, and all their capital is employed for that purpose. Quite satisfied with the old system, it was never anticipated that circumstances could arise which would compel them to purchase their holdings. Thus any deposit which would have to be found on buying their holdings would have to be taken from their farming capital, and their future operations would have to be curtailed in consequence. Such a procedure would bear

hardly on the future prospects of the farmer, and would gradually injure agriculture as a whole. It is therefore apparent that, from the point of view of the farmer, no assistance from the State can be satisfactory unless the whole of the purchase money can be advanced when it is required. And it is obvious that the annual instalments to repay the capital and the payment for interest together, must not represent more than the rent of the farm.

It is here that the Haversham Committee make a step in the wrong direction. They recommend the scheme of Sir Edward Holden, which, while containing many excellent suggestions, demands one-fifth deposit from the tenant farmer, which makes it impracticable. Fortunately Mr Trustram Eve comes to the rescue in a Minority Report, where he makes the suggestion that in point of fact there is no risk of security to the State in advancing the whole of the purchase money for a tenant to purchase his holding, on a system of a reducible mortgage over a period of years, always provided that the farmer is a good man and that the land is the right price.

A reducible mortgage is a loan repayable in a certain period by instalments as apart from a permanent mortgage which can only be liquidated by finding the whole amount of the debt. The security for a permanent mortgage depends entirely on the capital value of the property. The security for the repayment of a reducible mortgage is assured so long as the annual profits are sufficient to pay the sinking fund; the fluctuations in the capital value are of small importance. In advancing money to a tenant farmer, the annual instalments to cover interest and sinking fund must not be greater than the rent of the farm. Thus, the interest being at the lowest rate at which the State can afford to borrow, the period of loan will depend on the purchase price of each property in relation to its annual value.

In the case of a farmer buying his farm, if the price is twenty-five years' purchase of the net annual value, the rent represents 4 per cent of the capital value. If the State

can afford to lend money at 3½ per cent, a ½ per cent is therefore left for a sinking fund so that his yearly instalments may exactly balance the rent of his farm. In this case the property would be purchased in sixty years. If, however, the purchase price of a farm was twenty years' purchase of the net annual value, again on the basis of the rent, a farmer could pay 5 per cent per annum on the value of his holding, which would be 3½ per cent for interest and 1½ per cent sinking fund. In this case the sinking fund would purchase his farm for him in thirty-five years.

Take a hypothetical example of a farm worth twenty-five years' purchase of a net annual value of £100, viz., £2,500. The farmer can pay 4 per cent per annum to the State in instalments for interest and sinking fund. This is 3½ per cent for interest and ½ per cent sinking fund, which purchases his freehold in sixty years.

A payment of ½ per cent on the capital value is £12 10s. per annum, which is covered by the security of an annual value of a farm of £100. And so long as this annual payment of £12 10s. is assured till the expiration of the period of sixty years, so long is the repayment of the capital debt secure. Thus, providing the yearly instalments for sinking fund are calculated on the basis of the annual value of the property in relation to the number of years' purchase, the security to the State for the repayment of the loan is in the above proportion, and the risk of capital loss, as can be seen, is infinitesimal.

From the point of view of the farmer, a reducible mortgage is in every way more acceptable than a permanent mortgage which cannot be better described than a "Millstone mortgage." The great disadvantage of the latter lies in the fact that it cannot be reduced except by special agreement until the borrower can tender the whole amount borrowed. It would take years for a private individual to accumulate the necessary savings to repay a permanent mortgage—and there are few facilities for investing at compound interest. Once a farmer is committed to a permanent mortgage, it is probable that he

can never free himself from the debt. With a reducible mortgage, the redemption of the capital debt is made almost imperceptibly, certainly without inconvenience, and each instalment when paid is automatically invested.

Thus the Unionist party advocate that where a farmer desires to buy and a landlord is willing to sell, provided the land and the man are right, and the price is right, the State should advance him the whole of the purchase money. This will give the farmer the security he wants; he can continue undisturbed under the old system, than which he desires nothing better, and at the same time he can employ all his working capital, with the knowledge that should his landlord unfortunately be driven to sell, he will not have to employ a part of it for the purchase of his freehold.

Landowners, on the other hand, must be given an absolute assurance that if they invest capital in their properties under the old conditions, the capital so invested is not to be over-taxed in the future, and the investment of money in land must again be shown to be an investment as sound and unassailable from the fanatical onslaughts of legislators as other forms of property.

We have so far dealt with the position of the larger farmer. We must now deal with another class of cultivator, who in many cases is equally important for the real prosperity of agriculture. The small holder, cultivating a piece of land sufficient in area for him to make an entire living for himself and his family, or else cultivating in addition to other employment, is at the present time a most necessary factor in the agriculture of a country. This extremely useful and necessary class of cultivator has made his appearance in almost every other country in Europe. We find him in Denmark, Belgium and Germany, and in France there are reported to be no less than 6,000,000 small freeholds. The holdings are worked on the basis of intensive cultivation as opposed to the extensive or large farming of the farmer. Fruit, vegetables of all sorts, flowers, poultry, pigs and

dairying are the chief products, and in many parts a comfortable living can be made from as small an area as five acres of land on a system of intensive cultivation. We find a large and increasing demand for such commodities as these in almost every country in the world, and there should be no difficulty in supplying our home markets from our own soil. The following table will, however, show a state of affairs that is very much the reverse:

IMPORTS OF CERTAIN ARTICLES OF FOOD, 1911.

	£
Bacon	14,463,414
Hams	2,927,600
Butter	24,600,619
Margarine	2,461,325
Cheese	7,140,042
Eggs	7,968,000
Poultry	918,000
Vegetables	4,076,130
*Fruit	3,357,362
	£67,912,492

Small holders, either occupying owners or tenants, were to a large extent obliterated by the great financial crisis of the 'eighties, and they have up to the present failed to make an appearance in any numbers in this country. Legislation has attempted on previous occasions to create this class of cultivator. The 1892 Act of the Unionist party founded a policy of occupying ownership. Powers were given to County Councils, where there was a demand for small holdings, to acquire land which came into the market, for the purpose of cutting up into small holdings. This Act laid its foundations on occupying ownership, but the results were a failure. One County Council made definite use of its powers, chiefly through the initiative of individual members, and provided an interesting group of small holders at Catshill, near Birmingham, who are there to this day. The reason for the

* Exclusive of oranges, lemons, grapes and bananas.

failure of the Act is not far to seek. Before applicants for a small holding could take possession of their properties they had to pay a deposit of one-fifth, and although the balance was repayable in a period of forty years the initial payment of this deposit at the most critical time of their career made the terms of purchase prohibitive.

For the next ten years nothing was done, but in the year 1907 the Liberal Government introduced a Small Holdings and Allotments Act, and in 1908 a Consolidation Act, incorporating with it the 1892 measure. Under this Act County Councils have compulsory powers to acquire land for small holdings. Commissioners superintend the administration. County Councils borrow money from the National Debt Commissioners for the purchase price and adaptation of the land, and charge rent to small holders, which covers all the administration expenses and also recoups the County Councils for their initial outlay in eighty years' time.

The Act has certainly been more successful in supplying the demand. Some 15,176 applicants have been provided with land, the majority on leasehold terms. There are, however, many flaws in the measure. Experience has taught that tenancy under a local body is by no means an ideal form of tenure. In many places rents are very high, and the system of charging tenants a sinking fund which will ultimately buy the land, not for themselves but for the County Councils, is everywhere condemned. There is also at present very little attempt at organization among small holders. The small holder in the position of a solitary unit becomes the prey of local tradespeople and middlemen, and it is very difficult for him to attain to any degree of prosperity, unless he is able to overcome these difficulties.

On the Continent groups of small holders combine together and market their produce in bulk, as well as buying their purchases in the same way. By this method railway carriage is saved. They are able to obtain wholesale terms for their purchases, while avoiding a glut in the market and obtaining full prices for their produce.

Small holders can also obtain credit from the association, and their entire industry is organized in a manner that is remarkable. Here, although strenuous and praiseworthy efforts have been made by the Agricultural Organization Society by propaganda work in the cause of co-operation, it is doubtful whether at present the County Councils and the State are in close enough touch to obtain the best results.

Another flaw in the Act is the fact that ownership is suppressed. There is little doubt that the Radical Government fear the creation of a class of occupying owners, because each owner of land would be antagonistic to any tampering with his property. The 1892 Act smothered all demand for ownership, but if the whole of the purchase money were to be advanced to the small holders, as has been urged by the Unionist party, there is little doubt that there would be a very large demand to purchase as well as to rent holdings.

The Duke of Bedford, when he announced the sale of the Great Farm, Maulden, on his Woburn estate in Bedfordshire, in 1910, in small holdings, received as many as 600 applicants without issuing any advertisements. Under his scheme the purchase price of each holding, which included the initial outlay, could be paid by half-yearly instalments with interest, extending over a period of not longer than thirty-five years. No deposit was required, and a conveyance was given immediately on possession being taken. The original small holders, with only two exceptions, are still in occupation, and a visit to their properties will show their undoubted prosperity.

Another feature in which the 1907 Act is quite inadequate is in solving the very difficult problem of the position of the agricultural labourer. The labourer has not in many places sufficient capital to take a holding on the basis required by County Councils, and he has up to the present been entirely squeezed out by local tradespeople and others. A few have certainly been able to take advantage of the benefits offered by the Act, but the vast majority of labourers are in no better position since the introduction of the Act six years ago.

The Conservative Party

The policy of the Unionist party in regard to small holdings is one which has been framed after careful consideration. They feel that for the small holder occupying ownership is the ideal form of tenure, but at the same time they realize that there is an undoubted demand for tenancy. For the benefit of those who wish to buy their holdings, the whole of the purchase money will be advanced on the basis of a reducible mortgage, repayable over a term of years, the period of the loan being calculated, as in the case of tenant farmers, by the relation of the annual value to the number of years' purchase that the property is worth.

With regard to the operation of the 1907 Small Holdings Act the Unionist party propose to leave this measure where it is, with the exception that where small holders have been paying sinking fund as well as interest on the value of their holdings, they shall become the owners of the land, and the accrued amount of their sinking fund credited to their account if they so desire.

Under the Unionist plan, the small holding movement will be very much more closely connected with the reconstruction and development of village life than has been the case with Radical legislation. It is realized that in order to retain the labourer on the soil he must have a direct share in the industry that employs him. This cannot be better accomplished than by facilitating his acquirement, preferably on an ownership, but if desired on a tenancy, basis, of an acre or so of land which he can occupy and cultivate for himself. The introduction of common pastures on which the inhabitants of rural villages can acquire grazing rights for a cow form an important item in the programme, and facilities will be provided for buying or for building a cottage. Under this system, when it is proposed to create a group of small holdings, the labourers and inhabitants of the local village will have full facilities for acquiring land, so that besides the increased opportunity and general prosperity, a greater production of the land will be brought about and increased employment will be found.

and Agriculture

The large majority of the inhabitants of the village will have the opportunity of acquiring their own land or their own grazing rights on the village farm. In this way the first stepping-stone will be given to rural workers, by which they can raise themselves from the undoubted groove in which circumstances have placed them, and provided they possess energy, thrift and enterprise, they will be able then to pass on from the position of the small holder, making his living from his land, to that of the large farmer.

The scheme of the Unionist party is to endeavour to recreate that communal interest in village life which was so marked a feature of villages 150 years ago. It is not, of course, ever intended that villages should return to the self-sufficing and self-contained state that was their original condition, but the extension of local markets, the careful organization of farm depots, with which small cultivators can deal, for obtaining rural credit, for the purchasing of manures, seeds, etc., for the hiring of heavy implements and for the marketing of their produce, the encouragement of local industries and local handicrafts will recreate for rural workers a spirit of enterprise and ambition in their work, and a social interest in their lives which is now so sadly lacking.

The Unionist party realize that the problem of rural life depends to an immeasurably greater extent on the reconstruction of village life and village interests than on the question of higher cash wages. They are, however, fully alive to the fact that there are districts in which the agricultural labourer is not earning sufficient adequately to sustain himself and his wife and family, and it is their intention that such cases shall be immediately alleviated. A minimum wage and Wages Boards have been advocated as a remedy, but at the present time it is not certain that these Boards would not act in the adverse interests of the agricultural labourer.

The creation of small holdings, the development of village life and the increased security given to tenant farmers, will bring about a greater prosperity to agri-

culture and a greater production from the land, which must necessarily cause an increased demand for labour and consequently an increased wage.

Agriculturists are, however, fully aware that these results may take a certain time to be felt, and that there are districts where the agricultural labourer needs immediate relief, and those districts will have earnest attention. It is absolutely imperative that cases of distress should be immediately alleviated, and a full inquiry of a public nature must be carried out so as to discover the best means of bringing this about.

The foregoing is briefly the policy of the Unionist party in regard to farmers, small holders and labourers. As has already been pointed out, the restoration of confidence is principally aimed at, so that capital, now so sorely needed, may again commence to flow into the industry.

The leaders of the party realize the need for a full policy, and they venture to think the programme outlined above will secure for the agriculture of this country that position in the affairs of the nation which it should take. It is framed with a due regard to equity and justice to every one concerned, but with a sincere desire to better those who, from force of circumstances, are in a position which cannot but have their sympathy, and which with sane legislation can undoubtedly be improved.

BEVIL TOLLEMACHE

PROFESSOR BURY'S HISTORY *of* FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

SOME years ago Professor Bury issued a *Life of St Patrick* which acquired immediate and well-deserved fame, and was even held authoritative in the serious academic world of the Continent. This book was but one work out of a considerable body of historical research and exposition from the same pen, the most of it concerned with Pagan antiquity, all of it remarkable for reliance upon original sources and for breadth of survey. Professor Bury was perhaps best known in this field by his edition of Gibbon. But I single out the *Life of St Patrick* because it was at once an essay of a highly original kind, reposing upon exact and exhaustive criticism of matter, and, above all, just (because traditional) in its outlook.

Professor Bury, writing under the conditions of an Irish Protestant professor in Dublin itself, combated in this book the gravely unhistorical type of criticism which we have grown to associate with German scholarship and which combines a mechanical bondage to text with a fantastic ignorance of men's ordinary motives and of what may be called the "Commonsense" of history. From this school had proceeded among other monstrosities the thesis that St Patrick was but a legendary figure, and this was only one of many absurdities of the kind opposed to the sane tradition of Europe in the matter. Some said that there was confusion between St Patrick and another. Others that original evidence was lacking. Others that the documents were apocryphal. Professor Bury, though occupying a Chair in Trinity College, Dublin, not only set out to combat such whimsies, but (I think it will be admitted) definitely established for any unbiased reader the historical figure. So true is this that even his conjectures upon the birthplace of

St Patrick (which he associates with the Mouth of the Severn) carried weight with those who preferred, upon the ground of tradition, the Estuary of the Clyde; and while the work was marred in Catholic eyes of course, and almost equally of course, in the eyes of non-Catholic but detached readers, by a misapprehension of the apostolic character and by something like a sneer at vision; though it was further marred (and here it had the weight of modern scholarship behind it) in that it rejected the third *dictum* of St Patrick, the famous "*Ut Christiani . . .*" etc., yet the work had not only the solidity and constructive value rightly claimed for it, but also seemed a sort of return to balanced historical reasoning and sober historical judgment.

From Trinity College, Dublin, Professor Bury passed to the very high and difficult task of replacing the late Lord Acton in the Chair of History at Cambridge. Every one will understand not only the difficulty and magnitude of that task, but the responsibilities attaching to the new position the Professor now held.

The head of the History School at Cambridge, as at Oxford, is not only in some sense the representative of its teaching, and does not only in some sense speak officially for the University when he adopts a definite position on any historical matter, but is also very largely the moulder of the teaching over which he presides. We know, or should know, when we can discover the attitude in any fundamental historical question of the head of the History School in either University, what impression is being given to the hundreds of young men who come under its influence, and are guided by its teaching in their judgment of the past and therefore of the present.

Thus, when the late Dr Stubbs stood at the head of the History Faculty at Oxford his strong views upon the Teutonic origin of the English people and especially of their institutions, I will not say coloured the whole of the teaching at Oxford, I would rather say, *dominated* that teaching to the exclusion of every other hypothesis. Under the legitimate authority of this great historian

works such as those of a much greater man like Fustel or of a native inquirer such as Seebohm lay, in the view of the Oxford History School, under suspicion or heterodoxy. If a student were inclined by his own reading or from some racial or cultural bias to emphasize the Latin or the Celtic element in English institutions he stood against the official tone, as it were, of the University, his arguments had to be presented apologetically; he was the advocate of something ex-centric to his own body, and plainly in rebellion against conclusions which had been definitely accepted by his teachers and, through their teaching, imposed upon the great mass of his fellows.

So true is it that the leadership of the Historical School thus moulds opinion throughout the University (and ultimately throughout the culture of the country) that the effect of Stubbs following at Oxford upon Freeman may now be discovered upon every side. Men who learnt their history at Oxford when these two scholars were successively the leaders of its Historical School, and others far more numerous than themselves who received the indirect effects of this historical teaching, are now those who have impressed in a hundred ways upon the mind of contemporary England the conception that the nation is Germanic, that its institutions are of barbaric origin, and that it must seek an explanation of itself in the doubtful relics of tribes external to the Empire when the Empire fell. And this historical attitude is not a small matter, nor even a vague one. The conception that Protestant England and Protestant Germany were originally twin, is something which has profoundly and clearly affected English policy, domestic and foreign, English religion and English letters in our time.

All this is a necessary preliminary to understanding the importance of Professor Bury's latest work and of seizing what it may stand for in the future: for Professor Bury, thus raised some eleven years ago to the headship of the School of Modern History at Cambridge, has published within the last few months a very remarkable little volume which is the subject of the present criticism.

Professor Bury's History of

This little volume is entitled *A History of Freedom of Thought*, and it comes as one of a large series of such essays or summaries which have been published by Messrs Williams and Norgate under the title of "The Home University Library." This series has really broken new ground. It is not one of the innumerable modern pretensions at too rapid or frankly insufficient diffusion of culture. Its editors are the very first men in their own departments of our time. I have but to quote the name of Mr Fisher in History and of Mr Murray in the Classics for all to grant this. It is issued at a shilling for each volume; it has justly attained a very large popular circulation, and it has commanded the services of authority in every field.

When, therefore, Professor Bury issued his contribution to this series under this name of *A History of Freedom of Thought*, it was not the chance extravagance or recreation of a scholar, nor even the isolated pronouncement of a considerable historian. It was the work of a man speaking with the whole weight of the Cambridge Historical School behind him, defining his attitude towards what is at once by far the most important and by far the most debated of historical problems, no less than the problem whether religion is from God or from man. The appeal was addressed to an audience the wider because it is precisely the artisan eager for life and for his new opportunities who has received this Library, one may almost say with acclamation (for the numbers of its sale prove this); and because no matter is more furiously debated in that very class than the reality or unreality of the Christian vision. I need not add that the decision to which this popular mass shall come in this same matter will determine the whole of our future.

Now having said so much and shown both the popular importance of the work and the authoritative comment it affords upon the great University School from which it proceeds, let me describe it as justly as I can.

It is an essay some 50,000 or 60,000 words in length (that is, of about 250 short pages) purporting to sum-

marize the process whereby doubt (and therefore discussion) upon the ultimate fate of man was at first, in Pagan antiquity, universal, then, under the influence of the Christian Church, restricted, and lastly as that Church lost its universal appeal to the men of Western Europe, enlarged again to very nearly its antique or Pagan position.

Here is a theme which any number of men might treat from any number of different aspects. What the French call " the positive " mind might attempt to put the matter with perfect detachment as a series of mere objective historical facts. I do not say it would succeed; I say it is the kind of thing which numbers would attempt and in which they would think themselves fairly successful. What was in men's conception before our small relics of Greek literature were written we can only guess. How far the citizen originally tolerated outspoken divergence from, criticism of, let alone insult against, habits of thought universal and sacred in his commonwealth we may imagine from our knowledge of men. But we have no positive evidence, for the earliest fragments remaining to us discuss no assault upon any general and unquestioned faith even within one city. In the first essays in scepticism which have come down to us doubt is already normal, inquiry—not certitude—is the business of the intelligence nor has that inquiry even fixed a goal, let alone reached it. We know that for centuries, as the world of the Mediterranean fused, the scope of that inquiry proceeded. We know that not only a toleration for such inquiry, but at last an enthusiasm for it marked the process of the European mind. We know that the mental tone gradually changed, that there came first certain transcendental postulates, powerfully appealing to the conscience, though by no means generally accepted. We know that there came side by side with this growth of a few certitudes, a gradual disgust with the results of mere speculation; we know that there grew in men a more and more masterful appetite for creed, expressed in ritual, and informing all men. We know that at last in the

consummation of the Roman Empire one creed and substantially one ritual, certainly one information, conquered. History calls that process the establishment of the Christian Church. We know that after this process was accomplished doubt was no longer the normal attitude of the intelligent, and utterly abnormal to the mass; that inquiry upon fundamental matters became an aid to faith rather than a method of discovery, and that coincidentally with all this new and general certitude, anything which threatened the disruption of so much security was treated as inimical to society.

We know that this state of mind endured through a long period of economic decline but of high military vigour—from the fifth to the eleventh centuries. We know that it produced after so many centuries the high phenomenon of mediæval civilization. We know that with the close of that phase, about four hundred years ago, came the renewal and at last the extension of admitted doubt and of ever-expanding inquiry in search of a Truth which by hypothesis was *not* possessed—and there (unless we are prepared to say how far the cycle has returned to its original path) our positive story ceases. Europe has for now four centuries presented a divided issue: the Faith in battle with its domestic enemies. No man can say as an historian which way victory will at last incline.

Such, I say, would be the first and most detached manner in which one can conceive the treatment of the subject. Again it might be treated from the standpoint of a determined faith, I mean a faith determined not only intellectually but in every appetite of affection and repugnance. With such an author the original doubt would be tragic; its solution a glorious triumph, its re-admission a disaster—just as a man recounting the story of a great love would make a gloomy picture of things before its advent, a splendid one of its conquest, and a catastrophe of its loss.

Well, it is the whole meaning of Professor Bury's book, of the moment in which it appears and of the Chair and

Freedom of Thought

University from which it is issued that it reposes upon a profound conviction, the aspect or rather the Creed diametrically opposed to the Catholic, and that he has put the process of these twenty-five centuries as an argument *against* the excellence of Jesus Christ and of His Church.

The process is presented as one in which the mind enjoyed during the early period of doubt certain privileges of inestimable value, lost them for centuries through the evil blight of Catholicism, has slowly recovered them again as the Church slowly died, and will soon in her complete destruction enjoy them fully.

He tells the story of a great love from the standpoint of a heart decayed, describing the quiet time before its advent with approval, its dominion as an accursed hallucination, its breakdown as a release. With every human story you may tell that story in one of these two ways, and in the story of all Europe you can tell it in one of these two ways. Which way is the true one wholly depends upon whether love be love or no, and it is highly significant of the time in which we live that from such a pen and from such an office we have the business recounted inversely to the Christian order. For Professor Bury's book is a frank repudiation in contempt of the Faith, and an explanation of the excellence of its supposed defeat.

Now the meaning of such a work at such a time and from such a pen is capital. And so far as that capital importance is concerned it would suffice if I were to establish here by a few quotations the character of the little book and its creed. It would then be seen in one startling example how very far the decay of faith has proceeded in this country, and that precisely at a moment when its resurrection is apparent in the Catholic societies of Europe. I shall make my first quotations to show how intense a religious feeling in animosity to the Faith informs Professor Bury's work.

But there is much more to be noted about the book, though this is the chief point; for the so-called *History of Freedom of Thought* is a singular example of that

bad history which a fanatical temper will often breed. I do not propose any logical connexion between the one thing and the other. There is nothing against reason in the conception of a book that should be written as an historical attack upon the Catholic Church, written for the widest possible propaganda, written by the head of one of our great History Schools—and yet should be good history.

Good history, I take it, would *desire* one great character which is not obtainable by man, but positively *demands* three other characters which are obtainable.

The character which is not obtainable by man is an historically certain philosophy. We cannot, merely as historians, solve the problem of the universe and be certain that the religion or philosophy which we take for granted in our work is the true one. That is a matter not of human science but of Faith. But though history desires this ultimate form of accuracy in vain and must be content to suffer from a confusion and variety of creeds, yet it can demand three kinds of accuracy which are obtainable by man in so far as man can preserve records and judge their value.

The first and most important kind of accuracy is that one should be accurate as to the general atmosphere of an event, which is as much as to say that one should have properly integrated its indefinitely numerous differentials; or, to speak more simply, that one should have seen it as it was.

For instance, if I bring an oak tree into my history I may speak of it with reverence or with hatred or with indifference according to whether my creed regards the oak as a divine object, as a diabolical object, or as an indifferent object—but I must not call it an ash. For we recognize an oak tree not by one simple test, but by that subtle power of noting all at once and subconsciously millions of little things and making of them at once and subconsciously a general unity. No one oak leaf exactly resembles another. A few feet away from the tree you cannot so much as see the leaf. Yet a man who

could not tell an oak tree from an ash tree fifty yards away would have no right to talk of trees.

So it is with history. We cannot call an historian of the Battle of Waterloo a bad historian because he shows a profound dislike of Wellington or of Napoleon. But we can call him a bad historian if his dislike of Wellington blinds him to the fact that the Ridge of the Mont St Jean was a marvellous defensive position, or his dislike of Napoleon to the fact that the sudden breaking through of the Allied line at Charleroi was a masterpiece. And if in his general account of those four days he omits, or mentions as of slight importance, or brings in as a mere subsidiary either of those two capital points, then he is a bad historian; and if he does this on account of his strong feeling one way or the other then it is his strong feeling which makes him a bad historian.

Of this kind of major inaccuracy Professor Bury's short book presents, as I shall show in a moment, a few very significant examples both of omission and of positive statement.

The second form of accuracy which history has a right to demand is accuracy in the statement of motive and direction in action: accuracy in the relation of one statement to those around it. Thus, if I say: "At the head of a triumphal procession goes the commander, then his bodyguard, then the mass of troops; *similarly* the fox goes *proudly* before, then come the hounds and last of all the hunt," that is an inaccurate statement of the second order. All the facts appear to be true, but they are so put that they convey the very opposite of the truth. The words "similarly" and "proudly" in that sentence have this effect; but even if you left them out the second statements *as following the first* would be false in effect; and such statements in history are bad history. If, or when we can connect such bad history with the strong conviction of the historian for or against some creed, then we can ascribe his breakdown as an historian to his bias, and we have a sound case against him upon those grounds.

Thus (to continue the example from the Battle of Waterloo) if from a desire to magnify Wellington, I describe the battle fully in its frontal development right up to the breaking of the Imperial Guard and Wellington's subsequent advance, and then add as an episode the Prussian attack in flank, although I may introduce that episode by so accurate a word as "meanwhile" or "already," yet if I do not show that the Prussian attack was a necessary contributory cause to Wellington's movement and to the failure of Napoleon, I am a bad historian. I am similarly a bad historian if, with a bias in favour of Napoleon, I leave Grouchy's error unconnected with Napoleon's own error as to the direction of the Prussian Retreat after Ligny, and his deplorable delays upon the following morning.

As I shall also show in a moment, Professor Bury's book contains not a few examples of this second order.

The third kind of accuracy which the reader of history has a right to demand and lacking which history is bad history, is an accuracy in the statement of dates, wording of documents, and all details of that sort.

A man's inaccuracy in such things can, of course, be more clearly presented to the lay reader than his inaccuracy in the two other more important points I have mentioned. Accuracy in general atmosphere and accuracy in the relation of one statement to another can only be judged by a man already possessed of a full knowledge of the subject; whereas accuracy in positive detail such as dates can be settled by reference to a few admitted authorities, or in the last resort to documents, and the statements are of their nature things which any man can judge for himself. On this account there is—not unnaturally—a good deal of feeling among historical writers against too severe a criticism of this form of inaccuracy. It is judged—not without reason—that a critic who merely picks holes in the quotations, the dates, etc., of the book before him is unworthy for two reasons. First, that such errors do not materially affect historical judgment, which is the chief function of history;

secondly, because such errors may often be due to the oversight of a subordinate, or even of a printer, and will often in any case be mere oversights or pieces of carelessness even when they proceed from the author himself.

Now I will willingly admit that there is a great deal to be said for this feeling, and, if the reader will pardon a personal allusion, no one writing history to-day has been more guilty than I have myself of this fault. I have written left for right, North for South, and East for West in the most painstaking accounts of battles where I had studied the ground for weeks. I could confess to a great many other slips of the same kind.

But it is essential to remember that in this kind of lesion marring historical work there are three things which are a bar to the plea of mere carelessness upon which it can be half-excused.

(*a*) The number of such errors.

If I write a short account of Queen Victoria's reign with one hundred dates in it and fifty of those dates are wrong, that is not mere carelessness, or if it is, it is carelessness so gross as to make my history quite unreliable.

(*b*) The inherent probability or improbability of mere carelessness as an explanation of error.

For instance, if I find a man saying that Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1873, it is obviously a printer's error for 1837, but if I find him saying that war broke out between France and Germany in April, 1869, that is inexcusable. No man can write July so that it looks like April, or 1869 so that it looks like 1870; and it is exceedingly unlikely that he would write either the month or the year wrong by a mere slip of the pen. There is no sub-conscious action to account for such a mistake and one can only put it down to ignorance.

(*c*) The grossness of the error.

One may excuse a man for not looking up some tiny point, or for having looked it up in some inaccurate book of reference, but there are certain great fixed dates in history which everybody ought to know, certain main facts and names with which everybody should be ac-

quainted and when an historian goes hopelessly wrong on those, his critic has a right (and a duty) to give a holloa!

Now in this third order of inaccuracy, though it is not one on which I wish to insist too much, Professor Bury's little book is positively amazing.

I think when I come to put before the readers such of these errors in dates and facts as I happen to have noticed (and I know not how many more there may be) he will be startled to find them in connexion with a name of such considerable authority.

Before proceeding to establish by quotation the strong bias of the book and the bad history to which that bias has given rise, I would like to say that there are lessons to be drawn from such inaccuracies and from such bad history other than those germane to the present article. It is not only strong conviction against the Catholic Faith, it is also a certain academic vice which is here upon its trial; a vice to be observed in book after book which is issued with the hall-mark of the University, and precisely because such books are issued with that hall-mark. The fact that academic work can hardly fall into the hands of a critic at once independent and competent, the fact that the hall-mark of the Universities has come almost to protect bad work from criticism, are themes upon which I could, in another connexion, write at some length. I do not do so here because, in regard to the shortcomings of this particular little book, I am concerned rather with its religious origin and effects.

Having said so much let me turn to the establishment by citation of the affirmations I have made with regard to this book, which are, first, its strongly anti-Christian object and spirit; secondly, that it is bad history in every sense of that term.

As to the first of these, the reader will perhaps be already sufficiently acquainted with it by hearsay. There is at any rate no necessity for lengthy extracts; the anti-Christian animus is perfectly evident to anyone who will pick up the book. It appears, of course, in many of the passages which I shall quote in connexion with

my contention that the book also illustrates how very badly this kind of official history is written. But before we arrive at these we can select a few passages in which the anti-Christian standpoint is particularly emphasized, apart from historical statements.

Thus: upon page 25 we have the conception of the creation of the Universe by Almighty God labelled "fantastic." Upon page 37 the difficulties of accepting at once a God and the existence of Evil are presented as insoluble. Upon page 40 we are requested to consider the Persons of the Blessed Trinity "with some eminent angels and saints discussing in a celestial smoke-room the alarming growth of unbelief in England and then by means of a telephonic apparatus overhearing a dispute between a Freethinker and a parson." Upon page 50, to receive the "Kingdom of Heaven" "like a little child" is to "prostrate your intellect." Upon page 52 the Christian Millennium inaugurated by Constantine's Edict is one in which "reason was enchained and thought was enslaved." Upon pages 63 and 64 the doctrines of Sin, Hell and the Last Judgment form "a solid rampart against the advance of knowledge." And upon a preceding page the Faith defended by the Inquisition is "nonsense." Three pages later (67) we again get the refrain in the most Catholic centuries, "reason was enchained in the prison which Christianity had built around the human mind." While upon page 72, the Faith becomes "a misty veil woven of credulity and infantile *naïveté* which hung over men's souls and protected them from understanding either themselves or their relation to the world." At the opening of Chapter VI, upon page 127, Christian theology is full of "inconsistencies, contradictions and absurdities," and upon page 137, "somebody" (a French Protestant by the way) "shows that the Christian dogmas are essentially unreasonable." Four pages further on another person (this time a Cambridge don) "examines the chief miracles related in the Gospels and shows with great ability and shrewd commonsense that they are absurd." Upon page 156, the

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French Church was "a poisonous sewer" which the Deists or Atheists of the 18th century were right to attack. Upon page 160, Hume shows that the arguments "adduced for a personal God are untenable." Kant, upon page 175, is lectured for "letting God in at a back-door" and told that he has failed in his attempt to do so. Upon page 181 Darwin "drives a nail into the coffin" of Creation and the Fall of Man. Upon page 182 it is discovered that if any intelligence had to do with the designing of the world it must have been "an intelligence infinitely low." And just before the end of the book, upon page 249, we are reassured that "Reason now holds a much stronger position than at the time when Christian theology led her captive."

It is an inevitable accompaniment to such sentences that we have the Christian scheme described as "mythology"; that we hear of the "delusive conviction" of Our Lord and His Apostles as to the "approaching end of the world"; that the Blessed Sacrament is "a savage rite of eating a dead god" (page 189). Conclusions of this kind and adjectives suitable to them abound in the little work, and I really need waste no more space in setting forth the first point which I have promised to lay before my readers.

When we turn to the historical errors which—considering the book's place of origin in the Chair of the History School of Cambridge and the authority with which it was supposed to speak—are even more remarkable than its religious conclusions, I beg that the distinction which I made above should be remembered. For I propose to consider in their order the three different kinds of error which are the notes of bad history, beginning with that which does not consist in demonstrable ignorance or misstatement of fact or even of relation, but the graver though less tangible error of presenting a false atmosphere.

In a sense, of course, this attaches to the whole of Mr Bury's work. It lacks the modern grip. It is like the writing of a man who has not heard of three-quarters

of the things which sound historians now regard—upon the Continent at least—as elementary to study, and it is not easy in the midst of a general air so diffused to pick out particular examples. Yet I will attempt the task.

For instance, almost at the outset we are told that a man in the Middle Ages hearing of the existence of a city called Constantinople and hearing also that comets were portents signifying Divine wrath, would not have been able to distinguish the nature of the evidence in the two cases. Now to say that is to present the Middle Ages under a light wildly and ridiculously false. If ever there was a time which pushed to excess the habit of definition and of clear deductive thinking, the establishment of clean-cut intellectual categories and the recognition of different orders of ideas, that time was, without the faintest doubt, the time between the great awakening of the twelfth century and the moral shipwreck of the sixteenth. You are perfectly free to say that this habit of deductive reasoning was pushed to so ridiculous an extreme that men wasted their time upon vanities when they should have been observing phenomena. That is what a good historian to whom the Middle Ages were antipathetic would advance. He would show at once that he knew what the Middle Ages were and that he disapproved of them. But to say that they could not distinguish between different kinds of intellectual authority, that they did not concern themselves with exact categories of thought, is exactly as though you were to say that Liverpool and Manchester to-day did not concern themselves with machinery or the production of material wealth. It is a false statement and bad history. That misstatement of the chief phase of our European past is perpetually cropping up in the book. I have only given one example of it: I might have given twenty.

It is in the same way bad history to talk of "the profound conviction" that those who did not believe in the doctrines of the Church (page 52) were "damned eternally" and to continue (page 53) that "according

to the humane doctrine of the Christians, infants who died unbaptized passed the rest of time in creeping on the floor of Hell."

It is bad history to write that exactly as it would be bad history to say "The English Army in 1913 ought to have been stronger—but then Englishmen were fools enough to believe that one jolly Englishman was worth ten foreigners." In both cases you are saying something for which you could easily quote chapter and verse from popular or rhetorical sources, and in both cases you are saying something which utterly falsifies the historical picture. The eminent men who preside at the War Office or over our Foreign Affairs are the ultimate authority in such things. They do not think "one jolly Englishman to be worth ten furriners." The calculation of our military expenditure is not established upon that basis. Meanwhile, it may be true that an exaggeration of the national strength or an excessive credulity in the national good fortune may warp the judgment even of those eminent men. Anyone desiring to prove the truth of such bad history could quote hundreds of songs and speeches from the Tub in support of his contention. He could also probably quote many an erroneous statement proceeding from men in really high position. None the less his statement would be bad history.

It is precisely the same with regard to the Christian doctrine of eternal damnation, and particularly with regard to the most difficult of all discussions, the *Error Voluntarius*, the relation between Faith and Will. But the sentence as Professor Bury puts it is simply thoroughly bad history. The Church never said what he thinks she said. He clearly does not know either her doctrines or the occasions on which they were pronounced. He writes of a matter which he has not studied; and there is an end of it.

I will give a third example: The vast efforts culminating in a great war directed against the Albigensians had, it may be presumed, some adequate historical cause. On page 56 we are told what this cause was: that "the Church got far too little money out of this anti-clerical population." That again is bad history. That the

loss of revenue excited a strong material interest is true enough, but to put it forward as the cause of the Albigensian War is childishly erroneous. It is as though some future historian, disliking the Manchester School of Economics, were to describe its intellectual triumph in the middle of the nineteenth century in England by saying that John Stuart Mill and Cobden, as well as Bright and Peel, were cunningly calculating the profits they could extort from the labouring poor. One does hear fantastic exaggerations or rather wild distortion of this kind in the lips of sincere and incapable fanatics, but to have them set down in what purports to be sober history and from the pen of an historian, would be to render the history worthless and the author ridiculous.

I will give a third and minor instance of this major error which runs through the whole book, and then turn to errors of another kind. For the purpose of this third illustration let me choose the few lines upon St Thomas upon page 69. Every historian knows, or should know, what the place of St Thomas is in history. You have in him one of the very few men who have acted as the tutors of the human race. The more you differ from or dislike the man or his doctrines the more it is your business as an historian to appreciate his *scale:* for history, like all other forms of presentment, is a matter of proportion. St Thomas gave at once a summary, an expression and a creative effort to all that is meant by the Christian intelligence, and it is plain historical sense to speak of him as one speaks of Aristotle, of St Augustine, or of Bacon; just as it is plain commonsense to call Russia or the German Empire a Great Power, whether one likes or dislikes their people or governments. It is mere bad history to say, as is here said upon page 69, that St Thomas "constructed an ingenious" system of philosophy and that "the treatise of Thomas is more calculated to unsettle a believing mind than to quiet the scruples of a doubter."

It is not bad history because St Thomas was not ingenious; it is not bad history because the gigantic rational force of St Thomas is incapable of suggesting

doubts: on the contrary, St Thomas must or may, like all thinkers, have produced reactions against his own conclusions; he must and may, like all creative minds, have told lesser men as much of what they should not have taken away as of what they should. No, it is bad history because it is ludicrously inadequate. It is like describing Julius Cæsar as a bald-headed man who travelled, and died prematurely; or Shakespeare as an English actor who flourished in the reign of James I.

So much, then, for examples of the false historical atmosphere surrounding this popular essay.

Now let me turn to the more definite type of error which is not precisely a material error in date, fact or name, but is what I have called upon a previous page, error "of the second order"; that is, statements the mere facts of which are exact, but which give a totally false impression from the selection or order of the statements made.

I have here a fairly large selection from which to choose up and down the book. I will take one very typical example which must stand for the rest, and which I think my readers will find sufficiently conclusive. It is to be found upon page 59. It also contains, as a matter of fact, certain errors of date to which I shall refer later, but for the moment I ignore these in order to emphasize the way in which the passage makes thoroughly bad history from its grossly erroneous omission and selection of facts.

The statement is this: That the Statute for the Punishment of Heretics by burning, which was passed under Henry IV, was "repealed (in) 1533; revived under Mary, and finally repealed" under Charles II.

Observe what a brief statement of this sort made in a popular text-book designed for geneal consumption is intended to convey. It is intended to convey that a cruel punishment was made law during the Catholic Middle Ages; that it ceased to be law coincidently with the first efforts of Henry VIII against Rome, and with the year that was the year of definite breach with the Papacy. That, when a Catholic sovereign came back in the person of Mary Tudor this cruel punishment was revived and

acted upon; that finally, much later, England having become wholly Protestant, and the Civil Wars having produced their effect, it was dropped.

Now the interesting point about this statement is that though, as I have said, it contains material errors, the suggestion of historical falsehood is not dependent upon those errors. It is perfectly true that the old Statute was repealed under Henry VIII just at the moment when he was breaking from Rome, but what Professor Bury happens to leave out is the fact that coincidently with the repeal of the old Statute *a new Statute was passed* (25 Hen. VIII, Cap. 14) which carefully re-erected the punishment of burning and preserved it for the future. It may not be common knowledge to the popular audience to whom Professor Bury addresses himself, but it is common knowledge to the average historical student that heretics were burnt for their heresy steadily during the Protestant establishment: Butcher and Parre under Edward VI; Wielmacker and Woort and Hammond and others under Elizabeth. It is further common knowledge that many were condemned to be burnt who saved themselves by recanting or were saved by deportation, or in some other fashion. The point is that the Statute was very vigorously alive though it was a *renewed* Statute and not the actual Statute of Henry IV. Professor Bury's statement, therefore, is as though one were to say of the Poor Law, "Relief was provided for indigent people out of public rates under Queen Elizabeth by Statute, but the Statute was repealed in the first part of the nineteenth century." The actual statements would be true, but they would convey, and have been intended to convey, the exact opposite of the historical truth.

I will close by a rapid and far from exhaustive list of that third form of error which vitiates the little book: error in date and fact.

I have already protested at some length that this kind of inaccuracy—the most easily ascertainable and the most easily pilloried—is not necessarily the most serious. It proceeds sometimes from bad proof-reading, sometimes

from carelessness, but I have also been careful to emphasize two points with regard to it. First, that if the errors of this sort are very numerous in proportion to the whole work they cannot be merely due to carelessness, and secondly, that there is a certain inherent probability, or improbability, of mere carelessness, of which we can judge in each particular case. Thus sometimes the blunder is clearly a misprint, while at other times it is as clearly impossible to explain it upon any other ground than ignorance.

Now I think my readers will agree when I have run through certain examples of this kind of thing in Professor Bury's book that they are not excusable upon any plea of mere fatigue or over-rapid work. There are too many of them, and many of them are too serious for such a plea to hold. Remember that I am quoting but a portion of these howlers; only such as my own limited historical learning allows me to spot on a first rapid reading, and remember that I am taking them from no more than the first 200 pages of the book, which take us up to modern times. Those pages are short pages. The little essay is not a book of reference crammed with facts; it is a piece of propaganda in which the facts stated are comparatively few, and few also the names referred to (for instance, there is no mention of Abelard). Yet even upon so small a scale and under such partial conditions of examination what startling errors! Thus I find upon page 55 Spain given as the place of Priscillian's execution: it should, of course, be Treves. Upon page 56 Simon de Montfort the elder is confused with his own son and called "the Englishman."

We have Lyons instead of Vienne given as the place of Servetus's imprisonment by the Inquisition before he got away to Geneva. Legate and Whiteman who were burned in 1612 are set down as having suffered in 1611. The Decree of the Holy Office in the matter of Galileo is put down to February—it should be March.

I note further and with greater interest upon page 91 a statement quite typically erroneous. It is the sort of statement which men make who get up their information hastily from encyclopædias, and who have not thought

of looking to original sources. For Mr Bury tells us on that page that Alexander VI "inaugurated censorship of the Press" by his Bull of the year 1501. He did nothing of the kind. Alexander's Bull is a copy, word for word, of Innocent the VIII's Bull of four years before, which in its turn was based upon action taken in the University of Cologne eight years earlier. Further, Alexander's Bull only applied to certain German bishoprics; the first universal censorship came fourteen years later in 1515.

That one statement covering but a line of type contains a whole nest of inaccuracies.

You have the same kind of hurried ignorance, the same sort of mistake upon page 94 where the Catechism of the Socinians is ascribed to the influence of Fausto himself. It is just the kind of thing that at a guess might be true; only, unfortunately, Fausto did not join the movement until after the Catechism.

Two pages later on I come across another characteristically erroneous statement: that the Charter of Charles II given to Rhode Island in 1663, confirming the existing constitution of the place secured to all citizens professing Christianity a full enjoyment of political rights. What really happened was that Charles II left it to the Assembly of Rhode Island to decide what it would do and that when that body issued its rules (printed in 1719) they excluded Catholics.

There are mistakes of detail before which I need not pause. It would be a small matter to note that Jeremy Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying* is dated one year wrong. There are further many statements on which the writer could plead that his English rather than his history was at fault. For instance, when I find (on page 161) that the Dialogues on Natural Religion were not published until after Hume's death and then see the date 1776 attached to the statement I should naturally think that, like all the other dated works in the essay, 1776 referred to the date of publication of the Dialogues, in which case there is an error of three years. But if Professor Bury intends to refer to the date of the death then the statement, though clumsily put, is accurate.

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I will not, lest it should seem ungracious, insist upon a whole category of errors in which the writer could plead limitations of space, though the plea would not hold with the ordinary reader, I fear. A man who died in 1729 is said to have " published in 1733 " a certain work (page 141). The author might plead that he had not the space to describe that the publication was posthumous: as a matter of fact the work first appeared in 1724. Again he tells us (upon page 149) that Shaftesbury's " Inquiry " was of 1699. Well, it may have been, but the full historical truth is that it was printed in 1711, and that in that first discoverable edition of it, it is said to have been issued twelve years before. There were plenty of reasons why such a false statement should have been made and I know of no evidence that an edition of 1699 has been discovered.

Or take the statement upon page 153 that Voltaire did not begin his campaign against Christianity until after the middle of the eighteenth century. It is true that the weight of the attack was delivered then, but it is none the less a fact that the first work of Voltaire's to be publicly burnt for attacking the Faith was so burnt in 1734.

One might then go on indefinitely quoting errors of this kind, striking rather for their number in such few pages than for their individual importance, and it is conceivable that a defence might be put up for each: in the one case it is a printer's error; in another a slip of the pen, in a third a confusion between old style and new style, as when the De Heretico is ascribed, upon page 59, to the year 1400 instead of 1401, and the Statute of 1677 is on the same page put down to 1676—a year in which Parliament actually did not meet! But with all the charity imaginable, and with the best will in the world to say that the book is merely grossly careless, one cannot explain away by mere carelessness such enormities as a mistake of twenty years in the death of St Augustine (page 55); a mistake of nine years in so well known and fundamental a date as that of the Revocation of the

Edict of Nantes, or (perhaps most amazing of all!) the blunder about Robespierre upon page 113. The main dates of the French Revolution are matters like the dates of the Battle of Hastings and the Battle of Waterloo. Every one is supposed to know them who touches history at all, even in an elementary form, and to put down Robespierre's foundation of the Feast of the Supreme Being for April, 1795, is something incredible. It cannot be a mere slip for the month is there to add to the scale of the marvel. It could not possibly have been in an April at all, let alone in the April of '95 when Robespierre had been dead for nearly nine months.

Moreover, it is easy to discover by a little analysis how these elementary errors, which deprive the book of all historical value, have crept in. Turn, for instance, to the statement (upon page 57) that "The Inquisition was founded by Pope Gregory IX about A.D. 1233." There is a sentence vividly illuminating the way in which this book has been written. It was not "about" some vague period or other; it was *precisely* in the year 1231 that Gregory IX incorporated with ecclesiastical law the Imperial rescripts of eleven and seven years earlier. It is in that year that you get the phrase "Inquisitores ab ecclesia," etc; it is in the next year, 1232, that you find a Dominican with the title. All that you get for the year 1233 is that it was the date when the system was established in France. What that word "about" means is that the author writes without consulting authorites, and without fear of criticism. Perhaps I should end with the citation of one last and unique type of error, which I cannot put under any of my categories, and which is to the ordinary type of historical errors what an elephant is to the other beasts of the land. I find it upon page 90, where I am told that the retention of Galileo's works upon the Index until 1835 was, in the interval, "fatal to the study of Natural Science in Italy." So it would seem that Torricelli, Volta and Galvani never existed. In face of that sort of thing no comment is necessary and any emphasis would be a weakness.

HILAIRE BELLOC

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

THE *Life of Francis Thompson* (By Everard Meynell. Burns and Oates. With 13 illustrations, pp. xi, 360. 15s. net) will have been awaited by many with apprehension. Mr Everard Meynell has, however, acquitted himself of his extraordinarily difficult task with dignity combined with suppleness of expression. His insight has proved considerable, and his literary equipment is excellent, as the chapter on Words, Origins, and Metre proves. It is difficult to write of Francis Thompson so soon after his death, and still sooner after the publication of his collected poems: the air is full of the names Crashaw, Coleridge, Shelley and Patmore; there is the danger of assuming a familiarity between the reader and these poets which is not there, or of annoying him when it is. Let us say at once that Mr Everard Meynell is never irritating by any cryptical or esoteric element in his allusiveness, and is but rarely at sufficient ease in Sion, dare I say, to "posture." Still, no one will deny that his style from time to time distracts our attention from Thompson to himself, which we are sure he does not want; we cannot sympathize with puns like that on p. 20 (note). We are certain that the introduction of the name (as on p. 271) of an actress whose vogue is of the most ephemeral description and whose notoriety, even, is utterly circumscribed, is an artistic error. In a couple of years the sentence will be unintelligible.

Mr Meynell, we repeat, had a hard task. Francis was made to be misunderstood. None so completely as he was "born to baffle the glib inference" (p. 45). Thus his curate uncle wrote to warn Londoners to avoid Francis as a writer of "erotic verse" (p. 3). A critical Canon attacked the *Tablet*—What was the "Ode" all about? He could not in the least understand. But even if he could, he was quite sure that it was not a thing which ought

to have appeared in a Catholic magazine (p. 125). Others still cannot understand, I will not say his poetry, but his soul, and why he was unhappy at school (p. 19). He is misjudged even by himself, in his deepest instincts; he cannot at the first comprehend that element in woman which in time will elicit his worship and his sweetest songs, "having been a seminarist," comments Mr Meynell, "a person not always apt to be in the secret" (p. 227). Even his opinion of his intimate fellow worker, Coventry Patmore, and of the liceity of that poet's ideal, had to be formed, and his whole-hearted approval tenderly summoned forth, by the wise guidance of Fr Anselm of Pantasaph (p. 189). It is rather hard on him that when independent critics discovered he was a Catholic, they treated him as necessarily sectarian, a clique-hero (p. 137); while Canon Sheehan could emphatically and even bitterly attest that Catholics so far from being his "admirers by profession" positively froze him out of domestic fame, and ostracized him till he was dead (p. 143). It is true that a small poem on a Catholic astronomer evoked party applause (p. 126); but on the whole there was misrepresentation, much believed in, as to the graver issues of his whole life (p. 318), no less than an impotence to grasp his meaning (as in the case of the *Narrow Vessel*, p. 230) which galled him, though his mannerism of "acerbity" was due to a passion for sincerity and self-respect rather than to pique. Doubtless these cold blasts made him feel even more of a "moulting canary" than did April (p. 125); still, he held bravely out, sure of himself and gifted with *spes longa*:

> As for "immeditatably" it is in all respects the one and only right word for the line. So it must absolutely and without any question stand—woe's me for the public! But indeed, what is the public doing *dans cette galère?* I believe, it is true, the public has an odd kind of prejudice that poems are written for its benefit. It might as well suppose that when a woman loves, she bears children for its benefit; or (in the case of the poem in question) that when a man is hurt, he bleeds for its benefit (p. 132).

Therefore Mr Whiteing ended by having to admit that

" to put him in order might only be to spoil him. He must have his way " (p. 241).

He had it, and Mr Meynell discerningly maps it out and justifies it. We watch Thompson criticizing his own word-formation; we see the genesis of his Latinisms; we learn to esteem his sense of music—the paragraph on the " streaky " word *cuticle* is delightful (p. 153); his esteem for clarity of thought (p. 200) is noticeable, also his touch of contempt for the " Western brain and ear " (pp. 221, 223). It may be a pity that he let himself be beguiled by the notion of an esoteric, almost theosophic, Christian lore: but the whole chapter on Mysticism and Imagination, and the history of his relations with Coventry Patmore and their zeal for the *sanity* of mysticism, constitute a singular refutation of a critic's recent performances in a contemporary review who singled out Thompson's churchy Latinisms, gargoyle spirit, unmusical diction and distorted thought for special condemnation. There was a sense in which Thompson " delighted in disproportion " (p. 208), and even could declare that " the Beautiful is not my standpoint." Still, we know what that means in a boy who started for London with only Æschylus and Blake in his pocket; and again, who could die with W. W. Jacobs for spiritual reading; who saw perfectly that the " irreverence " of mediæval poetry and drama was essentially Catholic and thus divine; who, though he failed in " the technique of boyhood " (p. 9), yet organized, as a lad, a pirate band, and to the end kept up his love for cricket. Happy poet, who, when relatives lay *perdus* in London a stone's throw distant from his starvation, yet had a sister so sympathetic that long years after, as a cloistered nun, she thanks God she can still " remember seven names out of the Lancashire XI of that match."

Not opium nor starvation nor illness—and in this book more is said of what opium saved him from than of its cruelties—could ever break the strong soul of this wraith-like man, whose personality, in outward seeming and in spirit, Mr Everard Meynell has put so vividly before us.

C. C. M.

Origin and Antiquity of Man

DR G. FREDERICK WRIGHT, the well-known authority on the "Great Ice Age," has produced a very interesting, a very timely, and a very complete work in his book on the *Origin and Antiquity of Man* (John Murray. Price 8s. net).

Opportune it certainly is, for certain recent discoveries of very early remains of man have led to a flood of very startling and, as it would seem from Dr Wright's pages, wildly exaggerated statements as to the number of years which have elapsed since man first made his appearance on this earth. The wilder of these have been discredited in scientific journals, a fact of which, of course, the general reader is never made acquainted by the daily papers, which find the larger and the more exaggerated statements much more tickling to their readers' palates. But even then there is no doubt that at the most moderate estimate the days of man on the earth are far more numerous than would have been supposed, say, at the middle of the last century. How numerous they are is one of the most keenly debated questions of the day. Now, in the first instance, it can never be too constantly borne in mind that the answer to this question must be sought from the Geologist and not from the Anthropologist. When—let us say—a skull is found, it is right and proper that an anthropologist should report on its characters: he is working at his own last. But when he deserts his own last for that of the geologist and proceeds to tell us how many years have elapsed since that skull was occupied by the brain of a living being we are not to take his statements at the same value as if they came from a geologist, whose studies have been directed to elucidating problems concerned with the diverse strata of the earth. Perhaps it is only what might be expected when the cobbler leaves his last, but, as a fact, the periods given, perhaps one should say demanded, by anthropological writers are usually much more extended than those proposed by the geologists. To some extent this is due to the feeling on the part of many anthropologists that sufficient time must be allowed for man to have developed from some pre-existent animal form,

and for that development to have taken place by very slow degrees. That these are quite illegitimate reasons for forming conclusions as to the chronology of geology must be obvious, and Dr Wright is perfectly entitled to claim that geological matters must be decided on geological lines and not by subsidiary, even if collateral, lines of argument. The next matter which we have to take into consideration is that, from our present standpoint, the all-important part of geology is that which deals with the Ice Age, that remarkable era when a large part of Europe and of North America was submerged under vast fields of ice of enormous thickness: how vast and how enormous may be gathered from the statement that in Europe two million and in America four million square miles were covered with ice to a depth of from one to three miles. So far the existence of Pre-Glacial man is unproved. Professor Sollas tells us that we may feel quite clear of that fact. Such a being may, however, turn up any day—some think that the discoveries under the Red Crag have proved his existence. Be that as it may, it is in and around the Glacial Period that the question of the date of man's appearance centres. From which it follows that the opinion of an expert on this period is of all opinions that which is best worth listening to. Such an expert Dr Wright is, and his opinions deserve to be listened to with respect. In their way they are as startling as the most romantic guesses of the anthropologist but in a wholly different direction. Most persons, who have thought about the matter at all, have probably thought of the Ice Age as one of an immense antiquity. Dr Wright does not so hold and it is certainly astonishing to be told that the evidence is irresistible that "large areas in Europe and North America which are now principal centres of civilization were buried under glacial ice thousands of feet thick, while the civilization of Babylonia was in its heyday." (*p.* 195.) It is obvious that it would be quite impossible in a review such as this even to indicate the lines of argument by which this and other like statements are supported: suffice it to say

that the writer gives very fully the data from which his conclusions are drawn and that to the careful reader, who approaches the question without *parti pris*, he certainly seems to have made out his case. We cannot linger further over this very interesting, and, we may add, most readable book. The closing lines, however, may be quoted as summarizing the author's final conclusions. "While the antiquity of man cannot be less than ten thousand, it need not be more than fifteen thousand years. Eight thousand years of prehistoric time is ample to account for all known facts relating to his development." And further: "The history of the human race as we actually know it gives no countenance to any doctrine of universal and general progress among the races of mankind, but sustains rather a doctrine of predominant natural tendencies to degeneration, which is only counteracted by contact with specially favoured nations and by voluntary acceptance of their most valuable ideas and practices." B. C. A. W.

THE sonnet is a kind of poetic strait-waistcoat—uncommonly hard to move freely in. True, "it is the key with which Shakespeare unlocked his heart," and "the trumpet on which Milton blew soul-animating strains." But it is an intricate key, a trumpet of complicated stops. The difficulty of the sonnet-form is enormous and, except in Italian, it is apt to be a crabbed medium—more especially the petrarchian form which Mrs Lytton affects (*Love in a Mist*. By Judith Lytton. Herbert and Daniel. 7s. 6d. net). English is a language not rich in the fluting rhymes on which the sonnet makes so formidable a demand. The sonnet taxes the rhymer's ingenuity to the utmost; and rhyme, like fire, is a good servant but a hard master. All credit, then, is due to the writer of good sonnets, and (quâ sonnets) Mrs Lytton's are very good.

We have one serious criticism to make of the poems included in Mrs Lytton's "volume de luxe" (for it is sumptuously got-up). This criticism arises no doubt from a certain restless modernity on our own part. Put briefly,

it is this. Her uniform exquisiteness is a little dull. She somehow fails to arrest, despite the undeniable beauty of much of her work. Her sonnets are of the cosmic order of poetry—of the vast vasty! Nearly all her themes have been treated again and again by every poet, big or little, who ever handled a pen. It may be said that this is true of every poetic theme; and that, unless we are to write of steam-cranes and aeronautics, we cannot avoid treading the well-known ways. This is true: and yet poetry is new with every age. To read poetry is to feel history—so truly, though unconsciously, is the true poet a voice of his age. The problems which confront him equally confronted his fathers. It is his outlook that is new. This is the secret of poetry's eternal resurrection. What the quality of twentieth century poetry may in its essence be a future age must say, but we do not think the verse of Mrs Lytton possesses it. This may be a compliment: take it as you will.

This is our solitary objection to Mrs Lytton's book. It just fails to be real enough. On every other count we yield her admiration. The architecture of her sonnets is excellent. She handles her rhymes as a skilful driver his horses. The " flow " of her verse is never jerky—indeed it is almost too facile. Her pieces abound in delicately expressed echoes. With her the sonnet becomes a piano on which, like the skilful lady that she is, she improvises half-remembered tunes. In her facility perhaps lies her weakness. Facility is a little apt to look upon emotion as an opportunity for the exercise of its powers. Be that as it may, Mrs Lytton is an accomplished sonneteer: she shows a thoughtful, gentle mind, and is tender and delightful on many themes (particularly the less cosmic ones). But she just fails to be real enough for a poet. She seems to walk amid Life and Love and Death a thought too easily. We do not imply that she lacks feeling—far from it—all through her book she shows a very delicate sensibility. She lacks, however, just enough feeling to give the old themes—in this most concentrated medium—a new importance.

Life of Lord Lyons

Of so uniform a volume it is difficult to quote, but we give the following as a fair specimen of Mrs Lytton's reminiscent vein:

> Childhood, what griefs are thine! In hours of care
> Thou hast no past by which thy heart may know
> Grief has an end, and tempests cease to blow!
> Thy joys are castles floating in the air,
> Thy pain an infinite pain. Who then should dare
> To walk again with thee, or ever go
> Back to thy shadows? Life brings much of woe
> But what more absolute than thy despair?
>
> My little son, down by the water-side,
> Wept bitterly. I knew not why he cried,
> But terror shook my heart. Beside the shore
> A lifeless thing lay drowned at water's brim.
> Sometimes I dream, in hours distraught and dim,
> That I am helpless and a child again.

We conclude by saying that the drawing of Mrs Lytton at the beginning of the book is very beautiful; and that the initial letters do their designer credit. But on a question of taste, should not *Love in a Mist* have been bound in blue?

R. A. E. S.

MANY of the characteristics of Lord Lyons seem to have impressed themselves on his biographer. Truthfulness, skill, industry, a keen not unkindly judgment of men, and a power of expression, witty and cultivated though not ornate are the qualities and gifts of the biographer as they were of his subject.

Bickerton Lyons was the son of Admiral Lord Lyons who commanded the British fleet during the Crimean war, and brother of Captain Edmund Lyons who died of a wound received in action in the Sea of Azoff. A joint memorial in St Paul's Cathedral commemorates their services to their country. Bickerton, too, began life in the navy, where he acquired such a horror of the sea that during the Franco-Prussian war he remarked that he should be much less afraid of the Prussians than of the

Bay of Biscay. But if he were no sailor by inclination, he certainly inherited many of the characteristics of his naval ancestors; he had an astonishing power of keeping his head at a crisis, of watchfulness and firmness. It was his duty in life to be the man at the wheel during some of the most difficult moments in our diplomatic relations during the last half of last century, and his most remarkable qualities throughout were what Lord Newton calls his "almost superhuman power of silence," and "almost inhuman impartiality." There has never been any question that it was owing to his indefatigable industry and extreme discretion, as British Minister at Washington during the struggle between the North and South, that England escaped a war with the United States. "I am, I suppose," he wrote, "the only man in this country who has expressed no opinion on the situation in the last six weeks."

Invalided home, unable for a year or more to hold his head upright, he retired from the service, but before long was sufficiently recovered to accept the Embassy at Constantinople. There he was only left two years, but they were years that gave him most valuable insight into the Eastern question. From Constantinople, at the age of fifty, he went in 1867 to Paris, where he remained for twenty years. The history of the last days of Napoleon III, the Franco-Prussian war, the Commune and the first years of the Republic is admirably told by Lord Newton. The letters written by and to Lord Lyons during those days are of extraordinary interest, none more so than the brilliant appreciations of the political situation from Lord Ampthill. To anyone who knew Lord Lyons there are most humorous touches in the letters that give an account of his interviews with great officials, showing his peculiar power of being with men, liking and being liked by them, while he never gave what he took; always listening, gathering impressions, forming judgments in a silence that was too skilful to cause irritation. Sir Edward Blount used to tell the following characteristic anecdote, given in the appendix to Lord Newton's

Life of Lord Lyons

Life, of an interview between the famous correspondent of *The Times*, M. Blowitz, and the English Ambassador:

Sir Edward, waiting to see Lord Lyons at the Embassy, heard talking in the next room which lasted some time, and soon distinguished the voice of M. Blowitz. As soon as he was alone with Lord Lyons he said that he felt obliged to warn him that, if he had liked, he could have overheard his conversation with the journalist.

"You might," was the answer, "have overheard what was said by M. Blowitz, but you could not have heard anything said by me for the good reason that I said nothing at all."

As time passed Lord Lyons came to hold an almost unique position in the diplomatic service. The Cabinet on one occasion sent him their united opinion on an important question, but left with him the final decision as to action. He pointed out the unfortunate effect on the French newspapers of a passage in Lord Salisbury's Manchester speech, and he flatly disagreed in more than one letter with Lord Granville, who leant upon him to what must have been a trying degree.

In July, 1886, Lord Lyons received the crowning proof of the confidence he had inspired when Lord Salisbury invited him to become Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

"There is no one," he wrote, "possessing the experience and knowledge of Foreign Affairs which you have, and no one whose appointment would exercise so great a moral authority in Europe."

Lord Lyons was deeply gratified, but he refused the post in a letter in which he stated that he could no longer undertake new and laborious duties with any confidence that he could discharge them efficiently. That was in July, 1886, and he died in the first days of December in the following year.

It cannot be said that Lord Newton, while he gives the picture of a singularly devoted, upright and blameless life, penetrates the inner mind of the man he portrays, but it would seem even now a liberty if indeed it were a possibility to do so. Mrs Wilfrid Ward, in an appendix,

gives a sketch of her great uncle's private life which only deepens the impression of reserve. "He was," she concludes, "to those who knew him very much of an enigma, and it certainly would not have been his own wish that any great effort should be made to interpret his inner life to the world at large." F. V.

THE *Life of John Bright*, by G. M. Trevelyan (Constable & Co. 15s. net.) will appeal to every one at all interested in the political events of the nineteenth century. But the merit of the work is in our opinion marred by the too obvious partisanship of the biographer, and it lacks the judicial tone which makes Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone* so readable. Mr Trevelyan holds, as did Bright in his earlier days, that every misfortune which has befallen England for many generations has arisen from the existence of a Landed Aristocracy and of an Established Church, and that the destruction of the first and the emancipation of the Nation from the influence of the second would cure all the ills that afflict the people. In the last twenty years of his life, as his biographer rather reluctantly admits, Mr Bright a little relaxed his personal hostility to squires and parsons—indeed in 1881 he no longer considered it necessary to get rid of landlords in Ireland as the Land Act had done all that was required for the tenants, and at the date when Bright became a Cabinet Minister much of the dislike with which he was regarded by Society had softened—probably the result of better personal acquaintance on both sides. Besides the bitterest of the controversies in which he had engaged were then over. The Corn Laws had been long repealed, the Irish Church disestablished and the Franchise widely extended, while the death of Palmerston had ended the adventurous foreign policy which Bright had so heartily opposed, an opposition which had cost him his seat at Manchester and rendered him for a time one of the most unpopular men in England. On this subject his early views might have been brought out more clearly. John Bright was not really a "peace at any price" man.

But there is no doubt he was so regarded, as Kinglake points out, and this belief could only have arisen from his own speeches, as he held to no traditional policy and was bound by no Party allegiance. But he seems not to have understood a man having special sympathy with his own country as such; he did not think Savoy would be worse off under France, than as a part of Italy, and looked on Home Rule as sentimental if separated from material prosperity.

On another subject, too, erroneous ideas prevailed with regard to him. He had no leanings towards Republicanism, in this country at any rate. He, early in life, decided that a limited monarchy was best suited for England and he always held in respect the personal characters of the Queen and the Prince Consort. Unfortunately the gift which raised Bright to the position which he held is just the one which it is impossible to preserve in fullness for future generations—his commanding eloquence. The combination of voice, manner and language, which placed Bright from the very beginning of his public career in the forefront of English orators, can only be imagined at the present day. The House of Commons in 1845 differed far less from the House of Fox, Pitt, and Burke than the twentieth century house does from it. It still retained its classical quotations and its great literary allusions, and we think enough attention is not drawn to the standard of oratory existing among the men who listened with pleasure to a speaker whose opinions they detested. Bright had never studied oratory; he spoke in his own way, using the language he found in the Bible and the best English books which he had read for himself, his school education having ended at fifteen. Nor had he intentionally embarked on a political career. Had not his first wife died in 1838 and his brother not recovered from illness nearly fatal in 1843, Bright would probably have enjoyed a very local reputation, but once engaged on causes in which he passionately believed, he exerted his full powers for their accomplishment. He had also a great advantage over his opponents—free from the cares of office, he could

devote all the necessary time to the composition of a speech, and he was never called on to defend a policy or an administrative act about which he had any doubts.

Outside of politics his life was uneventful. Except with Cobden (a really intimate friend) and later on with Gladstone, his relations with other statesmen were only distant. Perhaps the most curious was the sympathy, not friendship, which for some years existed between him and Disraeli, till it was broken by the Debates on Irish Disestablishment.

Mr Trevelyan's work is very valuable, and he has, as usual, taken great pains to consult all possible authorities, but in our opinion his book would read better if most of the footnotes had been embodied in the text. L. F. G.

IN matters of Social Reform, as Lord Morley reminded the congress of historians at Oxford, very many years must elapse before conclusions based on undisputed premises can be carried into effect. It is seventy years since Hood wrote *The Song of the Shirt* yet the evil of sweating still exists, not through ignorance on the part of legislators and reformers of its causes, or of the measures which should be taken to stamp it out, but through the sheer impossibility of carrying out the reforms necessary for the purpose. Popular books on Social Science seldom take this fact into consideration, and by presenting easy solutions of the most difficult problems, tend to obscure rather than to elucidate the subject.

Monsignor Parkinson in *A Primer of Social Science* (P. S. King and Son. 2s. net) to a great extent avoids this difficulty by defining Social Science as "the systematic study of the social organism, or more fully the exact and orderly presentation of the facts and principles which constitute or control the activities of society with a view to social prosperity," and by thus confining himself to the general aspect of the question is not called upon to treat elaborately of suggestions for reform. At the same time he has realized that in Social Science practical details are of the first importance, and in spite

of his professed intention not to go beyond generalities, he sets out with ability and precision the concrete facts of social life to which his principles apply. We could have wished that he had gone further and that in the section on "Sweating" he had given a complete list of the occupations covered by the Trade Boards Act at the present time, and that in the section dealing with "Local Government," he had furnished an accurate summary of the system of local government which exists in England, instead of the mere catalogue of local bodies which figures in its place.

The arrangement of a Primer must necessarily be difficult, and Mgr Parkinson's adherence to principles involves him in considerable repetition. We read, for instance, at the first mention of National Insurance on page 245 that: "Man comes before the State. His rights are by nature prior to any public authority. He has himself determined the existence of civil society (to which nature's Author has granted authority) for his own advantage. This advantage is realized above all in the recognition, the express determination, and the safeguarding of his rights," and so on for a page, in order to provide a moral justification for compulsory insurance. But the argument is, of course, only the application to a particular case of principles already defined, and if it was necessary to treat the point afresh in connexion with this particular piece of State interference, it might have been done in a few lines by reference to the passage where the subject as a whole is dealt with.

However, the object of a book of this kind is to assist the inexpert, and certainly the information given on the various subjects under consideration in this small volume is singularly full. The discussions on rent, interest, wages, and kindred topics will be found particularly serviceable.

R. W.

IT is always peculiarly interesting to read even in fiction the story of the struggle for learning of a boy under the adverse conditions of extreme poverty and its

necessary consequence, perpetual hard work. Perhaps the most attractive pages of M. Tavernier's book on *Louis Veuillot* (Plon Nourrit. 3 frs.) are those which describe such a childhood and youth, where he is seen hunting among the bookstalls of Paris for cheap volumes, or studying at night after a day spent in clerk's work, extra copying and even the unloading of ships coming up the Seine, in order to add a little to the clerk's salary of 30 frs. a month. Any surplus snatched from the bare sum necessary for food and clothing was always spent on books. The family affection shown in Louis's love for his brother Eugène and later in his struggles to amass the *dot* for his two sisters round off the portrait of an enthusiastic and laborious youth. The devotion of the two brothers is best described by quoting from Louis's own words:—

J'avais cinq ans lorsque Dieu, songeant aux besoins futurs de ma vie et de mon âme, me donna un frère. La plus ancienne joie dont je me souviens fut de voir ce beau petit frère endormi dans son berceau. Dès qu'il put marcher, je devins son protecteur; dès qu'il put parler il me consola . . . Nous allions ensemble à l'école, nous revenions ensemble au logis; le matin je portais le panier, parce que nos provisions le rendaient plus lourd; c'était lui qui le portait le soir. Toujours nous faisions cause commune. . . .

Il fallut quitter l'école, et l'y laisser. J'allai travailler à gagner ma vie. Nous cessâmes, quelle douleur! de nous voir tous les jours. Mais le dimanche nous réunissait. . . . Un jour nous arrivâmes tous deux au rendez-vous dans le même moment, de bonne heure par le plus beau temps du monde. J'étais plein de mystére et de joie; une plénitude de contentement débordait dans ses regards, dans ses sourires, dans toute sa personne. Il apportait quinze sous et un saucisson; j'apportais deux pains de seigle et un billet de spectacle. O la merveilleuse journée! Et que l'on peut être heureux, bonté divine, à raison de sept sous et demi par tête.

Nous avons grandi, nous avons vieilli, nous tenant par la main et par le cœur. Présentement nous sommes en âge d'hommes, et grâce á Dieu, notre enfance n'a point cessé.

An immense advance on the position of clerk was that of sub-editor of a provincial paper, and with this step ended the actual struggle for a bare living, though, as he

later wrote to his brother, no increase of salary seemed really to make him any richer, for he never could imagine what became of it! A year later he was editor of another paper, *Le Memorial.* The conversion of an intimate friend, a visit with him to Rome and his own conversion followed. Of his struggles during its process he wrote touchingly to his brother:

> Quelle que soit, au surplus, l'issue de la lutte, je proteste d'avance contre la lâcheté qui me ferait succomber: si le mal triomphe, ce n'est pas que la religion ne soit point bonne; c'est que je suis trop mauvais, c'est que j'ai trop enervé mon cœur dans les miserables joies du monde et que ma faiblesse me condamne à rester dans le bourbier.

The opinion of an atheist friend for his brother's consolation was that he had *trop d'esprit pour garder de telles idées*, and that they would soon pass. They did not pass, however, and M. Veuillot went on the staff of the *Univers* and assisted M. de Montalembert in the struggle for free Catholic education.

These early days are much the most minutely described in this study of M. Veuillot which has been published to coincide with the celebration in honour of the centenary of his birth. It is not therefore an appropriate moment for reviving the acute controversies that separated him from many equally loyal French Catholics. Veuillot was a great fighter: single-eyed, indefatigable and incapable of seeing more than one side of a question. In England, at least, his writings are now hardly known and he was a type of a religious controversialist that does not appeal to English Catholics. But M. Tavernier's vivid and well-written book will revive a considerable interest in the story of the man himself, if it does not rouse any regrets that the methods of the fierce and brilliant controversialist have passed away from the journalists of to-day.

Q. R.

FRANCES LADY SHELLEY did not believe that her ideal of happiness was to be realized in this world, but she was true to her own resolution, " Occupons-nous de

ce que nous y trouvons." In reading the second volume of her *Diary* (1818–1873. Edited by Richard Edgcumbe. John Murray. 10s. 6d.) we feel that, even if her lot had been cast among ordinary people in an uneventful age, her freshness of outlook and vivid power of description would have rendered them interesting. And as she lived in one of the most absorbing periods of political England and knew and corresponded with the greatest men of the day, Lady Shelley's Diary is of unusual value as well as of great personal charm. She was attracted by remarkable men and by their interests and had at the same time the capacity for enjoying the smaller things of life. She was an enthusiast, but not a blind one, and she was inclined to a mild analysis of her own pleasures and interests. She thus quaintly reflects on the element of worldliness which entered even into her devotion to the Duke of Wellington:—

> A few evenings ago I went to Mrs Edward Bouverie's. The Duke of Wellington was there, and in high spirits. He talked to me almost the whole evening, a distinction not only great in itself, but also valuable, because it promotes the *agréments* of London life. It is a relief from dullness and it excites attention from others. Alas! poor human nature! that such despicable vanities should be able, even for one moment, to increase the sum of human happiness! but so it is.

Lady Shelley had the power of keen interest and appreciation, as the Diary is constantly showing. The descriptions of her intercourse with Sir Walter Scott, at that time the unknown author of the Waverley novels, is full of charm and humour, and fills some of the most attractive pages. But her devotion to the Duke of Wellington was inspired by hero-worship. "My awe of Wellington was very great," she once wrote; and, another time, "Mrs Arbuthnot used to laugh at my reverence for, and my shyness with, the Duke." Happily this reverence did not affect Lady Shelley's sense of humour, and we owe to her graphic description an amusing account of Wellington's recklessness during an afternoon's shooting.

Lady Shelley's Diary

If truth be told the hero of Waterloo was a very wild shot. After wounding a retriever early in the day, and, later on, peppering the keeper's gaiters, he inadvertently sprinkled the bare arms of an old woman who chanced to be washing clothes at her cottage window!

How Lady Shelley and the Duke between them soothed the startled old lady is charmingly told.

In some sad paragraphs towards the end of the volume Lady Shelley refers to the coolness that arose between herself and the Duke of Wellington, owing to what he considered her breach of confidence in regard to his letter on the National Defences. The Editor of the *Diary* gives a full and interesting account of this episode in Chapter XIV. Lady Shelley owns that she gave the Duke cause for great annoyance, though she was not so much to blame as he imagined. She seems to have forgiven his ruthless reference to "the meddling gossip of the ladies of modern times," and in a sense all ended well. But here her own words should be quoted:

As I look back upon this miserable time I realise that I was carried away by impulse. . . . I now thank God that before the Duke died he gave me back my peace of mind; and by a playful letter he restored me to the friendship which I so deeply valued. But those two years—during which time I neither saw nor heard from the Duke—made a gap in our friendship which could never again be filled. The threads of an intimacy once broken are not easily joined. Once more I heard the friendly voice, but it seemed to come from afar. Alas! when confidence has received a shock nothing can revive it!

The end of a long life is generally sad, its friendships and interests are so often severed by deaths. This was in some degree the case with Lady Shelley. But she was by temperament fitted to make the best of life, and as her earlier interests passed with those who had created them her attachment to her children and grandchildren increased. She ended peacefully a long and interesting life, and we who read her Diary to-day catch the glamour of the age she lived in, and owe her gratitude for what she has left to posterity. O.

Some Recent Books

THE Early Church in the Light of the Monuments. By Arthur Stapylton Barnes, M.A. (Longmans, Green and Co. 5s. net). This volume, the latest of the Westminster Series, is a handbook which will be of great service alike to the clerical student and to the missionary priest. Beginning with an interesting chapter on the value of the study of archæology, it proceeds to show in a popular but scholarly manner what we may learn from early Christian monuments. Their testimony naturally falls into three divisions, (1) the history of the Church, (2) the dogmas of the Church, (3) the buildings of the Church. Under each of these headings, Mgr Barnes says much which is well worth saying and does not seem to have been said clearly in existing Catholic text-books.

He shows that the first three centuries of the Christian era were by no means a time of continuous persecution. For long intervals the Christians enjoyed freedom, built churches, and openly professed their religion. They came from every class of society, were numerous and important, and owned some of the most valuable land around Rome. And even if Constantine had not admired the Christians, he would have been forced to give them freedom by their very numbers and importance. The Edict of Milan gave them freedom in A.D. 313, but it would be wrong to imagine that Christianity became from that date the religion of the Empire.

> The picture which we have to make for ourselves of the Rome of the fourth century is one of two great religions existing side by side in a more or less peaceful fashion. The older religion is still the religion of the aristocracy, and of a little more than half the people; and is still in undisputed possession of all the old treasures, temples, and monuments of its earlier greatness. The other and newer religion is the religion of the Emperor himself, and of the other half of the population, but not of very many of the upper classes. It has a few fine buildings and a great many churches scattered about the city; but in the main, and as compared to its rival, it is still a poor religion and almost without endowments. But it is constantly growing, and growing at the expense of paganism by conversions from its ranks. (p. 77.)

Incidentally the picture shows the difficulties felt by Constantine after the Edict of Toleration had been published. His colleague Licinius was a pagan, the aristocracy and official classes of Rome were pagan, Constantine himself was the pagan Pontifex Maximus, and the uncongenial atmosphere of old Rome may well have been a reason which helped to persuade him to found a new and Christian Rome in the East.

The second part of the book tells what the monuments teach about Christian dogmas. A particularly interesting example is the Stele of Abercius which was discovered by Professor Ramsay in Phrygia about thirty years ago and may now be seen at the Vatican. It is a valuable witness to Catholic teaching on the Holy Eucharist, the Unity of the Church, and the Primacy of the Pope; and though some writers have tried to read it in a non-Catholic manner their interpretations are neither convincing nor probable.

The history of church-building forms the third part of the book, and we see from it that churches developed in early Christian days very much as they do to-day in newly-founded missions. At first the Christians used a private room in a domestic house belonging to some wealthy member of the community. Then the whole house was acquired for Christian purposes, the bishop or priest lived in it, and used the largest and most suitable room as the chapel. The early idea of a church was thus a large oblong hall with a second and smaller oblong sanctuary separated from the great hall by an arch. And though the line of development was fixed to the basilica type by Constantine's gift of the Lateran palace with its great private basilica, yet where Roman influence was weak in the fourth and fifth centuries, as in Ireland or Britain, the square east end of the churches preserves the memory of the earliest type of Christian church derived from the conditions of the Roman house of the period.

The whole book is interesting as a revision and occasionally a correction of church history by the light of the

monuments, and the reader's pleasure is enhanced by the well-chosen illustrations, many of which appear in an English book for the first time. T. W.

THOSE who are familiar with Miss Sanders' *Angélique of Port Royal* will recognize in her study of St Vincent of Paul (*Vincent de Paul, Priest and Philanthropist*. By E. K. Sanders. Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 12s. 6d.) the same first-rate historical grasp of her subject, the same clear insight into the motives and driving passions of the period, and the same faithful and sympathetic analysis of the minds and natures she has to deal with. Her study covers, in one volume, without for one moment incurring the reproach of superficiality, the whole of the immense field of St Vincent's labour. The fifty-year-long preparation before his true vocation declared itself is not dwelt on at such length as is the case with some biographies, and his relations with Madame de Gondi and her family are only so far enlarged upon as to illuminate the origins of his first philanthropic organization, the Ladies of Charity. But that movement and each successive organization conceived by the philanthropic genius of St Vincent are dealt with in a comprehensive if concise manner. The account of the vocation of the mission priests and of their heartrending failures and heroic martyrdoms in Madagascar is particularly interesting. We have a very clear picture of the conflict of conditions at the time. The frivolity cloaked by intellectual brilliance of the Court and nobility, the terrible degradation of the peasantry, reduced to the condition of animals, the corruption of the priesthood on the one hand, and on the other the heroism called forth in both men and women by the inspiration of M. Vincent. Reaction against prevailing conditions was in the air. With us, to our lasting detriment, it took the form of Puritanism. In France it rallied to many leaders, Port Royal, Mme Guyon, Francis of Sales, and Vincent of Paul.

In M. Vincent (as Miss Sanders calls him throughout), the two shining virtues, the " fresh springs " of all his

activities and the foundation of all that he accomplished were just those two virtues that are the least understood and the most unfashionable in the world of to-day, humility and patience. In almost every case he allowed years to elapse between his first conception of a reform and the first steps towards carrying it out. However much the reform might be a crying need, without the clear knowledge that it was God's will that he, Vincent, should carry it out, he would not touch it. Speaking of his having made no attempt towards abolishing the conditions of slavery imposed upon the prisoners condemned to row the galley fleet, Miss Sanders says:

> To the onlooker his duty appears obvious. . ., but we must believe that he waited always for the call of God and that complete reliance (which we have seen sustaining him under responsibilities that were too great for human strength) withheld him from interference in disorders unless he was assured that interference was required of him by God. This position of absolute quiescence is of course difficult to reconcile with the theory of the pure philanthropist; it is not one that can be adopted lightly, for it assumes the long and diligent practice of prayer which safeguards the soul from self-deception. If M. Vincent's life was in any degree consistent, we must recognize that that which he left undone was so left as the result of prayer.

Miss Sanders faithfully records St Vincent's fierce opposition to Port Royal, his ill-received efforts to reason with Saint Cyran, his ardent remonstrances against the doctrine contained in Antoine Arnauld's *Livre de la Fréquente Communion*, an opposition which cost him fourteen of his company of mission priests who were infected by the Jansenist doctrines. But knowing her sympathies as we do, we are not surprised to find a small protest on her own account at the end of her admirable chapter on the subject:

> It is no small addition to the irony and tragedy of the fate of Port Royal that Vincent de Paul should have been numbered amongst the most implacable of their enemies. Perhaps he failed in insight in this, or blinded himself on principle. To him faith came simply and obedience was inevitable. If he had to contend

with doubts and questions in himself, he could not have served others in the manner God required of him. He saw the few bringing injury to the many, the gifted minority threatening the ignorant masses; and because he was the friend and defender of the ignorant, it was not his part to dwell on the motives of those who harmed them.

We are left a little in doubt after reading this passage whether Miss Sanders actually condemns St Vincent's attitude or recognizes the truth that the "few" were indeed "bringing injury to the many." It is a little typical of her whole method. She is the most faithful of recorders, she sifts her evidence so industriously that much that St Vincent has had the credit for hitherto has been pointed out by her to be the work of others; her analysis of Vincent's motives is often full of insight and there is a satisfactory absence of "gush" in her appreciation of the saint. But the effect is undoubtedly cold. We have St Vincent clearly drawn in relation to his fellow creatures. She has hardly attempted, except in one or two passages, notably the one quoted above, to draw him in relation to God. His inner life, his insistence upon prayer, she explains now and then, but does not illustrate. The book is therefore an historical record of a great philanthropist; it is not a "Life of a Saint" to be used for "spiritual reading."

Apropos of the extract quoted above, Miss Sanders altogether ignores a favourite story with former biographers of St Vincent—that of his taking upon himself, at his own prayer, the unbelief of another, and enduring it patiently for two years. She also relegates to mythical regions the noble tale of the saint's taking the place of the galley-slave in the hulks. Whilst we bow to Miss Sanders' historical accuracy, we confess to a sense of chill at the destruction of our pious beliefs.

One thing is clear throughout. However much we may be told that St Vincent was the pioneer of modern philanthropy, we realize that his aim and outlook was very far removed from that of the modern social reformer. His only aim was to save souls, not to tidy up the world by putting men and women into pigeon-holes. C. B.

History of the Popes

HISTORY of The Popes, by Dr L. Pastor. Edited by Fr Ralph Kerr. Vols XI and XII (Kegan Paul. 12s. net each). These two volumes deal with the pontificate of Alessandro Farnese, Pope Paul III (1534–49). The great question of the time was that of reform, and Paul III, though blameable in many matters, was at least determined to secure reform of the Church. He removed many abuses, and began at the top by giving the cardinal's hat to men of distinction; and though he sometimes allowed his choice to be guided by political and personal considerations, the greater number of the cardinals created by him were men worthy of the honour. The names of B. John Fisher, Contarini, Reginald Pole, and those of Paul III's four immediate successors on the papal throne, all created cardinals in this reign, are sufficient to show that the Pope was led by higher motives than his Medici predecessors had been.

The principal obstacles in the way of reform were provided by the two great Catholic Sovereigns of the day, the Emperor, Charles V, and Francis I, King of France. A Pope could do little until these two made peace, and Paul's great aim in life was to avoid any quarrel with Charles or with Francis and so to secure peace for the Church while keeping the papacy as far as possible independent of both Sovereigns. He had been a successful diplomatist for many years before he became Pope, and had accomplished the difficult task of keeping on good terms with the Popes as well as with the secular princes. But he needed all his diplomatic skill to preserve a neutral attitude when he himself mounted the papal throne. Charles V had his own difficulties with his Protestant subjects in Germany, and to conciliate them was inclined to listen to their suggestions of a national conference rather than to the Pope's desire of a General Council. Francis I even allied himself with the Turks against Charles, and the French envoys at Rome turned to their own advantage any misunderstanding between Pope and Emperor which could be made to cause dissension. These were not ideal conditions for holding a General Council of the Church, and Paul III was not strong or

saintly enough to defy the princes, but relied on his diplomacy to induce them to come to terms. When the two Sovereigns went to war with each other, and the Turks at the same time invaded Italy, Paul did not dare to excommunicate Francis for allying himself with the infidels because he feared that Francis would apostatize and help the Turks to attack Rome. In 1538, however, the Pope arranged an armistice between Charles and Francis and though this did not avail much to resist the Turks, it made the holding of a Council more feasible.

But German affairs caused more delay. Charles hoped to settle the religious discords of the country by holding a national conference on religion. He did not realize how great a mistake it was to hold a public assembly in which laymen would discuss and pass judgment on matters of belief, and bargain with their opponents on questions of dogma. Reluctantly the Pope sent a legate to the conference but the result was a complete failure; the Protestants refused Charles's offer of toleration, and reunion was as far off as before. Incidentally we learn from the account of this conference what views Contarini and Pole held on justification. It is not true, though some have asserted it, that they held the Lutheran doctrine. They were lenient towards Protestants and they were indiscreet; they believed that the best way to win heretics back to the Church was to treat them charitably and gently; and Contarini was not sufficiently acquainted with Luther's writings to realize how serious was his error. But Contarini's views on justification were fundamentally different from Luther's teaching; he humbly obeyed the Holy See in everything, and the formula which he suggested was capable of a Catholic interpretation.

War between Charles and Francis in 1542 again delayed the Council and the way only became clear after the peace of Crespy in September, 1544. Even then Charles tried to postpone it till he had attempted to crush the Protestants by force, and when he had consented to its opening he expressed a wish that the Protestant heresy should

not be discussed. Finally the Council opened at Trent on December 13, 1545.

The first few sessions were most successful. But Trent was under Imperial influence, and fear both of this and of a pestilence which broke out in 1546 made the Fathers remove their meeting to Bologna. Charles was furiously angry, and whatever friendship there had been between him and the Pope came to an end when the imperialist viceroy, Ferrante Gonzaga, murdered the Pope's son, Pier Luigi Farnese, in 1547. Diplomacy fails here, and it is clear that we have arrived at a period when sterner and stronger men than Paul III are needed to reform the Church.

His reign is one of transition from the Renaissance with its art, literature, diplomacy and paganism to the Counter-Reformation with its definitions of dogma, new religious orders, and measures of repression. Paul III began life as a child of the Renaissance and shared in some of its good and its bad points. He was a great patron of letters and art, he had illegitimate children, and he used his position in the Church to bestow favours on his relatives. But he differed from his two Medici predecessors in that he removed abuses in the Church, created good cardinals, stopped the spread of heresy, and encouraged the new orders. He was not a saint nor was he a strong ruler, but he gave promise of the great Catholic Reformation which was so soon to come.

All this and much more may be learnt from these volumes. One cannot write of any work of Dr Pastor without paying tribute to the author's marvellous patience and industry. He has searched archives and libraries, and a lengthy appendix, at the end of each volume, of documents hitherto unpublished shows in a slight degree what a debt we owe to the learned author. The result of Dr Pastor's labours will be a monumental work for which all students will be grateful, and a storehouse of reliable information from which writers may profitably draw for the benefit of those who read their Church history from smaller textbooks. T. W.

Some Recent Books

THE Student's Handbook to the Study of the New Testament: The Gospels: Jesus Christ, by Augustin Brassac, S.S., translated by Joseph L. Weidenhan, S.T.L. (B. Herder & Co., London and Freiburg. xvii and 595 pp. 8vo. Price 10s. 6d. net). There can be no doubt of the need for some such book as this. It is not altogether to the credit of English and American Catholic scholarship that no really satisfactory "Introduction" to the New Testament exists in English. It seemed to Fr Weidenhan best under these circumstances to translate from Fr Brassac's German work, and the present volume is the result of his determination.

There is a great deal of good and solid work in the book. It is written, naturally, from a somewhat conservative point of view, but it contains useful discussions on all the critical points involved, is a mine of information on everything which can elucidate the text of the Gospels and has full bibliographical notes for the assistance of those who wish to go more deeply into any question. As a textbook and foundation for Scripture lectures in seminaries, it is sure to be very useful, but its form is so definitely that of a textbook that it will scarcely appeal to the general reader. To us, too, it seems that it would have been better to keep the subject of "Introduction" to itself, and not to treat it in conjunction with a continuous commentary on the text of the Gospels. Such a volume could be much smaller and would appeal to a wider audience.

A. B.

A CHRONICLE OF RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS

IN 1902 Professor Külpe, who has recently been appointed to the chair of Psychology at Munich, published an admirable survey of contemporary philosophy in Germany. It appeared in the series *Aus Natur und Geisteswelt*—the German forerunner of our Home University Library—and quickly ran into many editions. It has now been translated into English as *The Philosophy of the Present in Germany*, by Maud L. and G. T. W. Patrick (vii + 251; 3*s*. 6*d*. Allen: 1913). The name of the author is a high recommendation, and the subject-matter is treated with great ease and incisiveness.

Recent Philosophical Works

In his introductory remarks, Professor Külpe traces the gradual decay of interest in philosophy, looking back wistfully to the days when a new philosophy was an event in the world's history. Himself a scientist—he is one of the leaders of experimental Psychology—he sees the necessity of some unification of all knowledge, of some system of philosophy that shall grasp all the facts of life and experience in one synthesis. On the other hand, he sees that contemporary philosophy " has descended to the lower region of investigation in the special sciences, and renounces altogether the development of a comprehensive theory of the Universe and of Life." Writing of Haeckel and Nietzsche he says, " the happy methods of expression which make strenuous thought unnecessary, the dazzling fancies, the witty paradoxes . . . and finally the close connexion with scientific knowledge and hypotheses—these are the factors which nowadays give a philosopher access to the reading public. Philosophy is now rather a recreation than a serious pursuit," and elsewhere Professor Külpe speaks of the present as a " pathological interlude." It may be observed in passing that he himself is probably doing more than any man to suppress this anarchy in the " modern " schools, by his monumental work on the problem of reality.

In the corpus of the volume we have a brief description of the four main schools which divide the philosophers of Germany, and, for that matter, the world, viz., Positivism, Materialism, Naturalism (which the author considers in the works of Nietzsche and dismisses with happy brevity) and Idealism. Each school is considered in a few of its leading German representatives, and to each is added a short critique, which is by far the most important feature of the book. It ought, however, to be noticed that Professor Külpe restricts the term Idealism to those philosophies which have endeavoured to solve the problem of objective reality. Thus his typical Idealists are men like Leibniz, Lotze and Wundt, while the Neo-Kantians are given a place in " the circle of *Positive* theories." The point is noteworthy, more especially as reasons are given.

The whole is a very illuminatory piece of constructive criticism which will be read in this smooth and easy translation by many who perhaps had not the inclination to face the original German. One of Professor Külpe's concluding remarks will serve to show his outlook and his plea for a sober inductive metaphysic. " The gate of metaphysics," he writes, " does not open to him who seeks to surprise his garrison by ' insight,' ' intellectual intuition ' or other mysticism . . . a philosophy will only give away to a philosophy."

We sometimes wonder how people write reviews of an encyclopædia or of any more weighty volume which embodies the result of many years' study. Even granted clearness of thought and expression on the part of the author, and the requisite good-will and ability on the part of the reader, it is quite impossible to " live " years of thought in hours or even days. How could one review a volume of the *Summa*, or, let us say, the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft?*

These thoughts occur to us with more than usual insistence as we take up Dr Ziehen's *Erkenntnistheorie auf psychophysiologischer und physika-*

lischer Grundlage (vi + 570; large royal 8vo: 18*s*. Fischer. Jena). It represents the product of many years' reflection and the patient collection of all facts which treat of the limitations and nature of sensible knowledge and its complexes. It may be observed at once that the author gives, as he himself recognizes, a somewhat unusual meaning to the term "theory of knowledge." By "knowledge" he means the development of coherent presentations (he does not say of what, and certainly does not mean of "reality"), and by the "theory of knowledge" he understands just the group of general laws which govern this development. He will hear nothing of a "theory of certitude," or criteria of truth. In fact the whole trend of his thought is against even the bare possibility of such a theory, and many pages of argument, at the end of the volume, are meant to prove that no theory of certitude can or does exist. On page 491, he quotes the well-known words of the Hegelian encyclopædia, which have found an echo in so many schools, that knowledge can only be tested by knowledge. It follows at once, say these philosophers, that the theory of knowledge—the theory of criteria, certitude and truth—is only a special type of knowledge, which itself stands in urgent need of criticism and justification. The device is obvious: we stand facing the awful prospect of an infinite series of theories of knowledge! Like so many other criticisms of a similar kind, the above is only a compound of certain truisms and misconceptions. We may say a word about it later.

In his concluding remarks the author says with delightful frankness that "it is very difficult to give a name to this theory of knowledge," more especially as all the ordinary labels have grown equivocal owing to misuse. He, however, finds affinities between his own thought and that of the Sceptics, the Positivists, the Immanent Idealists (who will not tolerate any reference to an extra-mental reality), and lastly to the Sensist school. We ourselves think that the French word "psychologisme" meets his case admirably, and the fact that he considers "the fall of a stone as truly psychological an event as the wrath of Achilles" only goes to confirm the suggestion.

It would be quite impossible to give any idea in a few words of the intended thoroughness of the inquiry. Many new words are coined—"gignomene," "koinaden," etc.—in order that the thought may be freed from erroneous associations; while, owing to the frequent use of algebraical symbols and Greek letters, whole pages assume the appearance of a mathematical textbook. Moreover, whenever a word like "form" slips from his pen, Dr Ziehen hastens to add a footnote, showing that it has nothing to do, say, with the Kantian conception. In fact, his footnotes are—not unlike Mr Bradley's, of which Professor James used to complain—very positive and rather truculent. Whole schools are suppressed with a stroke of the pen, and one has the impression that the author would spare no one who came into conflict with his "idées claires et distinctes."

The first two "books" are given up to the consideration of the development of every typical sensation and feeling, of their complexes, of all classifying "conceptions" of each of the "categories" familiar to the

student of Kant's work, of all supposed principles, and of all the main theories which have sought to interpret psychological phenomena, or their relation to the world of "things." Thus the work is more like an encyclopædia in which epistemology, psychology and metaphysics are all seen from the standpoint of the author's "psychologisme."

In the third and last "book" he considers the *a priori* nature of Kant's Kritik—the "first relatively undogmatic philosophy," and proceeds to show how the demands of real criticism can never be met by any soi-disant critical theory of knowledge. Criticism of knowledge is impossible: certainty is only a will-o-the wisp: as soon as may be, we had better grow accustomed to the twilight and to thinking in terms of probability.

We do not profess to give a judgment of value of the whole—as we said, how judge an encyclopædia?—but we feel that much of the work and particularly the third part, has been vitiated by a misconception of the ideal of the epistemologist. The author seems to think that in order to establish such a theory, in the ordinary sense, we ought to be able, first, to note our conceptions; secondly, to leave our minds and somehow to get *into* the nature of things; and, lastly, to wander back to our minds in order to compare our first and second experiences and to rectify errors. This is an old idea which has haunted many a philosopher, who has forgotten to notice that a mere picture or image—in itself utterly indefensible—had taken possession of his mind. It is just one of those instances which go to show that imagery, however glorious in poetry and literature, may be styled the foster-mother of illusions in philosophy.

For the rest we are convinced that every serious student of epistemology ought to grapple with this work, as even a record of his disagreements with the author might provide material for a very interesting construction.

Early in 1912, "l'Institut supérieur de Philosophie," usually known as Cardinal Mercier's Institute, founded a new Jahrbuch—"*les Annales*" for the publication of longer articles and memoranda on philosophical questions. Before us lies the second volume for 1913 (royal 8vo: pp. 688: 10 frs. Institut. Louvain), which, well up to the standard of its predecessor, contains a number of valuable contributions. Professor Defourny discusses the method of the social sciences, and Dr Aveling gives an interesting paper, offering experimental confirmation of the theory of cognitive processes which he developed in his *Consciousness of the Universal*. There are two excellent monographs on pædagogics by Dr de Hovre, and Father Gillet, O.P., and an article by Professor Michotte on "logical memory" which ought to be studied by all who take an interest in psychology. It forms the natural continuation of his article published in the *Annales* for 1912, and both, together with many other studies, are, we trust, going to form a standard work on memory. We do not propose to give a *résumé*, as the memorandum is as concise as the subject-matter will allow.

But in addition to these we desire particularly to call attention to two other contributions by Dr Lambrecht and Professor Noël.

Dr Lambrecht has undertaken in a space of rather less than 100 pages to sketch the history of the Völkerpsychologie," which is playing such

an important part in modern German psychology. Before proceeding to his analysis, which is done with a French clearness and a legal precision, he takes us back to the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and shows the gradual reinforcement of the idea of nationality. He indicates how, with the triumph of the historical sense over the "worship of abstractions," men became convinced that a people has its own history, its own institutions, its laws, its mentality, its language, its customs: "bref, il a un esprit propre, c'est l'esprit collectif où le Volksgeist." There follows an analysis of von Humboldt's work, of his general theory, and of his conception of the Volksgeist as a living reality, which inspired much of the psychology of Steinthal and Lazarus in their famous *Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychologie*. Their guiding principles and ideas are, in turn, treated with some fullness and the whole is synopsized in a few leading theses. We pass finally to consider the amazing work performed by Wundt in the five volumes of his *Völkerpsychologie*. It will be remembered that Wundt started and carried through a long series of experiments in nearly every domain of empirical psychology. Face to face with the higher processes of thought and will, he concluded that they were altogether too complex and elusive to fall within the "prise" of experimental observation. He therefore turned to his psychology of peoples in order to trace the genesis and growth of our stock of ideas, which are communal rather than individual property. What could never be found in a laboratory could be discovered in archives, and so, faithful to his inductive method, he has piled fact upon fact in his "research-work on the laws governing the development of speech, myth and custom," or Völkerpsychologie. Dr Lambrecht considers the gigantic nature of the task, its promise and its weaknesses. As the snares, the difficulties in the principles that should govern such an nquiry, and his occasional grave mistakes in linguistic and ethnological facts have already been indicated by others, he contents himself rather with suggesting that Wundt's condemnation of laboratory-work on the higher processes was a mistake—there is now a whole literature of experimental work on thought and will—and, for the rest, suspends judgment, as a wise man may, wondering what will come of so vast an inquiry.

> Can it last this gleam?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Or is it another dream
> Like the rest we have dreamed so long?

The whole article strikes us as a very careful piece of analysis, which is rendered more than ordinarily useful by a series of well-balanced judgments and criticisms. Moreover to those of us who see the part that sociology is going to play in the next generation, the study cannot possibly seem one of mere book-learning, or ordinary psychological interest. It is a matter of vital importance to philosophy, as well as to ethics and religion.

Recent Philosophical Works

We have, unfortunately, little space to consider Professor Noël's article on the " problem " of knowledge, which he very modestly styles a " note." No one can doubt that this problem is one of unusual interest, especially to those who are convinced that a system of philosophy—that is to say, the co-ordination of all the facts of our experiences by means of a few far-reaching principles—is possible. Nor can we deny that the problem has in the past often enough been treated with surprising désinvolture. Professor Noël's " note " is therefore doubly interesting, as it grasps the whole difficulty with exemplary frankness, and then proceeds to give an outline of a possible solution which is built up of elements taken from the works of St Thomas. For the collection of references alone, we should be grateful; but we like to think also that the author has in this short article given us the preface to a work of lasting value on the theory of knowledge. Much has been done by Cardinal Mercier, by P. Gény of the Gregorian and by M. Rousselot, but we feel that there is a certain freshness in M. Noël's outlook which might give quite unusual importance to such a work. May we suggest—with all the diffidence of an old pupil—that the contribution would gain in every way if the somewhat historical treatment were to give way to a more thesis-like philosophical tone. The theses and philosophy are there, but they sometimes seem to grow pale and historical. These words, then, will serve to recommend " *les Annales* " very warmly. They form a very handsome, well-printed volume, which, for its attention to matters of permanent interest, seen in the light of contemporary thought, deserves a place in every serious collection of philosophic works.

Students of the works of St Thomas are already deeply indebted to Father Mandonnet, O.P., Professor at Freiburg, in Switzerland, whose little work " *les écrits authentiques de St Thomas d'Aquin*," as well as his study of " *Siger de Brabant*," have carried his name wherever mediæval thought is systematically studied. He now presents us with a new study entitled " *les premiers travaux de polémique Thomiste*," published as a tiré-a-part from the *Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques* (Kain, Belgium). It is by its nature an article which will principally appeal to the few who study the eddies and currents of mediæval thought, though its conclusion ought to be noted by all who handle the works of St Thomas, either for study or reference. The bulk of the work is taken up with a clear though necessarily summary account of the various Defensoria, Correctoria, and, more important still, Concordantiæ, which were written between the death of St Thomas (1274) and the middle of the fourteenth century. The historian will rejoice in the ample reference, and general documentation.

The " Defensoria " are particularly interesting as they show which were the most combated theses of the day, and help us to gauge how far the men who defended the great Dominican really understood the kernel of his philosophy. Father Mandonnet suggests that " la révolution operée par S. Thomas d'Aquin était à la fois si vaste, si profonde, et si rapide," that most of the brigadiers in the ensuing struggle allowed some of his most essential and characteristic thought to pass in silence. He adds:

"il en est d'ailleurs de même des temps posterieurs et des nôtres"—a plea, surely, for the revision of older impressions.

The numerous Concordantiæ naturally put us in possession of the list of questions on which the voluminous works of St Thomas yield divergence of opinion or contradiction. In summing up, the author suggests the following canons, which ought to be noted by all.

1. Keep a constant eye on the place of any work in the general chronology.

2. Be extremely guarded in quoting from the Commentary on the Sentences (1253–1255) and wary in the use of the Summa contra Gentiles (1259–1264).

3. *Never by any chance endeavour to choose between conflicting opinions, or to harmonize them according to St Thomas' or any other general principles.*

4. Choose that opinion which is found in the philosopher's latest and most mature work.

It is surely not always an easy task to find out St Thomas' thought, or to write "ad mentem Sancti Thomæ"– a task which some perform with extraordinary lightness of heart. We are indebted, therefore, to Father Mandonnet for his able and lucid reinforcement of several maxims which tend to fade from memory in the heat of discussion or in the defence of some cherished proposition for which we seek St Thomas' moral and intellectual support.

One of the most remarkable books published within the last few months is undoubtedly M. Auguste Mansion's "*Introduction à la Physique Aristotélicienne* (pp. 266; Institut Superieur: Louvain. 5 frs.) It forms the second volume of the Louvain series of Aristotelean texts and studies, following upon M. Colle's translation of part of the Metaphysics. It is in every sense an admirable study written in a clear and decided style, showing a first-hand acquaintance with all the great commentators on Aristotle from his own day to our own. The matter, which is extraordinarily complex, has been deftly arranged, and the documentation is sufficient to satisfy the most ardent student who longs to verify references.

M. Mansion has endeavoured to delimit, as accurately as possible, the precise object of the Physics. It is a treatise on nature, dealing with the primal causes of nature, and of every natural movement or change, whether it be qualitative, such as the change in autumn leaves, quantitative, such as growth in size, or merely local displacement. Thus the Physics occupies the first place in a long series of special scientific monographs, being a general philosophic treatment of the principles, as well as an introduction to all the subsequent Aristotelean studies. It is hard to imagine a wider field of investigation, seeing that Aristotle's natural beings comprised all beings capable of undergoing change—a fact which is brought vividly before our minds when we recall that the *de Anima*, in which we have his Stagirite's psychology, is a sub-section of the Physics. There are, however, two classes of moving beings which he excluded from his purview in the Physics, viz., those composite beings which have been artifically produced by men, and those other beings, such as monstrosities, which form an exception to the normal course of things.

Recent Philosophical Works

After stating his object and giving a general survey of his chief sources, M. Mansion proceeds to a discussion of the principles, that is to say, to an analysis, of the first book of the Physics The volume, which is full of good things, contains no finer piece of critical, analytic work.

Passing over several passages of importance, we come to the sixth chapter on " the causality and activity of nature," in which the author treats of the Aristotelean " nature," as an efficient cause, as compounded of matter and form, and lastly as principle of finality. Probably this chapter will prove most interesting to the philosophic reader. It particularly merits the perusal of those who have a spontaneous tendency to link together the names of Aristotle and St Thomas in treating of hylomorphism. In the third section M. Mansion gives what must be considered the pure Aristotelean theory of finality. Despite all the difficulties of reconciling the philosopher's own words, which the author has faced with considerable candour, he has been able to show that . . . " le sens de la thèse finaliste s'en trouve, singulièrement réduit: elle revient à dire que *l'activité naturelle* des corps, à savoir celle qui presente une certaine constance, *est réglée surtout par leur caracteres internes et non point par les chocs de l'ambiance externe.*" And the next remark is noteworthy. " Ceci nous mène assez loin de cet anthropomorphisme qu'on décore parfois du nom de théorie téléologique." Those who are anxious nowadays to defend the doctrine of teleology against its adversaries, would do well to bear in mind that their theory need have nothing whatever to do with " a pull from the future "—a phrase which betrays an alarming confusion between efficient and final causes. The theory may be briefly stated: " ἡ φύσις τέλος ἐστιν."

We have found the study one of sustained interest, and if the author has not always the gift of captivating our good-will, he at least makes a very forceful appeal to our understanding, and to our critical faculties. It deserves in every sense a warm welcome, especially from those who follow the Aristotelean principles in Neo-Scholasticism.

A short time ago the now famous Kösel library added a little volume on *Thomas von Aquin* (pp. 168; S. Kösel), by Professor Martin Grabmann, of the University of Vienna, who has still more recently given us a statement of the value of mediæval research work. Frankly, we cannot help envying people abroad their admirable books on St Thomas, when we think of Endres' interesting volume in " Die Weltgeschichte in Characterbildern " series, and especially of Sertillange's powerful synthesis in M. Piat's collection, " les grands philosophes." Though Dr Grabmann's shorter work does not compete with these more important volumes, it gives a very thoughtful and condensed account of the life, the struggles, and some main aspects of the teaching of St Thomas. Moreover it supplies a vivid little chapter on the history of the system " das Ringen der thomistischen Lehre," which was necessarily omitted from Sertillange's more ontological work. In summarizing what he considers to be the outstanding features of St Thomas' craftsmanship, the author singles out, first, the methodical and logical character of the work, which makes his Summa, for

instance, a piece of architecture of rare symmetry, in which every subdivision of every article plays its own essential part. This—one of St Thomas' great merits—is sometimes forgotten by those who treat the Summa as a book of reference rather than as a concise statement of one coherent system. The thing that puzzles us still is the mind of the author who could conceive and in large part execute so vast a plan.

As a second feature, Dr Grabmann stresses the mediæval doctor's assimilation of all the scientific, philosophic and theological thought of his predecessors. He speaks of St Thomas' fine historical sense, of his research-study—" zusammenhängende Quellen-Studien " is the phrase which almost takes us into the archives of modern Germany—and of his loyal though independent judgment of his predecessors' work.

As the third and last " differentia," we hear naturally of the deep aspiration to know God, which lies at the heart of all his philosophic and theological work. He was never happy unless he could connect every principle and fact of observation, as well as every truth of his religion, with the nature and activity of God. Very few philosophers have endeavoured so persistently to explain all things in terms not only of their Ultimate but also of their First Cause.

These are just a few of the ideas which form the central theme of one chapter, and certainly the rest of the book is equally good. Moreover, Dr Grabmann has interpreted the Thomistic system with singular felicity in a modern tongue, which differs so widely in its construction and in its genius from the Latin.

In conclusion, we may call attention to his classified and dated list of St Thomas' writings. If we are to adopt Father Mandonnet's canon—of quoting the last and most mature work instead of setting up artificial reconciliations between contradictory texts—it is clear that some such list should be constantly in the hands of interpreters and professors.

In fact, this neat little volume, which costs one mark, is an admirable guide-book.

In logic, we may single out two works of importance, *The Encyclopædia of the Philosophic Sciences, Part I, Logic* (pp. vii + 270. 7*s*. 6*d*. Macmillan), and a little monograph by Dr Hans Driesch, entitled *Die Logik als Aufgabe* (vi + 100. 2*s*. 3*d*. Mohr [Siebeck] (Tübingen). We shall return to the Encyclopædia in our next chronicle.

In *Die Logik als Aufgabe*, Dr Driesch, Professor at Heidelberg, gives us a very keen and ingenious study which (may it be said without arrière-pensée?) is more than ordinarily clear for a work in German. Logic is taken in its widest sense as the science of orderly thinking, as, in fact, a branch of the Ordnungslehre in which the author has specialized. He proceeds to give a concise summary of the recent experimental work on thought-processes, emphasizing, in particular, Ach's theory of " determining tendencies," which has illuminated whole tracts of Psychology, and the doctrine of the Aufgabe or task. He then connects the two parts of his essay together by showing that the desire to think systematically or logically is an Aufgabe which works in the mind of the logician after the

manner of a determining tendency. The general thesis is supported by a number of subordinate ideas which will be found interesting and suggestive, particularly to students of Experimental Psychology.

The question of the precise relation of Dante to St Thomas is one which has long been of interest to students of the history of philosophy. Mr Philip H. Wicksteed recently set himself the task of summarizing the evidence on the subject in his Jowett lectures at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, and has now given us the result of his inquiries in a very attractive little volume (*Dante and Aquinas*, pp. ix + 270; 6*s*. Dent). He tells us in the introduction that his purpose has been to indicate the special significance of Dante's work "by helping to throw out its distinctive features against the background of the accepted and authoritative exposition of the received philosophy and theology of the time." And the author is emphatically justified in hoping that his sketch of mediæval philosophy will be of interest for its own sake especially to those "who seek a disinterested and popular treatment of the subject, free from all propagandist or polemical intention."

The scheme of the volume is very simple. In the first three chapters we glance rapidly at the Greek antecedents of mediæval thought before facing "the migrations of Aristotle and the transformations of Aristoteleanism" or mediæval philosophy itself. These chapters are distinctly good, though we think Mr Wicksteed would have done well if he had based his reflections more on a work like de Wulf's *Histoire de la philosophie mediévale*, which covers the whole ground with more than ordinary precision. However, the story is told in a spirited and interesting manner. Then follows a long chapter on St Thomas in which we hear something of the man, and of his leading ideas on the relation of philosophy to revelation, and in which the author pays a very noble tribute to his intellectual keenness, his compact and forceful expressions, and his "unflinching honesty" in stating, as powerfully as may be, every real objection to his theses. We pass to a chapter on "Dante and Aquinas," and then to a series of studies on the doctrine of the soul, and of Hell, Purgatory and Heaven. A number of extracts are appended to the more important chapters.

On the general question of the relation of Dante to St Thomas, Mr Wicksteed concludes, after reviewing the question, that Dante had a direct acquaintance with the Contra Gentiles, but he adds, "how far the acquaintance went, it would be difficult to say." "Nor," he continues, a little further, "is it easy to be sure how far Dante mastered the larger and more celebrated Summa Theologica, at any period of his life." He suggests, therefore, that it is safer to use the Summae, not as the sources, but as admirable and lucid commentaries on Dante's leading conceptions in philosophy and theology.

The judgments are, however, not always equally felicitous. We hear, for instance, that Dante accepted Christian dogma without question "however grievous a strain it put upon his conscience or his affections"—a phrase which rings false, as it loses touch with the mentality and soul of the

Middle Ages. Then, too, his treatment of St Thomas' doctrine of freedom of the will, which, he says, is analysed away into determinism, strikes us as unconvincing and untrue, despite the presentation of texts; while his contrast between the philosopher and the poet on the subject of Hell, appears to us somewhat artificial. What he regards as the Dantean conception, that souls are, by Divine Justice, given what they *chose*, rather than they *deserve*, in Hell, will be found, of course, in the fourth book of the Contra Gentiles. The title of the ninety-third chapter, "quod animae malorum habent post mortem voluntatem immutabilem in malo," seems to tell its own story. Naturally St Thomas in developing the subject of Hell in all its aspects gave a much fuller treatment than Dante. For the rest the differences may be explained adequately in terms of the modes of presentation that are proper to philosophy and poetry. But, in saying this we find ourselves well within the theologian's sphere of influence, whither we cannot follow the author in his summary.

We may conclude with a word of high commendation. The author has spared himself no pains in the difficult work of appreciating the general outlook and the controlling ideas of the mediæval world. To understand them fully, however, there is required not only a close and intimate study of philosophers and poets, but also a tradition, that shall give to every thought and belief its appropriate setting. The author of *Dante and Aquinas* is, we take it, a stranger to that tradition.

If there had been time, we should have liked to call attention to several other works; to Cardinal Mercier's presidential address to the Royal Academy of Belgium, entitled *Vers l'unité* (published in the *Revue Néo-Scolastique* for August, 1913), in which he shows by an appeal to many authors of very different tendency that philosophy ought to include not only speculative principles, but also the facts of the moral order, in order to grasp the whole content of the human consciousness; to Mgr Deploige's discourse at the Semaine sociale de France, entitled *l'idée de responsabilité dans la Sociologie Contemporaine*, which gives a wonderful synopsis of M. Dürkheim's principles and their consequences; and to the September issue of the *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Philosophie des Mittelalters*, which is in every sense a special number to commemorate the sixtieth birthday of the veteran Professor Bäumker. Then, too, we should have liked to say a word about the eighth edition of Reinstadler's *Elementa Philosophia*, which is, in our opinion, the best of the Latin textbooks; and to call attention to the first volume of the *Historia Philosophiæ*, by P. Ramirius Marcone, O.S.B., which contains some remarkably good summaries and criticisms. And there are a number of other important books and articles over which we must regretfully pass in silence.

JOHN G. VANCE

A VISIT TO AMERICA

"THINGS seen are mightier than things heard," writes Tennyson, and this saying is my justification for acceding to the request that I should write down some of the impressions made on me by my recent visit to America.

I shall endeavour to convey to others impressions which were fresh and interesting to myself, and which will, therefore, probably be so to many of my readers. But I must not be supposed to forget that ideas gained in the course of a short visit are often superficial and inaccurate. I can do little more than touch upon various features of interest in the country which arrested my attention, and those for whom they open up interesting problems can easily pursue them further. My excuse to American readers for writing down in pages which they may read my own hasty impressions of matters with which they are so much more intimately acquainted is that I am responding to the question they so often put to a visitor, "What do you think of our country?"

My recent lecture tour in America was undertaken at the invitation of the American Catholic Historical Society, the headquarters of which are at Philadelphia. I was in some hesitation as to whether the offer I received for a single lecture—generous though it was—justified my going so far. Further lectures were, indeed, certain to follow, but I was not sure that they would be numerous. I consulted Father Bernard Vaughan, who had recently returned from a successful lecture tour in America, and his reply was far from encouraging. He seemed to consider the fact of my not being a Home Ruler fatal to the prospect of my being asked to give many lectures. Nevertheless, in the end I made the venture, and Father Vaughan's gloomy forebodings were by no means realized. During the nine weeks in which I delivered lectures I gave rather more than five per week—forty-seven in all. Although I lectured at five of the principal Universities, the chief interest of my tour

lay in the experience it afforded of Catholic America. The great bulk of my lectures were given at the invitation of Catholic societies, and the actual sight of the Church at work there, and the information gained at first hand from those closely connected with it, gave me quite a new idea of its strength and importance in the States which I visited. I shall best convey to my readers the impressions I formed on this subject and on others by writing an outline of my experiences in the order in which they came.

Arriving at New York two days late—on November 10—after a very rough passage, I was met at the wharf by Dr MacMahon, the Rector of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and by one of his curates, Father Sheridan. My friend, Father Maturin, had been the guest of Dr MacMahon during his recent visit to New York, and Dr MacMahon had most kindly asked me to go to his Rectory on my arrival, before proceeding to Philadelphia for my first lecture. I was at once struck with the general deference of the dock officials towards the Catholic priest. I had been warned that the Customs House examination in New York was elaborate and tiresome, but the chief official at once said to my host: "He is a friend of yours, Sir, I see, so we won't look at any of his baggage." I must have looked a somewhat suspicious character, for he added as he scrutinized me, "If he hadn't been a friend of yours, we would have had him open every trunk he has got." The alacrity of the porters to do the priest's bidding was equally noticeable. In a moment about three of them had seized on my five or six packages, and we hurried off to the street where a taxi-cab was waiting for us. I at once remarked to Dr MacMahon on the attention shown to him which reminded one of Ireland, and my host replied: "Of course the Catholic population in New York is very large—quite twenty-five per cent."

Two days later I spent an hour with Cardinal Farley and learned some details of the progress of the Church, which interested me exceedingly. The American hierarchy

had been, he told me, established in 1808, Baltimore being the Archbishopric. New York had a Bishop, Dr Connolly, and his priests were four in number. The statistics of the diocese as noted in 1822 were as follows: In New York City there were two churches; there was one in Albany, one in Auburn, one at Carthage, one on Black River, and the total number of priests was eight. In 1910 there were 331 churches, of which New York City contained 147 and the rest of the diocese 184. There were in addition 193 chapels, and the priests numbered 929.

This extraordinary growth in the course of ninety years had been mainly achieved while Dr Hughes was Archbishop; he was consecrated in 1838. But earlier there had been a considerable immigration of Irish Catholics in 1825 during the making of the railroads and canals. The Irish famine of 1847 brought an immense number in that year and a very important German immigration, which has since continued and which included a large proportion of Catholics, dated from the Revolution of 1848. The pace of growth in the last half of the nineteenth century is roughly indicated by the following figures. In 1850 the number of churches was 57 and chapels 5; in 1875 the churches were 139, the chapels 35; in 1900 the churches were 259, the chapels 154.

Concurrently with the large growth of numbers among the Catholics has come a steady growth of influence. At Washington I met a large number of the most influential officials, and my introduction to them was almost entirely through the Catholic prelates and priests of the place. I lunched, it is true, at the English Embassy; but our Ambassador was too ill at that time to entertain on a large scale. It was chiefly through Monsignor Russell, who gave a dinner for me, and Father Hammick that I met such prominent public men as the Chief Justice, Mr White, who is himself a Catholic; the Speaker, Mr Clark; Dr Taylor, formerly Ambassador in Spain; Mr Wynne, lately American Consul-General in London;

the Mexican Chargé d'Affaires, Señor Algara di Terreros, and many Senators and ex-Cabinet Ministers.

When I began to travel and give my lectures, again and again I was informed that the governor of the State in which I was lecturing was a Catholic. Mr Glynn, the Governor of New York City, who invited me to a reception at Albany, was a Catholic. When I lectured at Boston I was told that the Governor of Massachusetts —Mr Walsh—was a Catholic. When I lectured at Providence I learnt that the Governor of Rhode Island, of which Providence is the capital, was also a Catholic. And at Chicago, the second largest city in the United States and the capital of Illinois, I was again informed that the Governor of the State was a Catholic. It was the same with the mayors. At New York, at Providence, and at Boston, they were all Catholics. I learnt that this phenomenon was comparatively new. Twenty years ago it was very rare to find a Catholic in a prominent public position—the old Puritan anti-Catholic prejudice barred the way. I may add a few symptoms of the strength of the Catholics in New York which I encountered at the outset. The parish of Our Lady of Lourdes, of which Dr MacMahon is the rector, is not a large one. Yet the rector has three curates, and all of them as well as himself have as much work to do as they can get through. At all the Masses in the morning the number of communions is from twenty-five to forty. The total number of communions last year in the course of the year was 97,000. On Sundays two or three priests are needed to give Communion simultaneously.

As to the number of Catholics in the leading cities according to the rough estimate given to me when I visited them, the most remarkable case is that of Boston where they number from sixty to seventy per cent of the whole population. Boston, it must be remembered, was long the headquarters of Puritan New England. But in all the towns I visited the numbers were large—at Baltimore and Detroit something like a third; at Buffalo more than half; at Chicago and Philadelphia a very large

proportion, though I do not remember hearing that proportion estimated.

Cardinal Farley told me that public opinion, so long strongly hostile to Catholics, was becoming less and less so. He had recently made a tour in the West, and was greatly gratified by the cordiality of his reception everywhere. Curiously enough, it was nowhere more marked than in Salt Lake City, the home of the Mormons, where the Government arranged that a guard of honour should meet him at the station. The Cardinal was naturally full of the extraordinary progress of the Church in his own diocese in the course of a century. He said that the centenary of its establishment was celebrated in 1908 by a public procession of Catholics in the streets, and that not the slightest ill-feeling was created. Cardinal Farley, I may add, is a simple and dignified prelate. His house was much on the same scale and of the same character as the old Archbishop's House in Carlisle Place, Westminster. He talked with great interest of the life of Cardinal Newman and with a good deal of insight on Newman's campaign in Ireland, making some very shrewd observations on the very different points of view from which Newman and the Irish Bishops respectively regarded the proposed University. He concluded our conversation by inviting me to lecture at his seminary, and I did so in January.

I stayed in New York from November 10 to 13, and met at dinner at Dr MacMahon's, Father Burke, the editor of the *Catholic World*, and one of the Paulist Fathers, for which congregation I came to have a great admiration, and Dr MacPherson, a Scotchman by descent and a convert. With both I had much interesting conversation.

Another interesting and agreeable priest whom I met at Dr MacMahon's house was Father Clifford—long a member of the English Jesuit congregation, though he was never professed. Father Clifford is an able thinker, and is at present delivering lectures at Columbia University, New York, on scholastic philosophy, which has been his special study. These lectures I gathered are having

an excellent effect in the important work of the intellectual interpretation of Catholicism to the more thoughtful non-Catholics of the city.

On the 13th I went to Philadelphia, and was met at the station by the President of the American Catholic Historical Society, Dr Flick, and by Monsignor MacDevitt and Mr Galbally, two members of his Committee. Mrs Robert Lesley, who was to be my hostess during my visit, was also at the station in her motor and drove me out to her beautiful Spanish villa at Haverford, some eight or ten miles outside Philadelphia. Here I was entertained with true American hospitality. Three rooms were placed at my disposal, a bed-room, a dressing-room, and a sitting-room, in which I breakfasted and wrote my letters in the morning. My hostess and her friend, Mrs Mercer, conversed with keen interest on Catholic literature, and my visit—which was twice repeated later on—was most agreeable. I had a quite unexpected luxury in the shape of a golf professional, who was placed at my disposal. My host, Mr Lesley, was the president of the local golf club and the type of a strenuous American. He told me that he was sixty-one years of age, but he looked much less. He is a man of business, and also a most strenuous athlete. He rises every morning at six and passes half-an-hour in boxing and kindred exercises. Jim Daly, once champion middleweight, is regularly engaged by him for this purpose. Daly is a thick-set man of Herculean frame, and was the teacher of such noted prize-fighters as Jeffreys, Corbett, Ruhlen and Erne. After his boxing Mr Lesley often plays a round of golf before going to his business in Philadelphia. He then passes the day in strenuous work and edits a paper in connexion with it. The day of my arrival I went to bed early, and he informed me next morning that since we had met he had spent two hours dancing the Turkey Trot! He added that twice a month he is examined by the doctor; for the slightest heart weakness would make it necessary to abandon some features of his strenuous life.

A Visit to America

At Philadelphia, as at New York, the growth of the Church has been very remarkable. Catholics are now something over twenty per cent of the population. Monsignor MacDevitt, of the Cathedral, a man of about forty-five years of age, informed me that his mother remembered the time when there were only five churches in the city; the present number is over a hundred. Philadelphian Catholics passed through a trying time in 1844, when an aggressive group of scoffers, who were called the "Know-Nothings," burnt their churches down. In New York they threatened to do the same thing, but Archbishop Hughes was a man of war and at once he passed the word: "If you burn down our churches, we shall burn down your city." Hughes was too well known to risk the realization of his threat, and no church in New York was touched. Philadelphia was the original capital of the United States. It is now the third town in size, both New York and Chicago having a larger population. It recalls an English town more than either of those two cities. There is less of American hustle and more repose in its stately streets.

An interviewer called on me on the 13th and another interviewer on the following morning.

The second interview was prompted by the announcement that the Nobel prize had just been accorded to Rabindranath Tagore. The Americans had hardly heard of the great Hindu writer and were somewhat disturbed at so great an honour being accorded to him. The interviewer came to ask what would be thought of the appointment in England. Most luckily I was able to sustain the reputation for omniscience which he accorded to an English editor. I had with me a copy of THE DUBLIN REVIEW containing an excellent article on Rabindranath Tagore by Father Martindale. I gave this to the interviewer and spoke words of wisdom on the nature of Tagore's genius which entirely satisfied him. Indeed, my knowledge on one subject evidently confirmed his high opinion of my general information. My opinions on behalf of federation as a solution of the Home Rule

question, which appeared in the interview, were prefaced by these words: "Wilfrid Ward, who knows more on the subject than anybody else in England or America except Premier Asquith himself, expressed the following opinions."

My first lecture, on November 14, was at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, and my audience numbered some 2,000. I drove from Haverford in a motor, and as the distance was nearly ten miles, a second motor followed to pick us up in case a puncture or some other mishap caused the first motor to break down. A prelude on the organ was played before the lecture began, and I was introduced by the President of the American Catholic Historical Society. The audience was an appreciative one, and after the lecture I had my first experience of American cordiality on such occasions. Dr Flick and Mr Galbally presented to me quite two hundred or more of the audience, who wished to make my acquaintance and thank me for the lecture. This was a regular custom almost invariably observed, and it gave one opportunities of receiving kind expressions from those who had read one's books and wished to speak of them to their author. I had been, before the lecture, presented to the Archbishop, Dr Prendergast, the successor of the famous Archbishop Ryan, who for years held a great position in Philadelphia among the non-Catholics as well as the Catholics of the city. Dr Prendergast was most kind and invited me to lunch with him. I spent a most pleasant hour with him a few days later at Archbishop's House.

On the 15th I passed the night with Mr Walter George Smith and visited the two neighbouring convents. The chief of these, Eden Hall, is an Academy conducted by the Order of the Sacred Heart, and keeps up close relations with Roehampton. I talked to the students in hall assembled and obtained a holiday for them. Mr Walter George Smith, a tall and stately-looking man, is a convert descended from an old Puritan family. He and his sister, Miss Helen Smith, had been friends of

Aubrey de Vere, and when I wrote the life of that poet, I had some correspondence with them; thus they were not entirely strangers to me. At their house, which I visited again two days later, I met Mr Rowland Morris, who, I think, had a more complete knowledge of the literature of the Oxford Movement than anyone I have known, whether in England, or in America. He began at the beginning, for he had read every one of the original *Tracts for the Times.*

I lectured at the Schubert Theatre at Newark on the 16th. On the 18th I went to the great manufacturing city of Pittsburg—named after William Pitt—a long journey of some nine hours westwards and was met at the station by my kind friend Father Coakely of the Cathedral, and also by the family of Mr Casey, a very rich contractor, who showed me great hospitality and was my host at a luncheon on the following day, to which the Mayor of Pittsburg was also bidden. Mr Casey himself had travelled with me in the train.

As I drove to the Hotel Schenley, at half-past nine at night, and passed within sight of the Carnegie Institute, where my lecture was to be given, I saw one of those huge illuminations which appear and disappear rapidly, such as are used in London to advertise Sunlight Soap, and on looking to read the inscription found that it was my own name in enormous characters. The advertising of the lecture had been done in the thorough American style, and next morning I saw large advertisements all over the town, in which I was boldly described as "England's greatest man of letters"!

I was so late in my arrival that the newspaper interview was a difficulty. One of my Pittsburg friends solved it by telephoning the interview from my bedroom, and it was amusing for me to listen to the conversation between him and the editor.

He had gathered most diligently all the information about me contained in the Life of my father, and elsewhere but it cannot be said that his reproduction of the facts contained in these documents was always strictly

accurate. The following is a conversation between him and the editor that I listened to:

"Wilfrid Ward just come. What? Young man? No, an old man! but fine, tall, strong. Mixed up with Gladstone, Disraeli, and Tennyson all his life. Grandfather interesting to Pittsburgers—a political colleague of Pitt. Wife, the granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott. Tennyson read him all his poems before they were published."

I began to protest against the inaccuracy of some of these remarks. As Tennyson's early poems were published twenty years before I was born, one at least of his observations was intrinsically impossible. But my friend gave me a good-humoured smile and said, "They like as much copy as they can get."

Pittsburg is a very large manufacturing town—900,000 inhabitants—its chief industry being steel. In many respects it recalls Sheffield, and, like Sheffield, it is in hilly country. It was here that I first came to realize the enormous extent of the immigrant population in the United States, and I had some correspondence with the Bishop of the diocese on this subject. He informed me that the Gospel was preached in fourteen different languages, in the town of Pittsburg itself. The list is as follows: English, German, Polish, Slovak, Croatian, Kreiner, Bohemian, Magyar, Lithuanian, Rumanian, Arabic, Italian, French and Dutch. The Slav immigration belongs to the last twenty-five or thirty years. The Magyar immigrants have come to America from Hungary still more recently. They number a million and a half. They are neither Slavic nor Scandinavian, but closely akin to the inhabitants of Finland. The Slavs, of course, are taken to include the Bulgarians and Lithuanians, as well as the Little Russians or Ruthenians, who come from Galicia and from Austria-Hungary. The Bishop also informed me that the various rites in use in his diocese were as follows: The Latin rite, the Ruthenian Greek rite, the Rumanian Greek rite, the Maronite rite, the Armenian and

Melchite rites. These last two, however, are only occasionally performed when a priest of the rite comes for a visit; the others are represented by resident priests. The Maronites use the Epiphany Church in Pittsburg. The Rumanians use rented buildings in Pittsburg and McKeesport.

The extremely heterogeneous population presents in many cities a very difficult problem for the local Bishop. I was informed that Bishop Tierney had a scheme for educating a large number of American priests for the special object of dealing with the immigrants of various races. But this scheme has not yet been adopted on a large scale and the Bishop is largely dependent on priests of various nationalities, who do not know English, and with whom intercourse is not easy. The difficult situation, however, is likely to be diminished as time goes on, for a large proportion of these immigrants are very anxious to become American citizens. The younger generation learn English and often adopt English names. Where the immigration is of long standing, as in the case of the Germans, a knowledge of English is general and they attend the English-speaking churches.

One section of the immigrants especially interested me, because I was brought into close contact with them: I speak of the Ruthenians. In company with Dr Shipman, a well-known lawyer, I visited their church in Seventh Street, New York. Dr Shipman's first connexion with them was interesting. The Ruthenians first came over as miners in Pennsylvania. The troublesome Syndicalists who organized the Molly Maguire Riots made it very difficult for the owners of the mines to employ American labour. Consequently they engaged Ruthenians to work in the mines, and other districts soon followed their example. Dr Shipman was a student of the Russian language and somewhere in the West he was brought into contact with a dispute between the employers and the Ruthenian miners, who, being ignorant of the English language, were unable to understand each other. The men thought they were being cheated, and Dr Shipman

acted as interpreter and adjusted matters, and thereafter took great interest in their doings.

The Ruthenians of the church in West Seventh Street are Galicians. They come from Austria and not from Hungary. Their race is that of the original inhabitants of Russia, that is to say, before the blend of the Scandinavian conquerors effected for Russia a parallel change to that made in our own country by the Norman blend. Those Ruthenians who still inhabit Russia are known as the Little Russians, in contrast to the Muscovite, who is tall. They live in the south of the country and belong to the Orthodox Church. By a curious irony the Galician Ruthenians are ruled by the Poles, for Home Rule prevails in Galicia.

The community which frequents the church in Seventh Street consists largely of craftsmen—carpenters, tailors, blacksmiths and so forth—the highest class being artists, who design advertisements. Many of them also are domestic servants, and thus help to solve the servant problem in America, which is a great one. Their priest, Nikolas Pidorecki, is a remarkable man. He is a kind of father to the whole family. He prides himself on getting for every one of them some suitable employment. Many of them are illiterate, and he is notary for them as well as priest. Adjoining his church is a school in which he instructs the young and a theatre in which dramas are acted by his congregation. When I attended the service on January 4 some fifteen hundred were present, a very respectable-looking congregation. Dr Shipman and I were placed in armchairs in the Sanctuary and had an excellent view of the ritual. The music was in four parts and remarkably well performed. The weird tones which I had heard in Oriental services at Rome were now discarded, and though the melodies were ancient they were harmonized in the modern way. The service was very long, and included prayers retained in our own Good Friday service. Communion was given in both kinds; but the communicants did not drink from the Chalice; Bread and Wine

were given together in a spoon. After Mass the priest made a little address of welcome to Dr Shipman and myself, in which he celebrated the influence of THE DUBLIN REVIEW as a factor in Catholic education for English-speaking races in terms which were highly polite, though I could not but fear that they went beyond the truth.

I was informed that one great difficulty for Ruthenian immigrants, over and above their ignorance of the English language, lay in the unpronounceable Russian names. If a Ruthenian was asked his name and explained that it was Demetrius Pobiodonotsev, the American employer was inclined to curse him for his complicated patronymic, which he could by no possibility learn or pronounce. But the Ruthenians proved themselves to be practical people and many of them adopted, at all events in their mining hours, such names as Tim O'Brien or Pat Malone. I myself came across one who was simply known as John Smith. I learned with regret that in some cases the picturesque name which marked his original race was gradually lost sight of altogether. My visit to the Ruthenian church and schools was the closest contact I had with any of the races whose curious and varied faces and language had haunted me at Pittsburg. One could not get into a train or a tramcar in that town without the sense that one was surrounded on all sides by races with traditions and characters most varied. Both the ear and the eye were constantly reminded of this polyglot assemblage.

Pittsburg was interesting for another reason. The huge Carnegie Institute, in the music hall of which I lectured, reminded one that it was in this city that Mr Carnegie made his immense fortune. He began life as an errand-boy, I was told, but being of thrifty habits he made some money and invested it in steel at a time when steel did for American investors what rubber has done for some of us in England in recent years. He made a gigantic fortune in a few years. The Carnegie Institute, which I visited, is famed among other things for the huge casts

of famous buildings equal in size to the originals. The exact facsimile of the Acropolis of Athens stands there and a facsimile of the façade of Bordeaux Cathedral.

In the course of my visit to the States I saw many buildings built by the munificence of Mr Carnegie, and I was invited to meet him at a dinner party on January 28, but unfortunately the date was bespoken for a lecture at Buffalo.

I had a very large audience at Pittsburg on November 19, but my lecture—on the English Cardinals of the Catholic Revival—was, I think, a little too serious for the character of that audience. The inhabitants are less literary in taste than the Philadelphians, and a more purely popular lecture would have been a greater success. On the 20th I gave two lectures, the first at St Vincent's Arch-Abbey, some thirty miles from Pittsburgh—an immense Benedictine monastery and school. My audience, including monks and the boys, must have numbered quite five hundred. I went on in the afternoon to Greenburg and lectured to the Academy there under the management of the Sisters of Charity, sleeping the night at the house of the chaplain, Father O'Sullivan. This, like Eden Hall, was one of those large conventual establishments which are a most noteworthy feature in the United States. The reflection came to me, as I saw many of these and heard of fresh ones growing up every year, that the power of the religious orders of women which has been destroyed in France was growing at a marvellous pace in the New World. The Greenburg Convent was in every way most attractive, and the nuns and their chaplain received me with the greatest hospitality. I carried away a copy of the Life of their Foundress, Mother Seton.

My next lecture was organized by the Catholic Women's League at Providence in Rhode Island on the 24th, and so I had a few days' interval. I spent the night of the 21st at Philadelphia, and saw Mr Galbally, of the Catholic Historical Society, and Monsignor MacDevitt and discussed with them the prospect of further lectures

in January. I also called upon Dr Edgar Smith, the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania to whom I had an introduction from Lord Bryce. Dr Smith had already written expressing his desire to commemorate my visit to Philadelphia by giving a dinner to the principal citizens on the occasion. Dr Smith had a great enthusiasm for Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol, and Jowett's great friendship with my father made him very familiar with my father's name. He described to me a visit he had paid to Balliol in the previous year. The College porter was so impressed by his enthusiasm for the late Master that he said, "You shall have a privilege accorded to few; you shall sit in the Master's old seat in the College chapel." Dr Smith described his intense joy in acceding to the porter's proposal, and how he sat for some minutes in the sacred chair dreaming of the work that Jowett had done for the world and hoping in his own sphere to derive inspiration from it.

Before we parted we fixed on December 18 as the date for my lecture, which was to be in the afternoon, and for the dinner which was to follow it. The subject of the lecture was to be "The Character of Benjamin Disraeli."

After a couple of nights spent with Dr MacMahon at New York I went on the 24th to Providence and lectured on Tennyson to a large audience, going on the same evening to Boston. This was necessary, as I had a lecture fixed at Cincinnati for the 26th, and Cincinnati is nearly twenty-four hours' journey from Boston by express trains which do not stop at Providence.

I reached Cincinnati at 11 o'clock on the 26th, and was met by Mr and Mrs Bellamy Storer, with whom I stayed as their guest. Mrs Storer's grandfather, Mr Longworth, was mainly instrumental in the formation of Cincinnati, and the family are still its chief proprietors. I gave three lectures in this city: one on Tennyson, one on Disraeli, and one on the English Cardinals. They were delivered in the Emery Auditorium, but my audiences were not very large, owing to the fact that it

was Thanksgiving Week. This phrase needs explanation for Englishmen, and recalls an interesting point in American history. The Puritans, in their zeal against the Saints' days and Feasts of the Church, abolished the celebration of Christmas, and substituted a day of Thanksgiving, annually celebrated in November on the Thursday before the last Sunday of the month. It is a solemn holiday on which members of the family come together, keeping it much as we keep Christmas. The Christmas mince-pie has its counterpart in the pumpkin-pie of Thanksgiving Day. In many parts of the States lectures would be impossible in Thanksgiving Week, but in Cincinnati it is less strictly kept; nevertheless, as I have said, the Thanksgiving celebrations did considerably interfere with the attendances at my lectures. For the rest my visit to Cincinnati was chiefly interesting for the entertaining and graphic accounts I heard from Mr and Mrs Bellamy Storer of their experiences during Mr Storer's diplomatic career. He was formerly Minister at Brussels and at Madrid and Ambassador at Vienna, and the personality of the venerable Francis Joseph as well as of the late King Leopold, with both of whom Mr and Mrs Storer had been intimate, was very vividly set before me in some of their anecdotes. I met more than once during my visit an agreeable daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, who is the wife of Mrs Storer's nephew, Mr Nicholas Longworth.

From Cincinnati I went to Buffalo, travelling twelve hours by night, after my lecture on the 29th. I was to deliver a lecture on the night of the 30th at the large Academy known as D'Youville College. Buffalo is a manufacturing town of 460,000 inhabitants, of which sixty per cent are Catholics. Catholics are a power in the city, and I was told that a word from the Bishop had recently led to the police removing from the streets an advertisement which he thought indecorous. If not quite so cosmopolitan as Pittsburg, it has a considerable variety in its Catholic denizens. Both the Greek rite and the Maronite rite are to be found there; and

Bohemians, Hungarians, Italians, Germans, Poles, and Greeks are among its Catholic population. Mr Martin, the Director of Studies at D'Youville College, took me in a motor through the town and I admired its beautiful parks. He pointed out to me Mr Wilcox's house in which Theodore Roosevelt took the President's oath after the assassination of McKinley in Buffalo. Roosevelt had been Vice-President, and according to the laws of the American constitution automatically succeeded as President at his death. The house thus marked the beginning of Roosevelt's presidency.

We also drove by Niagara River and looked across at Canada. I asked what were the principal industries of Buffalo and on being told it was noteworthy as a port I expressed my surprise for it is not by the sea-side. But Mr Martin explained to me that Lake Erie is, to all intents and purposes, the sea. It is one of the great lakes of America—though not one of the largest—which are an interesting and special feature of the country. No European lakes approach in size these American ones. They are connected by canals and large liners can pass from one to another and eventually into the ocean. Locks prevent difference of level from being a difficulty in transit. Lake Superior is so large that land is not visible on any side from the middle of it.

My lecture was well attended, and though given in the D'Youville College Hall my audience included many from the town. I met a number of the local clergy. Bishop Coulton was away, but was expected back that night and asked me to see him on the following day. This was impossible as I had to leave early next morning for Cornell University, but another lecture was then and there planned for Buffalo in one of the larger halls, and this took place towards the end of January. I then made the Bishop's acquaintance.

Early on December 1 I left Buffalo for Ithaca, the station for Cornell University. I was met at the station by Professor Payne. The President of the University, Dr Schurman, with whom my course of

lectures there had been arranged, had been called suddenly away by the death of his mother, and I dined with Professor Nicholls at the University Club. Many of the professors were present, and I had much conversation with Professor Lincoln Burr, Professor of Ancient History, and Professor Crane, with whom I afterwards visited the library, with its excellent collection of books on Dante. As we walked after dinner to the Goldwin Smith Hall, in which my lecture was to be delivered, we saw a crowd of undergraduates gathered round a bonfire which had been lit to celebrate a football victory of Cornell over the University of Pennsylvania.

My lectures at Cornell were four in number, their subject being "The True Nature of Cardinal Newman's Genius—a Criticism of Popular Misconceptions." The invitation to deliver them came in consequence of an article which appeared in this REVIEW. Professor Comfort, the Professor of Romance Literature, had sent me an excellent paper on the Saracens, which appeared in THE DUBLIN REVIEW two years ago: and at his suggestion I received from the President of Cornell a very generous proposal to give a course of lectures on the Goldwin Smith foundation.

In the front row of the hall in which I lectured was the venerable Dr Andrew White, who called on me next morning. Dr White was one of the most interesting persons I met in the course of my tour. He was the first President of Cornell University, and had resigned some years ago on account of advancing age. He was a striking instance of the phenomenon so common in America of the combination of the diplomatic and academic careers. He had been twice Ambassador at Berlin and twice Ambassador at St Petersburg. Dr Schurman, his successor as President, had also acted as diplomatic envoy to Athens; President Butler of Columbia University and Ex-President Elliott of Harvard had both been urged to accept the London Embassy. When I was at Harvard later on, one of the professors—Professor Bacon—told me that he had for

some years been Ambassador in Paris. In the absence of a trained diplomatic body University men are regarded as those best qualified in the country for the highest diplomatic appointments.

Dr White's career had been exceptionally interesting. His first appointment at Berlin had been at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, and he had been very intimate with Bismarck. He told me he frequently lunched alone with Bismarck and his wife, and that there was nothing Bismarck better enjoyed than speaking of himself and his own career. One of his anecdotes is worth mentioning. Bismarck remarked that small events may easily determine the whole trend of a man's life, and said that he had very nearly become a clergyman in order to take advantage of a very valuable living in the gift of his father; he then turned to his wife and said: "Perhaps you think I should have been a much better man if I had been a clergyman?" Countess Bismarck replied very gravely: "I do not think you would have been a better man, but I am sure you would have been a happier man." Dr White described the constant dyspepsia from which Bismarck suffered and his great irritability. Possibly Madame Bismarck believed that the life of a clergyman would have ensured a regularity of hours and a freedom from petty worry which would have diminished these sources of discomfort. Bismarck's habit of drinking excessively, though not to the point of intemperance, was illustrated by another story. Gneist, the great authority on Roman law, strongly recommended him to take three glasses daily of a very strong and very old Hermitage wine which he had found invaluable for his digestion. A fortnight later Bismarck told him he was the worse and not the better for the wine, but the cause became apparent when he incidentally remarked that he had drunk three bottles instead of three glasses a day.

Dr White gave a luncheon for me before I left, and I recognized some reflection of Ambassadorial state in the appointments of his house. Mrs White told me that she had been educated at Newnham College, Cambridge. We

had several common friends, Dr Henry Jackson, the late Mr Henry Butcher and Mr George Prothero. She was a Miss McGill. She had various anecdotes of the Balfour family, who were naturally frequent visitors at Newnham. She had once said of Gerald Balfour, "He is too beautiful to be a man." "What would you have him be? A god?" some one remarked, and she replied, "I should be satisfied if he were a statue." Dr White I thought expressed rather happily the sense of universal knowledge on any subject discussed which the late Lord Acton conveyed, by saying he seemed like a conjurer who offered to produce from a hat before him anything you chose to name.

I had a very attentive but not a very large audience. Some who had heard me at Buffalo came to Cornell and paid me visits and asked questions. The site of the University is excessively beautiful in lake and mountain scenery, and the University itself seemed to me for several reasons to be typically American. First of all its growth has been phenomenally rapid; it has existed only forty-five years, and now numbers six thousand undergraduates. Secondly, it is extremely cosmopolitan, many races being represented among its *alumni*. Professor Crane told me that there are quite fifty Chinamen among them. Thirdly, it is practical, and the departments in which it is unrivalled are those of engineering and agriculture. Scientific agriculture and scientific farming are taught there to men and women alike. Another distinctively American trait is to be found in the Sage Chapel. This is a building given to the University by a great benefactor, the late Mr Sage. There is no altar, and it is not a consecrated church. It is connected with no special denomination. The stained glass windows represent some of the great educationists of different religions and different ages. One juxtaposition remains in my memory, for Fénelon, in his picturesque Archbishop's robes, stood side by side with Dr Arnold in coat and trousers. The service is excessively simple. The music, accompanied by a magnificent organ, is remarkably

good. The clergyman changes from week to week, a different denomination being represented on each occasion. Some distinguished preacher is chosen and Mr Sage's endowment provides for his remuneration. The suite of rooms I occupied are known as the minister's rooms and are occupied by the preacher for the week-end. The preachers have nearly always been Christian, but on one occasion a Jewish Rabbi officiated. They have endeavoured without success to induce the Bishop to send a Catholic priest to take his part in the performance.

One word may be added as to the name of Ithaca, the town near which Cornell is situated. I asked for its origin and the story as told me by Professor Comfort was certainly curious and amusing. When this portion of New York State was reclaimed from the Indians and laid out, an ordnance map was carefully drawn indicating the places at which it was proposed to build towns. No Indian names were obvious, for there had been no Indian towns on these sites. Naturally a little time was demanded to choose appropriate names, but when the map was received by the head office at New York, the authorities refused to pass it before the towns were named, and it was handed over to a clerk to fill in the names as he pleased. The clerk happened to have a Classical Dictionary at hand and he took the words he found there at random. Thus we have, in this district, Ithaca, Utica, Syracuse, Rome, Athens, and even the proper names of great Romans, as Virgil, Ovid and Cato. The effect is certainly grotesque and the professors at Cornell were resentfully conscious of this. The neighbouring lakes retain their Indian names. One of them is called Kayuga, another, by a curious coincidence, has a name which is Roman and Indian alike, Seneca.

My last lecture at Cornell was on the evening of December 4. On its conclusion I travelled by night to New York, where I lectured on the following evening at the Æolian Hall for the Laymen's League. A very large number of priests and laity were presented to me before the lecture, at which a large audience was gathered,

including Cardinal Farley. On the 6th I went to Baltimore. Here I was to be the guest of Cardinal Gibbons, whom I had met on the occasion of his visit to England for the Eucharistic Congress. I was caught on my arrival by two interviewers and the humours of American interviewing were again apparent. In a newspaper the next morning I found it stated that I had not at all the aspect of serious dignity and reserve which one associated with an Englishman. The interviewer added: "As the lady who organized the lecture remarked, he looks just like a jolly, honest farmer." The lady in question was so distressed at this paragraph that she called on me afterwards to explain that she had been misquoted and had really said that I looked like a South American planter, and she added, "They are the finest looking men in the country."

I proceeded with Father Fletcher, who met me at the station, to the Cardinal's residence and dined in his company. He is a tall, dignified looking man nearly eighty years of age, though he looks much younger. He talked with great interest of the *Life of Cardinal Newman*, and expressed special satisfaction that I had painted him, to use Cromwell's expression, "warts and all." He said that in his judgment even Saints' lives should depict them as real human beings. Otherwise the reader either says the picture is not true, or feels the Saint to be so far above humanity as to be quite useless as a model for imitation. The Cardinal represents that type of American Churchman which I found so congenial to me in the Paulist Fathers. He is a strong advocate for friendly relations between Catholics and their fellow citizens and exhorts Catholics to take their place as citizens and to bring to bear the influence of good principles on society. He occupies a great position not only in Baltimore but in the country at large. While I was staying with him I received a letter from our Ambassador at Washington, which thus concludes: "Please give my respects to the Cardinal. I have not been able to go to Baltimore myself, but Campden, who is here as Honorary Attaché, pre-

sented the respects of the Embassy. The Cardinal is a great factor here for peace and goodwill among all nations."

On the following day at High Mass at the Cathedral the Cardinal preached an impressive sermon on religious liberty in connexion with the foundation of Baltimore, which had been effected by George Calvert and his brother, Lord Baltimore. Maryland was named after Lord Baltimore's wife. The original settlers were Catholics and they claimed the principles of religious liberty for the settlement, affording later on a harbour of refuge for persecuted Puritans.

Baltimore had one point of special interest in that the Catholics were very largely English by descent. In this respect it stands in marked contrast to Boston, in which the huge Catholic population is principally made up of the descendants of Irish immigrants, though Italian and German blood are also represented among the educated classes, and there are a certain number of converts of English blood. In Baltimore, although I found among the clergy a good many of Irish descent, the leading Catholic families are the descendants of the original English Catholic settlers.

In the evening I lectured at the Maryland Theatre. There must have been nearly 2,500 persons present, the largest audience I had. I was presented by the Cardinal, and afterwards introduced to many of those present. A very old friend of mine, Mr George May, whom I had not seen for thirty-seven years, belongs to a Baltimore family, and my meeting him again was one of the pleasantest incidents of my tour. We had known each other well in the years which mark the beginning of man's life. When we had last met we were twenty-one—for we are exactly contemporary—and now we met again at fifty-eight, when the critical years of life were over. I learned that his mother and sister, whom I remembered, were in England, the former alive and well at ninety-four, and the latter married to a Staffordshire peer, Lord Bagot. I dined with Mr May at the Maryland Club, of

which he is the secretary, and saw there the largest buffalo's head I had yet seen.

On the 8th I lectured on Tennyson at the Seminary and dined in the evening with Mrs Gittens, the elder sister of Mr May. On the 9th I travelled to Washington, being met at the station by my friend, Father Fenlon, of the Catholic University, whom I had known in England. My lecture at the University was that afternoon, and besides the University attendance and Catholics from the town, several came from the British Embassy to hear it, including Lady Spring Rice and Lord Campden.

I lunched at the Embassy on the following day and found the Ambassador not yet recovered from his illness of last year. He showed me an illuminated address to President Wilson, which had been sent to him for presentation to the President by the people of Carlisle to commemorate the fact that his grandmother or great-grandmother was one of the citizens of that town.

I gave three lectures at Washington besides the lecture to the University. These were given at large academies of young ladies conducted by nuns. At Trinity Hall my audience must have numbered upwards of 500.

One of my most interesting talks with the leading officials was with Chief Justice White, who is an excellent Catholic and a splendid Tory. He is aghast at the present state of politics in England, and at the public opinion which is largely responsible for it. He spoke very strongly on the utter lack of common sense shown in Mr Lloyd George's land policy and in the Parliament Act. He is utterly shocked at the appointment of Sir Rufus Isaacs as Chief Justice and at its being possible to make such an appointment without raising an intolerable outcry. "We have long regarded England as the torch of the world," he said to me, "but that torch is getting very dim. The English character seems to me to be deteriorating. You have depended on that character for a great deal and have dispensed with a written

constitution, but now this security will no longer avail you."

I had a pleasant experience of American kindliness and hospitality in his parting words. He saw that I appreciated a good cigar and asked at what time I was leaving next day as he wished to send me a box. I named a very early hour and said that I feared it was so early that his kind attention would be impossible. He replied: "Never fear, you shall have the cigars before you start"; and surely enough they arrived before I left the University to catch my train.

An excellent train took me from Washington to Detroit, which I reached on the morning of the 13th. Mr Charles Casgrain, who with Mrs Casgrain had organized my lecture at the Broadway Theatre, met me at the station and took me to the Hotel Pontchartrain, where I breakfasted.

At 11 o'clock he came again with Mr Moran, Father Vandyck and others, to take me to the Monroe Convent, a very large academy about an hour distant from Detroit, where I gave a lecture on Tennyson. I at once noted the French physiognomy of Mr Moran and the French names of many whom I met and realized that Detroit had been, as its name suggests, a French settlement. It was curious to hear French names pronounced with an American accent. Mr Moran himself had been until quite recently Mr Morand. Mr Casgrain came from Canada; but other names of those I came across, as Campau, Du Charme, Navarre, Godefroi, spoke eloquently of the history of the place. The beautiful adjoining lake is named Saint Clair, the convent close to it is Grosse Pointe.

At the Monroe Academy there was a luncheon party before I gave my lecture, and one of the company told a curious anecdote. He said that in his youth he had lived at Oregon, close to a large Indian reservation. An Irish friend of his, named, I think, Daly, married an Indian squaw. For every child born to them the Government gave an additional 160 acres. "It is the only place,"

Mr Daly remarked, " where it pays to breed children." Having married the squaw, Mr Daly abandoned his religion, but when my friend last saw him he spoke seriously of advancing years and the idea that he ought to take to religion of some sort. " The Methodist parson has been here," he remarked, " trying to get me, but he makes religion so solemn, so tedious, so dry. Now the Catholic priest is quite a different man. He came to me the other day and said: ' Pat Daly, if you will come and have an hour's talk with me, I will give you the best bottle of whisky you ever tasted.' I think," added Mr Daly, " that I shall return to the religion of my forefathers."

We returned to Detroit after my lecture, having had before our departure a very agreeable hour of conversation with the nuns, who were full of interest in English Catholic doings and writings and especially in the Life of Cardinal Newman.

I saw something of Detroit next day. It is the largest motor emporium in the world. Mr Ford has, of course, a world-wide reputation, and I am told that he now sells a serviceable motor for £70. His recent plan of dividing a large proportion of his profits with his employees is arousing great criticism, for it establishes a precedent which it is quite impossible to follow, except where prosperity rivals that of Mr Ford himself. The motors are put together with extraordinary speed, the different parts of each car being turned out by the hundred. A friend of mine went to see Mr Ford, who boasted that he would make him a car in three-quarters of an hour, and asked him to try it. But my friend said that he would not risk his neck in a car which had not been tested. He remained some two hours looking at the works, and then Mr Ford motored him to another part of the city; as they parted Mr Ford remarked: " The motor we have just driven in was made while you were inspecting the works."

My lecture at Detroit was attended by about 1,500 persons. The subject was the Four Cardinals, and before the section dealing with Cardinal Newman, " Lead kindly Light " was sung.

A Visit to America

I travelled by night to New York, and lectured on the 16th at Columbia University on Disraeli, being introduced to the audience by Mr Erskine, Professor of English Literature.

On the 18th I went to Philadelphia for my lecture to the University of Pennsylvania and the dinner which followed it. I stayed again with Mr Lesley. The dinner was at the Rittenhouse Club, and everything was done with wonderful perfection. Among the many interesting people present I remembered especially Dr Weir Mitchell, who died only a fortnight later. He was then in perfectly good health and told me he should be eighty-five in a month's time. He was a man of very varied attainments; a great nerve specialist and a Fellow of the English Royal Society. He was also a true poet and a successful novelist. He was certainly a most interesting converser. We were interrupted in the middle of an extremely interesting conversation, and I received the following note next morning:

"I may not have the pleasure of an unbroken talk such as I missed last night to my regret. I send you as a substitute for my share of the missed opportunity a little book. The preface will amuse you, but read the 'Lycian Tomb.'"

The preface here referred to described the fate and financial failure of the writer's poems, but certainly the "Lycian Tomb" contains lines which struck me as written by a very true poet.

On the following Sunday a luncheon of some forty people was given for me by Mr and Mrs Lesley, and I again saw Dr Weir Mitchell and also Miss Agnes Reppelier, who has a great reputation as a writer in the United States. I had two golf matches with my host on this occasion, but there could be no bad blood between us, as we halved them both.

On leaving Philadelphia on the 22nd I went to stay with Mr and Mrs Paine, in West 49 Street, for Christmas. Mrs Paine, long a zealous devotee of High Church principles, had been a year ago received into the Catholic

Church by Father Maturin. My lectures were suspended for the Christmas holidays, an interval of three weeks, and I had leisure to reflect on my experiences and see some of the remarkable sights of New York.

The above is but the first instalment of my recollections of a tour which extended to February 11, but I must not bring even this beginning to a halt without saying one word of gratitude for the extraordinary hospitality everywhere shown to me. Dr MacMahon and the other friends with whom I stayed were unfailing in their thoughtful kindness, and those who organized my lectures were ever courteous and considerate. The least part of this kindness was shown in the formal entertainments for which Americans are famous. What struck me far more and aroused a more lively gratitude was the great trouble every one seemed ready to take for one. The Americans do the honours of their country, and do them most generously and courteously. Again and again motors were placed at my disposal where a train journey was complicated. The greatest trouble was taken in ascertaining cross country routes and obtaining the most comfortable train accommodation for me. Twice when I was starting for a journey a kind friend who had noticed my *penchant* for a good cigar made me a present of a box of excellent Havanas. Often enough expenses were defrayed in such a manner that one could not refuse. A yet stronger instance of real considerateness was the refraining from occasional public banquets (which would have made the coming lectures more widely known) when I asked to be excused on the score of fatigue. The above is but a slight outline of a great hospitality.

WILFRID WARD

(To be continued.)

MARTIN LUTHER, AUGUSTINIAN FRIAR

Luther. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Vol. I. Translated from the German by E. M. Lamond. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. London. Kegan Paul.

THERE is no greater want in our language than that of a standard life of Luther, written from a Catholic point of view, and yet free from bias. Such a life is provided for us in six ponderous German volumes by the competent hands of Father Grisar, and the first two volumes of the English translation, admirably carried out by E. M. Lamond, are already published. The first gives the whole of the Catholic life of Luther, and is, therefore, to some extent a complete work in itself. For in Luther's Catholic life, before his breach with the Church, we may trace the beginnings of all that was to follow after, with such momentous consequences to the political as well as the religious state of Europe.

It was on July 16, 1505, that the young Martin Luther, then in his twenty-second year, applied for admission to the Augustinian Friary* at Erfurt. His had been an unhappy and difficult youth. The son of a miner of peasant extraction, he had met with harshness at home and poverty outside. At fourteen years of age he had begged his bread by singing from door to door. At Eisenach, whither he went to continue his Latin studies, he began to earn his living in the same way, but a charitable and well-to-do woman took pity on him and gave him food and lodging in her own comfortable house. A few years later his father's position had improved, as a result of his labour in the mines at Mansfield, and Luther was able to enter the University of Erfurt

* It is a pity that the English translation always speaks of Luther as having become a *monk*. To ignore the distinction between monks and friars is to make much of mediaeval history unintelligible. Luther was never a monk in the proper sense of the word, though he called himself one.

when he was eighteen years of age without being dependent on the charity of others. He was destined for the law and his studies were directed to that object.

It was partly the tragic death of a comrade who was stabbed in a drunken brawl, and partly despair of himself and discontent with the life he was leading at the University that first turned his thoughts towards the cloister. But his resolve was finally determined by sheer terror at the forces of nature. Overtaken in the open by a violent thunderstorm, as a sudden and vivid flash of lightning brought home to him his danger, he made the vow which shaped his life, " Save me, dear St Anne, and I will turn monk! "

Such a vow, registered in a moment of terror and without due premeditation, would not, of course, be binding in calmer moments, if further consideration had convinced him that he had no real vocation for the religious life. At first, however, Luther found no great hardship in the keeping of the rule. The state of life he had chosen seemed to him to be " a peaceful and a heavenly life." His novice-master he was wont to speak of in later years as " a dear old man, who, under the damned frock, was no doubt a good Christian." He went through his year's novitiate without serious difficulty, and, the other members of the Order being satisfied with his behaviour, was duly admitted to profession and the three vows at the end of that period, taking the name in religion of Augustine. " I, Brother Augustine Luder, make profession and vow of obedience to Almighty God; to Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, and to thee, Father Prior, in the name of and as representing the Superior General of the Hermits of St Augustine and his successors, and likewise to live without property and in chastity until death, according to the Rule of our holy Father Augustine."

Already, however, the unhappy scruples and gloomy self-despair, which in later life were to be his downfall, were beginning their work in his soul. His confessions never gave him any satisfaction, and he could not believe himself really forgiven. His idea of

God was that of a severe Judge rather than of a loving Father. "Horrible and terrifying thoughts," he tells us himself, "rushed in upon me." "When beset with the greatest temptations I could scarcely retain my bodily powers, hardly keep my health, and no one was able to comfort me. All those to whom I complained answered, 'I know nothing about it,' so that I used to sigh, 'Is it I alone who am plagued with the spirit of sorrow?'" His ideas on predestination and the possibility that he himself might be predestinated to damnation coloured all his life as a Catholic, and lie at the root of the theology which he set up against that of the Catholic Church. He would listen to no comfort, be convinced by no arguments. "God is not angry with you," said one of his companions, "it is you who are angry with God." But the counsel fell on deaf ears, as also did the beautiful words spoken by Staupitz, his Provincial, when he, too, was consulted by the young friar. "Why torment yourself," he said, "with such fears and forebodings? Look at the wounds of Christ and His Blood shed for you. There you will see your predestination to heaven shining forth brightly to your comfort." But even so Luther would not be comforted.

These interior difficulties did not prevent him from being well thought of in his house and Order. His zeal and ability were beyond dispute, and he was pushed on with his studies only too rapidly. He made no acquaintance with St Thomas or the older Schoolmen, but read Occam and Biel, with the theological treatises of John Gerson and Peter d'Ailly. In 1508, after but two years' study, he was already teaching at Wittenberg as Master of Philosophy. In March, 1509, he received a theological degree, and entered the Faculty as a "Baccalaureus Biblicus." This degree authorized him to deliver lectures on the Holy Scriptures at the University. He was teaching, therefore, what he had never really learnt, and his later reading, constant and tireless as it was, was unguided by any teacher who could have pointed out the pitfalls by the way. It is well to remember, when we consider Luther's revolt against the theology of the

Church, that he was rebelling against a theology which he had never studied deeply or even clearly understood. In one field alone, that of Scripture, was he at all deeply read, and even there he was self-taught and consequently one-sided. He read the Bible, which no doubt others were neglecting, with avidity, and in it he assimilated all that fitted in with his own gloomy feelings, while neglecting all that told in the opposite direction. There was as yet no question of unorthodox opinions, but the seeds were being sown which were to spring up later and produce so fatal a harvest.

On May 2, 1507, Luther sang his first Mass. He was deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, but, as might be expected from the bent of his mind, full of excitement and even terror. He would have rushed down from the altar, he tells us, had he not been held back; the fear of making some mistake in the ceremonies, and so committing a mortal sin, so he says, quite bewildered him. Yet he could hardly have been so ignorant of his theology as not to know that such an involuntary error could under no circumstances involve a guilt that was other than trivial.

In 1510 Luther made his first journey to Rome. The occasion of his going there was as follows. The houses of the Augustinian Order in Saxony, of which Erfurt where he had made his profession was one, had adopted since 1503 a more careful observance of the rule than was customary among the other houses of Germany. Staupitz, the Provincial for Germany, was endeavouring to bring about a closer union between all the German houses of the Order, and had obtained a Papal Bull declaring this to be a desirable object. The Observant houses, unwilling to be reduced once more to their former level of laxity, sent to put their case in turn before the Papal See, and Luther was one of those commissioned to go as delegates. He entered Rome after a long and difficult journey, and from the first found his attention fixed, not on the Rome of the Saints, nor on the long and glorious history of the past, but on the evils of the moment and the corruption then rampant in

ecclesiastical circles. He arrived at an unfortunate time, when Rome was under the rule of Julius II, the successor of Alexander VI. It was the Rome of the height of the Renaissance, glorified by art, but inwardly deeply debased. Things were undoubtedly far from what they should have been, but Luther, as usual, had eyes only for the darkest side. His own life there was not very devout; he said Mass, he tells us, perhaps once, perhaps ten times, during his stay; he did not make his Confession at all, for he could find among the clergy "not one single suitable, worthy man" to receive it. He could not understand the religious ideas and practices of the South, and like many another northerner in more recent times returned to Germany full of disgust and contempt, having taken scandal at many things which, had he but understood them better and looked at them with eyes of greater sympathy, were in reality in no way scandalous at all. He arrived at Wittenberg a changed man in many respects. He had gone to Rome the champion of the Observants, he came back a convert to the views of Staupitz on the subject of the rule; he had gone a firm believer in the Divine authority of the Church and of her Head at Rome, he returned, though he himself was not at first fully aware of the fact, with his respect for authority weakened and his faith in the Church seriously undermined.

Whatever may have been the precise reasons which led to his change of front on the subject of the rule, there can be no doubt that from the point of view of worldly advancement Luther had acted wisely in throwing in his lot with Staupitz. His rise in the Order was immediate and marked. In 1516 he had become "Rural Vicar," a position which made him, still only thirty-five years of age, second only to Staupitz himself in the German Congregation, with eleven houses of the Order under his immediate supervision. As he was still Professor of Scripture at Wittenberg, and was already in the throes of the theological difficulties and doubts which were to lead before two years were out to his separation from the Church, his time was very fully occupied. He writes to complain

of this to his friend, Johann Lang, the Prior of Erfurt. "I really ought," he says, "to have two secretaries or chancellors. I do hardly anything all day but write letters. . . . I am at the same time preacher to the monastery, have to preach in the refectory, and am even expected to preach daily in the parish church. I am Regent of the Studium and Vicar, that is equal to saying Prior eleven times over. I have to provide for the delivery of fish from the Leitzkau pond, and to manage the litigation of the Herzberg fellows at Torgau. I am lecturing on Paul, compiling an exposition of the Psalter, and, as I said before, writing letters most of the time."

With such a variety of duties something had to be neglected, and in Luther's case it was his spiritual duties which suffered. In after life he was fond of representing himself as having been a model religious, even while he was deriding the ideas of the religious life. It is interesting, therefore, to see how he wrote at the time. "It is seldom," he goes on, "that I have time for the recitation of the Divine Office or to celebrate Mass, and then, too, I have my own peculiar temptations from the flesh, the world and the devil."*

The Mass had never had any attraction for Luther from his earliest days as a priest. But his neglect of the Breviary was only a gradual growth. At first, so Melanchthon tells us, having had the account from Luther himself, "it was his custom, on the days when he was not obliged to preach, to spend a whole day in repeating the Hours seven times over (i.e. for the whole week), getting up at 2 a.m. in order to do so. But then Amsdorf said to him, 'If it is a sin to omit the Breviary, then you sinned when you omitted it. But if it is not a sin, then why torment yourself now?' Then, when his work increased still more, he threw away the Breviary altogether."

His health suffered from this feverish activity. He became so thin that one could count his ribs. His deep-set eyes, always a striking feature in his face, became more brilliant than ever, and exerted a strange compelling influence on those with whom he was brought into

* Letter dated October 26, 1516.

contact. The inward struggles and agonies of doubt with which he was beset showed themselves plainly upon his face and figure. At this time the influence he was wielding among the younger members of his Order and in the University of Wittenberg was very great indeed, but he himself was still in clouds of difficulties. He was utterly discontented with the current theology of the Church, so much of which he misunderstood, and yet unable to see his way clearly to correct the errors which seemed to him so palpable. He was full of self-sufficiency and spiritual pride, never holding a disputation which did not end in strife and quarrels, always unwilling to give way and acknowledge himself in the wrong, and often persuaded that his own interpretations, even when obviously new and fantastic, were direct inspirations from Our Lord Himself. It is strange that Staupitz, his Superior in the Order, did not see how unfitted such a man was to hold the position of authority he had committed to his charge.

The break with the traditional theology of the Church came, as every schoolboy knows, over the question of Indulgences. There came to Wittenberg in 1517 an eloquent Dominican preacher, John Tetzel by name, charged by the Elector of Mayence with the duty of preaching the great Indulgence lately issued by Pope Leo X for the purpose of raising funds for the building of St Peter's at Rome. As yet Luther had no quarrel with the formal teaching of the Church on the subject of Indulgences. He states the Catholic doctrine, without a word of disapproval, admirably, clearly and succinctly in a sermon preached in 1516. But this particular Indulgence was one which, as Luther himself had come to know, had been made the foundation of bargains between the Elector and the Holy See, which, though not actually simoniacal, certainly lent themselves very readily to attack. Moreover, Tetzel himself in his sermons did not restrict himself to the acknowledged teaching of the Church, but mingled with it oratorical appeals, some of which could hardly be defended. The occasion supplied the spark to light the tinder of Luther's

discontent. He resolved to make a public attack on Tetzel and his teaching, and on October 31, 1517, nailed his famous ninety-five theses against Indulgences to the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg.

To the Bishop of Brandenburg, in whose diocese Wittenberg lay, Luther explained the theses as being hardly matter for a useful Disputation. He assured him of his absolute obedience and readiness to follow the Catholic Church in everything. He wrote to the Pope in terms of complete submission. "Give me life or kill me; call me back, confirm me, reject me, just as it pleases you." "I listen as to the Voice of Christ, who presides in you, and speaks through you." But at the same moment he was preparing for publication his weighty Latin Resolutions on the Indulgence theses, in which he wrote in very different strains. "It makes no difference to me what pleases or does not please the Pope. He is a man like other men . . . I attend to the Pope as Pope, i.e. when he speaks in the laws of the Church, or when he decides in accordance with them, or with a Council, but not when he speaks out of his own head."

At the beginning of July, 1518, Luther was summoned to appear at Rome within sixty days to stand his trial. A little later this was altered and a citation was issued summoning him to appear before Cardinal Cajetan at Augsburg. By this time an immense amount of support had gathered round him, the result of widespread discontent with the conditions into which the Church had sunk, and this support confirmed him in his resolution to resist to the uttermost. At Augsburg he was required to withdraw two of the most plainly heretical of his propositions—the denial that Indulgences were based upon the merits of Christ and of the Saints and the statement that the sacraments of the Church owed their efficiency only to faith. He refused to do so, fled secretly from Augsburg and returned to Wittenberg, where he relied on the support of Frederic the Elector of Mayence, who was his temporal as well as his ecclesiastical Superior. There, on November 28, 1518, he published his appeal to a future General Council.

Augustinian Friar

At Wittenberg his personal influence carried all before it. The students were strong on his side. "They surround my desk like busy ants," he writes in a letter of the time. He was more than ever carried away with the idea that God was working through him. "God carries me away," he writes; "God draws me. I cannot control myself." "God must see to it, what He is working through me."

But, still, although the standard of revolt had now been raised definitely and beyond recall, the new theology lacked its corner stone. Luther was still miserable and full of anxiety. The very name of the Justice of God made him shudder with horror. "I hated the Psalms," he writes, "and the Scripture where the Justice of God occurs. I took it to mean that He was Just and the Judge of sinners, but I did not understand that He was our Justification and our imputed justice." "I wished that God had never revealed the Gospel, for who could love an angry God who judges and condemns?" "Day and night there was nothing but howling and despair which no one could end for me. Thus was I bathed and baptized and properly sweated in my monkery."

Then came the great discovery. It came in a strange place, which a more refined man than Luther was would hardly have mentioned to the world. It was in the *cloaca* of the monastery, a structure built only a few years before by Luther himself, jutting out from the wall of the main building and hanging over the moat. He suddenly understood the phrase, "the Justice of God," in a new sense. "'The just man liveth by faith.' That is to say that 'by His Justice a merciful God justifies by faith.'" "Then I extolled," he goes on, "that sweetest word, 'Justice,' with as much love as I had previously of hatred for it, and this passage of Paul's became to me in very truth the gate of Paradise."

As a matter of fact Luther's great discovery, which still makes him to be thought of by his followers as a Columbus who discovered a new world of theology, was, strictly speaking, no discovery at all. It has been shown that the interpretation is given, not only by St Augustine, as Luther himself later discovered, but by all the mediae-

val writers whom he should have studied in his student days. Denifle gives a list of more than sixty earlier writers, all of whom are unanimous in taking the "Justitia Dei" as St Augustine does and as Luther had now begun to do, viz., as the justice by which He makes men just. The great discovery was, after all, but a commonplace of Catholic teaching. What was really new was the further use that Luther now made of it—a "New Learning,"* or novel teaching, as we should now say, which was no doubt the fruit of his own extraordinary genius, but which was utterly subversive of the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church.

In his later volumes Father Grisar goes on to tell the story of the breach with the Church, and the foundation of Protestantism. That is a story which is probably better known to most of us than this record of Luther's earlier days. By Father Grisar it is told with great fullness of detail, but at the same time with the most scrupulous fairness and impartiality. But the whole story is only the logical development of the history of these earlier years. The boy is father to the man, and in the self-willed young friar, who never learned to subordinate his own judgment to that of the Church, we see already the characteristics of the bold and violent Reformer who, in his desire to set forward his own doctrines, did not hesitate to rend the Unity of the Church and to set up a rule of faith other than that by which all Christendom had walked and taught for fifteen hundred years. It is the magnitude of the catastrophe which he caused rather than the greatness of his own soul which will prevent the name of Martin Luther from being forgotten as long as the world endures, but no student of history can ever afford to neglect his story or fail to be interested in a character which has had so profound an effect upon the nations of Europe and the fate of Christianity in the modern world.

ARTHUR S. BARNES

* This phrase, "The New Learning," which nowadays is constantly misused to denote the expansion of secular knowledge which followed the Renaissance, originally meant the novel and heretical teaching of the Protestant reformers.

CROMWELL'S NICKNAME: "THE BREWER"

EVERY student of the seventeenth century in England must have been struck by the liveliness of its invective. Witty or not witty, there is no dearth of that. Ears were still cropped for small offences, and the calling of names, from Milton to Tom Coryat, was part of the routine of polite life. My Lord Protector did not go unlabelled, not he! Throughout the ten final and most conspicuous years of his life, he bore an abusive title such as might have been conferred on some strong-handed head-master by a growling school. The first Lord Lytton, in a "page of prancing poesy" addressed to the spirit of Hampden, *felix vita felicior morte*, has used that abusive title with great effect; but we moderns, for the most part, leave it alone. Once, indeed, it was done to death. Cleveland's wholehearted whacking, supplemented by Butler and Brome and again and again by the Loyall Songs in verse, by Walker and Cowley, and all the frog-chorus of the King's Pamphlets in prose, had fixed it in every cell of the public ear for ever, that to the Cavalier party, in his lifetime, unloved Oliver was "The Brewer." So long as the mud stuck, no proof was wanted, and no pamphleteer on the losing side ever "verified his references." Among the horde of similar treatises produced just after the Restoration is a typical one called: *The English Devill etc. etc. . . . that durst aspire from a Brew-house to the Throne.**

But when one looks up in the context the grounds of this dramatic allegation, one gets absolutely no satisfaction, nor any further enlightenment than that great Oliver rose to the national leadership from "the mean condition of a private person," at large.

Cromwell had one deep-hued prominent feature not uncommonly found in dominating men, which was variously and chastely alluded to from 1646 or so, as "the

* In British Museum, E 1035 (3).

bird of preys bloudie Beak," "The Comet," "The Ruby," "the Dominicall letter." By 1649, this carnal butt of conservative scorn had grouped itself pictorially with a new object of depreciation, equally dear to the lyric Muse. "Sing old Noll the Brewer," runs the invitation.

> Let Cromwells Nose still reign,
> Let Cromwells Nose still reign!
> 'Tis no Disgrace
> To his Copper Face
> To brew strong Ale againe.*

In some notes and appendices to Noble's ample *Memoirs of the Protectoral House*, 1787, and to Russell's *Cromwell*, 1829, a few among the many such old-time echoes are gathered and tabulated. But these are mere literary curiosities to both biographers; they are unrelated and mean nothing. The great Tribune a Brewer! The absurd notion is dismissed quietly and quickly.

> Whether he was ever concerned in the brewing business is difficult to determine; many of his enemies lampooned him for it in his lifetime; but as Heath, one of the bitterest, assures us that he never was a brewer, we may, I think, take his word.†

Heath does indeed say as much in his famous *Flagellum*. "Whereas 'tis reported Oliver kept a Brew-House, that is a mistake." And as a mere "mistake" the allegation has generally been accepted. Yet now and then a modern writer, accurately informed on other points, makes the old slip; one most useful book says that the Royalist Mercuries, which could not find occasion to satirize Cromwell for moral misconduct in his mature years, managed to make "allusions to his debauched life as a youth, when he was a brewer at Ely!"‡ Of course, he never was a brewer anywhere.

* "An Hymne to Cromwell," in *A Curse against Parliament Ale*, the *Thomason Tracts*. Oct. 25, 1649.

† Noble, *ut supra*, *Chapter of Proofs and Illustrations*, p. 102.

‡ *A History of English Journalism to the Foundation of The Gazette*, by J. B. Williams. 1908. p. 89.

"The Brewer"

More than three hundred years later than Heath, appears this passage, which goes too far in its assurances:

Cassell's Gazetteer tells us that in Huntingdon, brewing is a leading industry "as it was in the days of the Cromwells, whose brewery is still carried on": but in point of fact there is not any probability that the family ever had any connexion with such an industry. The house in which the future Pretender was born seems to have been previously occupied by a brewer, and on that fact the vague tradition of the family having been engaged in the business has been based.*

Well-descended on both sides as Oliver Cromwell had been for generations, it is striking how persistently he was reported to be a person of the lowest extraction. "Of meane Birth," says Echard, who ought to have known better. It may be considered incontestable that Oliver was "looked upon as one of the people till he was above forty years of age."† Yes, and of malice prepense, among his enemies, for much longer. Perhaps his Royalist family were not unwilling to have him thus decried, even at their own expense. Quite the contrary witness is borne in the Latin panegyrics claimed as Milton's,‡ and in any case obviously contemporary. These do not mince matters. "*E nobilissima Cromwellorum familia; . . . procul a sordibus, ad splendorem prope accedens, cui nemo detraheret, quae detraheret nemini; . . . Oliverus Cromwellus genere nobili atque illustri ortus;*" . . . so the phrases run.

It may be noted in passing as strange that one much nearer to the true golden age of the family than was his collateral descendant, the Protector, should have taken pains, upon the very steps of the scaffold, to have belittled it. Said Thomas Cromwell in his dying speech, 1541: "Being but of mean parentage, I was called to high estate." This was the general impression at the time.

* *Oliver Cromwell and his Times*. G. Holden Pike. 1899. pp. 96-97.

† Granger, *Biog. History of England*. 2nd ed. p. 251.

‡ *Memoirs of the Life and Actions of Oliver Cromwell*, by Francis Peck. M.A. 1740.

Cromwell's Nickname:

Chapuys writes to Granvelle from London on November 21, 1535: "Sir Master Crumwell . . . is the son of a poor blacksmith who lived in a small village four miles from this place, and is buried in a common grave in the parish churchyard. His uncle, whom he enriched, was cook to the late Archbishop of Canterbury [Warham]." The extract from the calendar is quoted by Abbot Gasquet, who evidently believes in the "poor circumstance" and "humble state."* The men of the Lincolnshire Rising assembled at Horncastle in 1536 to forward to the king their protest against the dissolution of the religious houses, specifically complained of the introduction into the Privy Council of "the lord Crumwell and other such personages as be of low birth and small reputation." But why Thomas Cromwell himself should have contrasted his "mean parentage" with his "high estate," except out of sheer servility of spirit, out of what has been called basilolatry, the saving dread of the Tudors, is not apparent. As a matter of fact, his early position in the great households is itself testimony to the contrary; "upper servants" such as he, his brother-in-law, and his nephew, were, at that time, almost invariably persons of gentle lineage.

Most of us have heard of the famous privately-circulated proclamation purported to have come from the exiled young King at Paris, dated April 23, 1654, a preliminary to an abortive plot. It ran:

> Whereas a certain mechanick fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, hath usurp'd supream power over the Kingdoms . . leave is given to any one to kill him in any way . . . by pistoll, sword or poison, etc.†

A knighthood and £500 a year were to reward the assassin. Of the King's complicity there can be but one opinion. "If internal evidence be worth anything, that proclamation was never issued by Charles."‡ "Mechanicks," be it

* *Henry VIII and the Eng. Mon.* 1, 379.
† Thurloe. II, p. 248.
‡ Gardiner, *Hist. Common.* 1897. III, p. 458.

noted, included brewers in the definitions of those days; South, and some other writers of the time, expressly mention "mechanick" as the genus, "brewer" as a species. Cromwell, in the following September, took pains to state in his speech before the House in Whitehall that he belonged by birth to the class of country gentlemen, "living," he added, "neither in any considerable height nor yet in obscurity." Analysts have not correlated these clauses with those of the bogus proclamation; but the latter may well be supposed to have received thus, in the Painted Chamber, its answer of perfect dignity.

A Mr Philip Clamp, as from minor local records it almost accidentally appears, was the person who sold the old Priory property at Huntingdon to Robert Cromwell, son of Sir Henry, and father of Oliver Protector, who was born there in 1599. The little estate comprised a large stone house at the upper end of the town, on the riverward side. Now this Mr Clamp was by trade a brewer. Mr Sanford has given the subject some thought, and in his very valuable book has this to say of Mr Philip Clam (*sic*) and his professional labours carried out on the premises, greatly aided and abetted by the little Hinchin stream which flowed through the yard at the back.

> This alone would give the house the name of "the brewhouse" in common parlance. Nothing is more likely than that Robert Cromwell brewed his own beer and that of the labourers on his lands. The convenience of the brook and of the brewing apparatus may also have induced him to brew for some of his neighbours while brewing for himself: and hence may have arisen, naturally enough, the stories amongst the Royalists of his having been a brewer by trade, a thing essentially different. . . . Oliver himself, who was above all foolish feelings of pride, never on any occasion alluded to his father or himself having been engaged in any business. Without hesitation, then, that version may be rejected as resting on no good evidence, and being irreconcilable with the society habits and prejudices of that age.*

Country gentlemen of that time, especially those who

* *Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion*, John Langton Sanford. 1858. pp. 182-183.

owned large estates, did indeed brew for their own households, and as a matter of course sold the surplus. An Act of Parliament was found necessary by March 28, 1650, "touching the way of collecting the Excise for Ale and Beer brewed and spent in Private Families." Something far more special must have characterized the Cromwell household, if the political barb of "Brewer" can ever have had any point at all. Modern inquiry pricks up its alertest ear, and flies hot-foot to the pages of Palgrave, Gardiner, Morley, Firth, Carlyle, only to come away no wiser than it went. The last-named inevitably must be quoted, though here he breaks no new ground.

> A vague but confident tradition as to Brewing attaches itself to this locality . . . an element of distracted calumny, exaggeration, and confusion, so far as Robert Cromwell is concerned. . . . We will leave Robert Cromwell's brewing in a very unilluminated state. Uncontradicted tradition, and old printed Royalist lampoons do call him a Brewer; the Brook of Hinchin running through his premises offered clear convenience for Malting or Brewing; in regard to which, and also to his wife's assiduous management of the same, one is very willing to believe tradition.*

Carlyle gets from Heath the touch about Mrs Robert Cromwell's "assiduous management." For Heath, after the positive statement that his "great bad man" was never a brewer, goes on to make remarks of which Mr Noble took no account in his careful volumes. This former brew-house of Mr Clamp's, Heath tells us, was kept up in Robert Cromwell's time, managed by his wife and the servants, "without any concernment of his [Oliver's] father therein." Moreover,

> The Mistresse at her husband's death,† did continue in the same Imployment and Calling of a Brewer, and thought it no disparagement to sustaine the Estate and port of a younger Brother, as Mr Robert Cromwel was, by those lawfull meanes: however, not soe reputable as other gains and Trades are accounted.‡

* *Oliver Cromwell: Letters and Speeches.* 1846. vol. 1, pp. 33, 34.
† In 1617.
‡ *Flagellum.* 1671. p. 15.

"The Brewer"

Dugdale bears his grave trustworthy contemporary witness, much in the same spirit:

> Mr Robt Cromwell had but a slender estate, much of his support being a brewhouse in Huntingdon, chiefly managed by his wife.*

And Roger Coke says that his father, being asked whether he knew the Protector, smartly replied: "Yes, and his father too, when he kept his Brewhouse in Huntingdon."† The best specializing modern authority on the subject of the Cromwell lineage sets down Robert Cromwell, in his due place in a long pedigree, as "brewer," *tout simple*.‡ Some leisurely comments on the facts so far ascertained are given by Mr Registrar Hazlitt, who approves of the brewery, inasmuch as it enabled Mr Robert Cromwell to farm his lands better.

> Mrs Robert Cromwell managed it with such good judgment as to live in a very handsome yet frugal manner, and to give each of her Daughters fortune sufficient to marry them to persons of genteel families....

Mr Hazlitt adds:

> Some of Oliver Cromwell's biographers are in a state of extreme affliction and resentment at the supposition that Robert Cromwell was ever engaged in trade as a brewer.

He goes on to show that at least no discredit was visited upon Mr Robert Cromwell by his rich relations at Hinchinbrook, nor by the townsmen and electors.

In the year 1810 the family in the male line having become extinct upon its monastic lands (after a fashion which Sir Henry Spelman could have predicted), the estate was

> purchased by James Rush, Esq., whose extensive improvements entirely obliterated every trace of the Cromwell mansion.§

* *A Short View of the Late Troubles in England*. Oxford. 1681. p. 459.

† *Detection, etc.* 1694, vol. II. p. 57.

‡ John Phillips, Esq., of Putney, who in 1894 compiled a chart, *Genealogy of the Cromwell-Williams Family from the Conquest to the Commonwealth*.

§ *Oliver Cromwell*. William Hazlitt. 1857. p. 4, *et seq.*

Cromwell's Nickname:

The back of the house, which long consisted of the old stout Priory masonry, in which part the Protector was born, serves now as the servants' quarters.

Sir Richard Tangye notes that

> Cavaliers, and aristocrats of later date, thought to disparage the Lord Protector and his father by describing them as brewers.

He does not forbear to remark that we look upon the imputed circumstance nowadays from another point of view, remembering how many "ornaments of the House of Lords swam into the Chamber on beer, and still maintain their lordly state by its sale."* Such is his wicked digression.

Another comparatively recent writer has a trenchant comment concerning that uneasiness of Oliver's biographers alluded to by Mr Hazlitt:

> Were there discredit connected with trade, would the stain be lessened by removing the imputation from one parent to the other? Do not panegyrics inflict a more serious injury upon Cromwell's parentage by denying facts which are attended with no dishonour, and inducing readers to believe that the idleness of his father compelled his mother to be a drudge?†

Not very much is known even yet of that strong character, Elizabeth Steward, from whom her famous son drew his most marked traits. Legend long had it that she was remotely of the blood royal; but we now know that her ancestry cannot be traced farther back than the Stywards of Norfolk.‡ She was a young widow when she married Robert Cromwell. Her first husband had been William Lynne, of Bassingbourne, Cambridgeshire. Is it possible that he had been a practitioner of that trade which Elizabeth took up, and pursued so expertly, and with such success, in after years? An old unnoticed book, on what authority one knows not, states no less.

* *Two Protectors*. 1899. p. 23.
† *Life of Oliver Cromwell*, Rev. M. Russell, 1829.
‡ *The Genealogist* (Walter Rye). 1885. p. 34.

"The Brewer"

His [Oliver's] father, having noe large Estate, intermarried with a brewer's Widdow, by whom he had some addition of fortune: and from her sprung that story of Oliver's being a Brewer at Huntingdon.*

It has long been the fashion to discount the Royalist biographers of the Protector. But at least they were in the field very early: they were in a proportion of six to one: and they preserve for us much curious and not altogether absurd small talk of the day. It seems impossible now to trace any brewing precedents connected with the Stywards or the Lynnes. How about the Cromwells? Are there indeed no grounds at all, as students have long believed, for connecting my Lord Protector, even by poetic licence, with ale? Or was there in the traditions of her second husband's race something which may have served as a sort of moral justification and reinforcement to Elizabeth Cromwell, in her own valiant dealings with the creature of malt?

Before examining further the reasons why Oliver was saluted so vociferously and persistently as a brewer, it will do no harm to look somewhat critically at his ancestry as a whole. The Protector's family, at least in its English origins, may be traced to Norwell and also to Cromwell, villages some five miles from Newark in Nottinghamshire. Alden de Cromwell came to England in the train of the Conqueror; from him descended ten Ralph de Cromwells in an unbroken line. The Nottingham connexion was strengthened in the fourteenth century by a marriage with a local heiress. The sixth of these Ralph de Cromwells was lord of Lambley, Nottinghamshire, and his grandson, William, was lessee of Palme Hall, Norwell, and father of John. The last-named moved to Putney, became a well-known adherent of the Lancastrian cause, and was deprived of his estates by the victorious party. From this John Cromwell of Norwell and Putney the genealogy is best worked out, on the authority of that

* *Hist. of Life and Death of Oliver Cromwell, the late Usurper*, by J. H., Gent. 1663.

excellent antiquary, Mr John Phillips.* It is all quite clear sailing, thanks to his research.

The Cromwell-Williams blood, as everybody knows, was Welsh. Oliver's own courage, obstinacy, and idealism show the Welsh strain as plainly as any ethnologist could ask. Flecknoe, his first apologist, states in a dignified manner that his hero was

> born a Gentilman . . . of the Ancient Family of the Williams's, and Adopted into the noble Family of the Cromwels.†

No more, and not very lucid at that. The most celebrated member of "the noble Family of the Cromwells" was, of course, Henry the VIII's Vicar-General and tool, the champion truckler, after Cranmer, of that truckling age, otherwise Thomas Cromwell, Baron Cromwell of Oakham, Earl of Essex, beheaded in 1540. One historian, in his usual cheerful, cocksure, emphatic and time-saving manner, thus sums him up:

> He had preference over every one but the King, and in fact represented him in the Parliament, where he introduced and defended all his confiscating and murdering laws.‡

Oliver was acquainted with the record of this complacent and highly acquisitive genius, and did not like him; even on one occasion flew into a temper and outright denial when there was talk of their consanguinity: at least, so says Fuller in the Cambridgeshire chapter of his inestimable *Worthies*. This, if true, is rather remarkable. Fuller mistakenly convinced himself that the Cromwells

* "Sir Richard Williams of Taunton and His Connection with the Cromwell Family," from the *New England Historical and Genealogical Recorder*, April, 1897. Other detailed pedigrees, less correct and less full, are to be found in Gough's *Bibliotheca Topographia, Britannica*, vol. VI ("A Short Genealogical View of the Family of Oliver Cromwell"), 1785; and in the prefatory chapter supplied by the publisher to the second edition of the Waylen-Cromwell book cited in this article, Eliot Stock, 1897.

† *The Idea of His Highness*. 1659.

‡ *Hist. Reformation*, Cobbett. Letter VI. 1692.

had always been of Huntingdonshire, and that the tradition of their being of the same blood as the aforesaid Earl of Essex (first and last of that creation) was a mere confusion arising from the fact of the descent of the Protector's wife from the Bourchiers, who had once borne that storied title.

Crouch and Carrington, Roundheads, who may have had better opportunities of knowing than Fuller had, considered Thomas Cromwell, as a matter of course, the source and origin of the family's first emergence from obscurity. And each of these biographers gives some account of the transition in the family name. The former puts it loosely thus:

> When the great Lord Cromwel fell, in the reign of King Henry VIII, he had in his service one Williams, a Person of lively Parts and industrious in Business: which King Henry observing (after his Master's death), he gave him a considerable Imployment, and upon all Occasions called him Cromwell, his Master's Name . . . and this Name continued down from that time to Sir Oliver Cromwel, and thence to our Protector.*

The "Person of lively Parts," however, had a better claim by association to the transferred cognomen than is evident from this citation.

Carrington throws no better light on the subject.

> The Lo: Thomas Cromwel dyed without heir males,† leaving one onely Daughter, espoused to one Mr Williams, a Gentleman of Glamorganshire of a good Family. . . The Lord Cromwel's daughter was the lively representation of her Father and the very pourtraiture of his great soul, as the Lady Claypool was of his late Highness, the Lord Protector.

(Only "daughter," in the above extract, should have been "sister" throughout, though the truth spoils the romantic value of the analogy.)

* R. Burton (Nathaniel Crouch). *History of Oliver Cromwell.* p. 178.

† His wife was Elizabeth Wykys, daughter of Henry Wykys, of Bolleys Park, Chertsey. One of his Williams relatives afterwards married into the same family. Gregory Cromwell, son of Thomas and Elizabeth, married, but died childless.

Cromwell's Nickname:

Mr Williams, being "a Retainer," appeared, we are told, in deepest mourning before the irate King, praising his master; so that afterwards the King came to reflect that such a daringly faithful creature might be very useful to himself; hence he sent for him to Court:

> And commanding him to take the name of Cromwel upon himself, he invested him with all the offices and Chardges the late Lord Thomas Cromwel enjoyed near his Person, and reinstated him in all the goods and lands. From this noble Lord Williams, alias Cromwel, and the Illustrious Daughter of the renowned Lord Thomas Cromwel, his late Highness and our present Protector are lineally descended.*

Who was "Lord Williams," otherwise Morgan ap William? Like most countrymen of his, he had a long pedigree, and in the heraldic sense at least, a noble one. His father, William ap Jevan, bailiff to the king's grace, was fifth in descent from an important person, Howell ap William, Lord of Kibwr in Glamorganshire, and bore his arms; this William ap Jevan had married an English wife, said to be related to the Cromwells of Putney. Their son, Morgan ap William, as we have seen, married Katharine Cromwell, one of the two sisters of Thomas Cromwell, then rising to his zenith of power. These persons, Morgan and Katharine, were living on their own little property at what is now Whitchurch near Cardiff, when their son Richard Williams was born.

A critic and reviewer of Noble's work states that "there is, or was, a tradition at Llan-Newydd near Caermarthen that Oliver's ancestors dwelt there."† That tradition exists to-day in connexion with a property there called Cwmcastell, and it is maintained in a painstaking recent book.‡ Nevertheless, it is erroneous, and probably

* S. Carrington. *The Life and Death of his Most Serene Highness.* 1659. pp. 254-5.

† Richards. *Review of Noble's Memoir of the Protectoral House.* 1787. p. 87.

‡ *The History and Antiquities of the Parish of Newchurch, Caermarthenshire*, by the Rev. T. M. Morgan, Vicar. 1910. p. 127. The Cromwell pedigree there given is confused and defective.

arose from the fact that Oliver Cromwell was at Cwmcastell when directing military operations in that part of the country, in May, 1648, and superintending the building of the "Watch-Pit," still visible in the neighbourhood.

Leland, a contemporary, tells us in regard to Morgan ap William's better-known son, Richard Williams, that he was born near "Egluis Newith," situated "a two miles from Cairdif," the actual birthplace being on the slope of Cevn-on (the Ash-tree Ridge) just beyond the boundaries of the parish of Llanishen, which Leland calls Llan Isen, in the more correct ancient form.* Leland is right, as Noble and Gough, who follow him, are right; and Noble's censor has wasted his powder. Carlyle makes the same statement, and took the trouble to visit the place. The tradition of Cromwell's ancestors lives there, too, but only precariously, and should be strengthened. This "Egluis Newith" has long been called Whitchurch (White Church, the Church of the White Friars once new): hence, perhaps, the natural but mistaken transference or partition of the Cromwell legend in favour of the Newchurch never called anything else, near Carmarthen. The birthplace of Richard Williams seems to have been a house called "The Deri," now occupied by Mr George, a farmer.† Richard Williams was born about 1495, starting life as Richard ap Morgan and ending it as Sir Richard Cromwell. This gentleman, the direct ancestor of the Lord Protector, cut a highly conspicuous figure in his day. He became a favourite of fortune by the omnipotent influence of his uncle, changed his name in mature years,‡ made a wealthy marriage, in due time

* *Itinerary*, (*in Wales, etc.*), edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. vol. III, p. 17. The commote or hundred is Kibwr, anglicized as Kibbor or Kibworth.

† Information from the Rev. R. L. Rhys, Vicar of Llanishen, 1911.

‡ He, and not his father, seems to have been the first to adopt definitely the name of Cromwell. Firth. *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, article, "Oliver Cromwell," vol. XIII, p. 155. Students of Cromwelliana are aware that four generations of these Williams-Cromwells (including great Oliver himself, in at least one youthful signature of 1620) wrote the surname as "Cromwell, alias Williams."

was knighted by King Henry VIII, and between 1537 and 1542 procured grants of monastic lands in Huntingdonshire. In 1547 he died at Stepney, and was interred in Great St Helen's Church, Bishopsgate Street, London.

Some time during Richard's boyhood or early youth his parents left their home among the hills of South Wales, and moved up to Putney, on the outskirts of the capital. The interests of the family already centred about London, not only on account of the residence of the Cromwells in the vicinity, but because William ap Jevan himself, Richard's paternal grandfather, was settled at Mortlake. The latter, first a member of the household of Jasper, Duke of Bedford, became bailiff to that nobleman's nephew, the reigning King. Henry VII, a Welshman, naturally favoured his compatriots, in his frugal but dignified Court. "He was as much a Welshman," it has been said, "as James I was a Scotsman or George I a German." Morgan ap William ap Jevan ap Morgan ap Howell, in transferring himself from Glamorganshire to Surrey, and setting up anew as Mr Williams, went into no disadvantageous or unfriendly neighbourhood. In fact, the repeated drawing together of the Cromwell-Williamses suggests some motive of convenience or necessity behind it; and this motive can have been nothing else than the desire to succeed by consolidation, which was getting so great a foothold in England, and was, indeed, part of the spirit of the Renaissance. We have no psychological details of the warrior barons who bore the name before modern England was in the making; they may have been of the true inconsequent swashbuckling baronial mould. But in Protestant times, from the sixteenth century onwards, the race are plainly seen as pushful folk, complete paragons at "getting on," who confer no special benefits, either moral or material, on mankind. The Cromwell-Williamses kept in their own hands, and within the circle of their own connexions, many simultaneous trades and opportunities of emolument; they constantly intermarried with the same two or three families, having the same avocations, in near-by

localities. Their policy looks at this distance remarkably like a well-thought-out commercial scheme. Of heroics and the Kingdom of Heaven we hear never a word until "Oliver P." comes on the scene with what the Rev. J. B. Mozley so finely calls his "large defensive vocabulary of sentimentalism": probably an original, not an inherited asset!

Now Morgan ap William had a trade to pursue, and trade connexions to strengthen. He appears in the records of the Manor of Wimbledon* as Ale-brewer and Innkeeper. His wife's people were in the same boat. Carlyle mentions quite incidentally that the Lord Thomas Cromwell's father was a Putney blacksmith;† but almost a century before Carlyle, the now ignored but excellent Kippis specified that this blacksmith became "in his later days, a brewer."‡ The data accumulate after an odd fashion as we proceed: for Dr Gairdner thus completes it in his article on Thomas Cromwell in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, saying of that worthy's father: "Walter Cromwell seems to have been known to his contemporaries, not only as a blacksmith, but also as a fuller and shearer of cloth at Putney, where he besides kept a hostelry and brewhouse. This curious combination of employments may be partly accounted fot by the fact that the lease or possession of a fulling-mill [on the Wandle] had been in the family ever since 1452, when it was granted by Archbishop Kempe to one William Cromwell, who came from Norwell in Nottinghamshire, and of whom Walter seems to have been a grandson.... Walter Cromwell is called in many of the entries Walter Smyth, and his father John Smyth." (The double reason, not disclosed by Dr Gairdner, is that Walter Cromwell's grandfather, William Cromwell of Norwell, married Margaret Smyth, also of a Nottinghamshire family; and that their son John, Walter Cromwell's father, married his

* *D. N. Biog.* vol. XIII, p. 155. Prof. Firth's article on "Oliver Cromwell."

† Carlyle must have taken this from Dugdale, *Baronage*, II, p. 370.

‡ *Biog. Britannica.* 1779. vol. IV, p. 466.

own first cousin, Joan Smyth. The Smyths, ever a mighty clan, as Mr Chesterton reminds us, were evidently better known than the Cromwells. Like them, they made alliances with the rising Williams family.) Two proven brewers, then, Morgan Williams and Walter Cromwell, swim into view from the dim past, one the great-great, and one the great-great-great-grandfather of him who

> Cast the Kingdoms old
> Into another mould.

The Wimbledon, Roehampton, Putney and Mortlake districts continued to be generally and intimately connected, for at least a century and a half, with the Cromwell fortunes. Brewhouse Lane, near Putney Church, got its name from Walter Cromwell's extensive establishment, and still bears witness, in the ears and eyes of Londoners, to his else-perished memory.

A little book by Carlyle's former secretary* contains a compact account of the Cromwells; and from a careful correlation of that and Mr Phillips's tables† a pedigree may be summarized. To quote that too happy and therefore ill-used pun of our own day, these give us the Complete Beerage at a glance.

* *The House of Cromwell.* By James Waylen. Revised by John Gabriel Cromwell, M.A., Hon. Canon of Durham. 1897.

† In the *New England Historical and Genealogical Recorder.* April, 1897.

"The Brewer"

John Cromwell, son of William of Norwell. Occupation not certain. His wife sister to Richard Smyth, a wealthy Brewer of Roehampton.

John Cromwell. Brewer at Stockwell Green.

Two sons, both Brewers, employed by their cousin Thomas Cromwell.

Walter Cromwell. Brewer at Putney and at Stockwell Green.

Thomas Cromwell (Earl of Essex), who has charge of Cardinal Wolsey's brewery at Hampton Court.

Katherine Cromwell. Marries Morgan Williams, of Llanishen, brewer to Hen. VII and Hen. VIII at Putney, Wandsworth and Greenwich.

Sir Richard Williams, alias Cromwell. Marries the daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Murfyn, Lord Mayor of London.

Sir Henry Cromwell, "the Golden Knight of Hinchinbrook." Marries the daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Warren, also a Lord Mayor of London.

Sir Oliver Cromwell, the well-known Royalist.

Robert Cromwell, second son, who, "reverting to type," buys a Brewery, and marries Elizabeth Styward, who brews.

Oliver Cromwell, fifth child, Lord Protector ("the Brewer").

Now, the nickname "Brewer," attached to Cromwell almost as soon as he loomed up as the chief figure in English politics, must have owed its origin to a rumour; and that rumour must have started either from East Anglia, Surrey, or South Wales, the existing or former homes of his people. As the first two districts were predominately Parliamentarian in feeling, and the last overwhelmingly Royalist (bitterly acquainted, also at first hand, with Oliver's disciplinary official methods), it is difficult not to suspect that the Welsh gentlemen

who crowded the King's tents from Edgehill fight to St Fagan's, were the men chiefly responsible for the slur. A slur it was; but certainly not, in root and branch, a slander, against their hated conqueror. To the long-memoried Cymry and Gael of the country districts, a startling event of Tudor times is, even now, as fresh and living as a startling event of ten years ago. Every sojourner among them knows this to be true. The dazzling rise of Richard Williams stood good, in the Silurian vales, for more than a nine days' wonder. Had that rise been due to public service or personal worth, perhaps idle or envious tongues might have been somewhat curbed. But since evolution from the long-inherited state of brewerage was due simply to patronage and to money, the door was open to all manner of neighbourly uncharitableness. Human nature now was human nature in the early sixteenth century; and the generation which sprang up just after the Wars of the Roses had mown down the aristocracy like grass, was one to which a marked betterment of social conditions, outside the always democratic area of the Church, was the most exciting and romantic of all marvels. The Glamorganshire village would not have forgotten its one highly-preferred native by the time that Oliver Cromwell and his troopers passed it, on the heels of the downfall of the hot little Welsh insurrection, in the May of 1648. The site of the decisive battle of St Fagan's stands, like Whitchurch and Llanishen, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cardiff. Oliver got news of the victory at Monmouth, and he came hurrying down. Imagine him, as he then was, marching over his own immediate ancestral ground, and one can almost hear the sudden reminiscence running angrily, by way of news, from hostile door to door: that this dreaded General whose personality is to his foemen so obsessive, so inescapable, like that of another Saladin; this prevailing statesman, who is already popularly supposed to be aiming (helped by diabolical agencies) at the Throne itself, is by origin nobody but a Brewer, nobody but a Brewer! The term of intended abuse begins to be

prevalent in Royalist publications about this very time, 1648-9. It may well have been heard before, and may now have become fixed by this first-hand local confirmation. Such an hypothesis would perhaps be strengthened were one able to point to some instance where a contemporary Welsh pen has called Oliver Cromwell a Brewer.

Poets grow on every bush in the Principality. We do not know all of them who followed King Charles: we do not learn, for example, the sentiments of "Mr N. W., the Welch poet and musitian," who left his precious fingers on the field of honour, in 1643; nor have we any testimony on the point from Martin Llwellyn, or John Davies of Kidwelly. None are left to question but that interesting pair, Henry Vaughan the Silurist and his twin brother Thomas. The latter had borne arms for his sovereign's cause, and had been ejected on account of it from his clerical living; but he was a dreaming alchemist whose pages, save in the one Latin lament for Archbishop Laud, nowhere bear the slightest trace of the national conflict through which he passed not impartially. As for Henry Vaughan, most people's idea of him is that his Uranian genius took no account, either, of transitory things. Even so accomplished a critic as Mr Courthope adopts this indefensible, this wildly inaccurate view. Nothing can be farther from the fact that the strange thesis that Vaughan was a "bad citizen" and "mere spectator," taking no side, and riding that distracted hour in a cloud of "Epicurean indifference!"* Vaughan tells us in the first Preface to his first book that he has his eye (for the purpose of making an application to them of Roman satire) directly upon his own times, the "dregs of an age"; and his eye never strays far from them. Hardly a move of any importance by the abhorred government passes unrecorded in his astonishingly annotative pages. One might go further, and say that two-thirds of his sacred poetry is spoiled by the spirit of modern journalism, and by nothing else. He is quite as much the "young Tyrtaeus" his friend Dr Powell

* *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, vol. III, p. 238.

calls him, as he is the saintly home-keeping harper of *Silex Scintillans*. Political passion of the strongest kind crops up again and again in all he wrote, to the very end, for he is a most concrete-minded person. Just as in his highest moods he is full of the divinest flying hints, shadows and half-tones, so he is full likewise of shrugs and gestures, like Sidney's "spaniolated Englishman," when he is writing of what he does not love. To those who study him faithfully he is, of all Carolian writers not among the professed satirists, the very one who is most shaken by the storm, and least unwilling to hide where his heart, his hope and his grief lay while the wars and the Commonwealth lasted. Henry Vaughan has not been appraised for quite the unrepentant aristocrat which he was. He had behind him a great direct soldier ancestry of Gams and Havards and Vaughans of Tretower; of scholarly Awbreys; of powerful meddlers with national affairs, Somersets, Clares, and Mortimers. "Your noble spirit," he says in his little-quoted and wholly characteristic *Life of St Paulinus of Nola*, 1654, "is the bravest bearer of indignities; and certainly, extraction and vertuous descent (let popular flatterers preach what they will to the contrary), is attended with more divinitie, and a sweeter temper than the indiscrete* issue of the multitude. There is an eminent difference betwixt flowers and weedes, though they spring from the same mould.... The greatest parte of men, which we commonly terme the populacy, are a stiff uncivill generation, without any seed of honour or goodnesse, sensible of nothing but privat interest, and the base ways of acquiring it."† Quite in the vein, all this, of Sir Philip Warwick, but without his sweetness. Vaughan certainly ranked His Highness Oliver with the "populacy."

Well, then: does Vaughan, an observer and a censor, call Oliver a Brewer? Being what he is, he cannot do a thing like that: he does not employ just the medium in which the word could figure. He is not Brome. But he does

* Rude, vulgar. Obs.

† *The Mount of Olives*. Froude. 1902. p. 123.

not fail to show us that he knew the word and believed it to be a fit.

Among his secular poems, there figures a very spirited one* on the King's escape from Oxford to the Scots' camp outside Newark, in April-May, 1646. Vaughan expressly states that he wrote the lines at the time; they were never published until the generation to whom they would have been easy reading had passed away. Charles had gone forth on his fatal adventure in a disguise, a "coarse thing" which, in his liegeman's opinion, "profan'd" him. In one couplet, "great Charles," so obscured, is compared to

> [his] own Court, now to an alehouse turn'd.

A Court degenerated into an alehouse? Is there any recorded occupation of King Charles the First's once beautiful and stately Courts which, to a sensitive and naturally contemptuous intelligence like Vaughan's, would fasten upon them the all-plebeian odour of beer? There are several recent historical monographs on the royal palaces, for the most part excellently done. But the most minute study or inquiry will only prove plainly that by 1646 no material vicissitude had so affected St James's Palace, Whitehall, Windsor, or Hampton Court, that any of these could by the broadest licence be described as an "alehouse." Were one inclined to fancy that the Royalist poet were girding at some temporary billeting of the enemy's troops therein, Vaughan, who never misses fire, would have here neither rhyme nor reason: the Ironsides were too distinctly sober a crew. This much has long been plain from a well-known passage of Sir Richard Baker.† The King, as he so pathetically told his teasing little son at the battle of Edgehill, had for seven years before his death "noe Home to go to." It has been supposed that his former homes were not taken over as a definite habitation by his

* *Henry Vaughan.* Muses Library edition. 1896. vol. II, p. 182.
† *Chronicle.* 1684. p. 635.

victor until after he was years in his grave. We have it from many authorities that when, on December 16, 1653, Cromwell was first installed as Lord Protector, he then proceeded to occupy both Hampton Court and the royal lodgings on the river side of Whitehall. But some hitherto unnoticed, or unknown, publications may be adduced, to show how near to 1646 can be traced Cromwell's residence or part residence in the London palace. A bitter Royalist satire,* dated by Thomason February 17, 1647, is entitled:

> A New Magna Charta Enacted and Confirmed by the . . . Lords and Commons now sitting at Westminster in Empty Parliament, under the Command and Wardship of Sir Thomas Fairfax, Lieutenant-General Cromwell (our present Soveraigne Lorde the King, now residing at his Royall Pallace at White-Hall) Prince Ireton his Sonne, and the Army under their Command.

This mention of Cromwell, figuring as "our present Soveraigne Lorde" and "now residing at his Royall Pallace" with "Prince Ireton his Sonne," is definite enough. The "Army" are evidently fixed there too. *Mercurius Elenticus*, at this very time, February-March, 1647, complains that "King Noll" has picked out officers, "devills of the last edition," to sit day by day at Whitehall, to receive petitions and consider business relating to the Army. Here is proof positive that Cromwell was spending most of his time, and presumably dwelling, at Whitehall as early as the very beginning of 1647; and if then, arguably earlier: for no Englishman not constrained to do it undertakes the mobilization of his goods and chattels in the winter months.

As Lord Welby has lately reminded us, as much of Whitehall lay on one side of the road as on the other. The Cockpit precincts, away from the Thames, were an important part of the old palace enclosure, and in the Cockpit, in King Street, Westminster, in 1648-9, Cromwell lodged, having moved thither from Drury Lane.

* Br. Museum Lib. E 427 (15).

The fact, without the exact date, is mentioned by all his biographers. *Mercurius Melancholicus* for February, 1648, refers to the Banqueting Hall tapestries as ruinous or in process of being taken down and sold, "the Garrison having plaid *Rex* there." This seems to point to the same occupation as that recorded in the two tracts just cited: that is, not only to the military seizure of the premises, but to a personal residence on the part of "the genius, the *anima mundi* of the Great Rebellion." An historical gap thus abbreviated may be bridged entirely by future discoveries; and we may find that Oliver was actually an occupant of Whitehall at the time when the King was about to be sold by the Scots, and Henry Vaughan sat down to write his sad and bitter lines. These lines of his are not prophecy; they are hardly likely to have been added between 1653 and 1658; and the strong probability remains that they refer to something actually existing in April, 1646, their indicated date. The hidden catchword in them must necessarily have been understood by Vaughan's special readers, by a generation more familiar than ours with both antecedent rumour, and the topical hint which was based upon it. The desecrating "Brewer," having settled himself in the seat of murdered royalty, would at any time have made the latter into an "ale-house" for Vaughan. He knew, as other interested Malignants knew, of the invisible firkins and gauges quartered on Oliver's ancestral shield. To taunt him with such things seemed to them all a master-stroke of wit and of justice. "Our chief of men," according to Milton, had to plough his "glorious way"

> —through a cloud
> Not of war only, but detractions rude.

In the same spirit was General Harrison greeted on all occasions as a butcher and Sir Richard Browne as a woodmonger.

Vaughan's hand supplies a half-dozen other probable "animadversions" on mighty Oliver. One of them (a

most extraordinarily deft interpolation in a translation from Boethius) lies close to the matter of this paper: for it calls names in a way still more veiled and deflected, but in a way well-matched and well-supported by contemporary usage, as "alehouse" is not. In other words, Henry Vaughan, a Churchman, a Cavalier, not mealy-mouthed in uttering his opinions, who as one of the long-seated gentry of the little territory of South Wales, had some exceptionally good opportunities for knowing his ground, twice calls Oliver Protector a Brewer; not indeed directly, but in that "little language" of innuendo, of which he is a consummate master.

Is it not peculiar that the very many writers, celebrated or obscure, who have taken Oliver Cromwell for subject, either pay no attention whatever to the designation coined for him and received with huge glee by the Cavalier party, or else, like Carlyle, notice it only to dismiss it as an unrelated myth, an impertinence? On the other side stand such as Mr Waylen, his editor, and his collaborating publisher, who with all the evidence in hand to show how the Protector won his cryptic title, never dreamed of putting their data synthetically to use, for the satisfaction of the curious: which is still more peculiar.

Men in general cannot be expected to study the history of individual descent: they gossip of the present state, or of what they hear and see. Somebody came from one county with a sudden contemporary tale of a brewery in the house where Cromwell was born; somebody else comes from another county (endorsed by all South Wales) with other less recent tales of fortune and precedence acquired by more breweries owned and managed by a whole branching dynasty of Cromwell's far-sighted forbears. Is it any wonder that his patrician enemies bellowed for joy? It was no part of their game to face the fact that brewing was only a long-continued accident in the career of allied armigerous families. The adoption of the nickname shows knowledge of a kind, knowledge certain of its fact, though confused in its application. It is not biography, but a bold

figure of rhetoric, a working hypothesis of real genius. Something in the august victim's red unbeautiful countenance, in his thick-set person, in the very respectability of his mature character, bore out after their fashion that viewless tag fastened to his conquering sword. Mighty Oliver as "The Brewer" must have looked, even through their hours of wrath and misery, quite appetizingly funny to King Charles' gentlemen.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

THREE AMBASSADORS *of* THE VICTORIAN AGE

Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy. By Lord Newton. Two Vols. Edward Arnold. 1913.

Life of Lord Granville. By Lord Fitzmaurice. Two Vols. Longmans. 1905.

Memoirs and Letters of Sir Robert Morier. By Mrs Wemyss. Two Vols. Edward Arnold. 1911.

I

THESE three biographies recall to the writer the stirring times between the years 1867 and 1881 when, as a junior member of the diplomatic service, he had the honour and privilege of knowing in their prime, the cautious Lord Lyons, the popular Odo Russell and the learned Robert Morier.

In 1867, Lord Lyons was fifty years of age and already British Ambassador in Paris: Odo Russell was thirty-eight and within four years of becoming Ambassador in Berlin: Robert Morier, forty-one, but suffering for some years before becoming an Ambassador at Petersburg, from being honoured by the animosity of Prince Bismarck towards the Englishman who knew too much of Prussia and its politics.

These three diplomatists, who in their day played so great a part in the affairs of Europe and shared practically the responsibility of advising and guiding the Foreign Policy of Great Britain for seventeen years,* —until the youngest of them, Lord Odo (who had become Lord Ampthill), died prematurely at Potsdam on August 25, 1884—were each very different in character though so strongly united in their one desire to serve their country to the best of their ability. It may be interesting to recall their success and their *modus operandi* as well as how they were acknowledged by that generation to be

* I leave Lord Dufferin aside for the only reason that his whole career was not all spent in one groove.

Three Ambassadors

Queen Victoria's ablest representatives abroad. The volumes quoted at the outset reveal how curiously these three diplomatists, so different the one from the other in nature, in manner, and in thought, yet so united in singleness of purpose and each so appreciative of the others' mental value, remained a friendly trio helpful to each other as well as to their Sovereign, in the years when, owing to the untoward demise of Lord Clarendon and the unfortunate impetuosity of Mr Gladstone, Lord Granville especially required competent advice in the difficult post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

All three were members of the Order of the Bath, whose motto is *Tria juncta in uno*, and all three nobly obeyed the second device of that great order, *Ich dien*.

It has occurred to me, therefore, that a few words of respectful tribute to these three Ambassadors might not be uninteresting at the present time, as they would place in relief the reserve of Lord Lyons, the tact and firmness of Lord Odo, and the learning and eagerness of Sir Robert Morier—(Lord Derby believed that the objection to his succeeding Mr Hammond at the Foreign Office was that "he was too earnest")—while showing how the one wrote and spoke not: the other spoke and wrote little: and the third both wrote and spoke incessantly. Yet they formed a combination so active, so interesting, and so potent as to have triumphed the one in America through silence: the second at Versailles through speaking the right word at the right time: and the third in Germany, by profound study and knowledge of its true aspirations, made known by voluminous correspondence. I disclaim all intention of comparing one with the other, for all three co-operated in rendering golden services to their country in days when general ignorance of the Continent was supreme in England, and when even an Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs styled by Lord Granville, "able and experienced," could, on the very eve of the Franco-German War declare everything to be peaceful.

Mr Hammond was in presence of Morier's corre-

spondence with Lord Clarendon (who died on June 27, 1870) urging him "to look out for a catastrophe," and he was aware of Lord Lyons's warnings as to the unrest in France, and of Lord Augustus Loftus's similar tidings of unrest in Prussia and of her unwillingness to disarm: yet he declared three weeks before the war actually broke out that never was the sky so clear or free from the signs of storm; the exact words used being "he had never in his long experience known so great a lull in Foreign Affairs, and was not aware of any important question to be dealt with."*

It is difficult to remember this astounding statement without recording the blush of shame that came over the whole service at the time, and especially in Paris, where everybody was endeavouring in the last years of the 'sixties to drown care and anxiety in a surfeit of luxury and amusement: where the historic saying: "Nous dansons sur un volcan," was in everybody's mouth, and where a war with Prussia was so hourly expected that the only doubt existing was who would begin it.

"Touchez Baden et c'est la guerre," was Gramont's phrase and no less that of Bismarck.

No one but Mr Hammond had failed fully to realize that a war with France was the fatal and necessary consequence of the war of 1866, as, from Germany, during a stay there of over twenty years, Mr Morier had amply explained to the authorities at home.

No wonder that in a letter to Stockmar he wrote what most Englishmen in the know so deeply felt at that trying period:† "I need not say that I am most heartily ashamed of the so-called British lion. Poor beast: his sympathies and his instincts have been right enough, and he did in his foolish clumsy sort of way recognize that it was his duty to fight for Belgium against somebody—he couldn't quite make out whom. But then his Keeper! Was there ever such bungling, such incapacity,

* *Memoirs of Sir Robert Morier.* Vol. II, page 166.
† *Life of Lord Granville.*

such absolute imbecility? However, I don't like to talk about it."

The task of the three Ambassadors after 1870 was to repair that bungling, that incapacity, that absolute imbecility and yet to serve. *Ich dien* . . . which they did.

II

Du besoin du passé notre âme est poursuivie
Et sur les pas du temps l'homme aime à revenir.

THESE lines of Lamartine seem to me to express in charming language why it is that most of us hail a book of reminiscences with peculiar pleasure, and are specially grateful to those who, undertaking the onerous duty of reviving a dead personality, by a judicious selection from his sayings, his correspondence, or his speeches, bring that personality as vividly before us as, for instance, Lord Fitzmaurice has done for Lord Granville, Mr Ward for Cardinal Newman, and, quite recently, Lord Newton for Lord Lyons.

The thanks of the reading public are especially due to Lord Newton because, though his task was a difficult one, he has contrived, as it were, to photograph the man by means of his correspondence, and to show him as the greatest British diplomatist of the Victorian era, without at any time laying unnecessary stress on his idiosyncrasies. Lord Lyons was not a genius: he had not the brilliancy of Lord Odo Russell or the learning of Sir Robert Morier, yet he surpassed these great rivals for diplomatic honours by no outward superiority, but by the inward force of his character, which made him looked up to by high and low, and even by a public who only knew him as a reticent, shy, rather awkward-mannered gentleman of astonishing prudence, reserve, and self-control.

As Mrs Ward, his grand niece, wrote in a paper which forms the Appendix to Lord Newton's volumes

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Lord Lyons was not of the type that makes the successful servant of the democracy. Fidelity, reticence, self-effacement, are not the characteristics that are prominent in the popular idea of a strong man to-day. But no one who knew Lord Lyons can doubt that those qualities were in him a great part of his strength.*

But Lord Newton seems to have hit the mark nearer, when he writes that "the best criterion of the man is to be found in his letters."

This is only a reaffirmation of Buffon's famous pronouncement that "le style c'est l'homme," but it is in Lord Lyons's style of writing that the man is revealed. I had the honour and privilege of serving under Lord Lyons when he was appointed Ambassador in Paris in 1867, when to the French people he was not known; but in 1868, the *Figaro* newspaper considered it a duty to enlighten the country as to the merits of Lord Cowley's successor.

It was more or less—rather more than less—a fanciful sketch but it finished up with this statement:

"Milord Lyons n'est pas marié ... Il n'en a pas, dit-on, l'envie. Il n'a donc pas d'enfants mais ses dépêches sont ses enfants."

We were much amused and so was our chief, but none of us dared tell him, for we should grievously have offended him had we hinted that in our view the *Figaro* should have added: "et ces enfants sous formes de dépêches sont tous des modèles." Thirty-six years have elapsed since then, but what a delight to read Lord Newton's appreciation of those wonderful dispatches, in the long series of which "there is hardly to be found an unnecessary sentence or even a redundant epithet": in which "there is a total absence of any straining after effect, of exaggeration, of personal animosity or predilection, or of any desire to gain his ends by intrigue or trickery," and which, "on the other hand, are marked by profound mastery of detail, sound judgment,

* Vol. II, p. 412.

inexhaustible patience, an almost inhuman impartiality and an obvious single-minded desire to do his best for his country, as one of its most responsible representatives." The impartiality which struck Lord Newton as "almost inhuman" was, perhaps, the lever that gave so much strength to his personality. It struck some of us not as "inhuman" but as incomprehensible, for he was warm-hearted and yet never allowed his feelings to get the better of his judgment of right or wrong, and we never heard him at any time give colour to his impressions of such and such a colleague, or such and such a Minister, so as to be certain that he preferred anyone, except on the ground of easy business relations. He was not only warm-hearted, as all who were connected with him fully appreciated, and those who worked with or under him well knew, but he was hot tempered, which makes for partiality; yet he had so much command over himself that never did he allow a momentary irritation to prejudice his kindly impressions of the offender's previous services.

I had an occasion of testing this, for I believe I am one of the very few who ever saw him in a real fit of anger, and the cause of it fully justified the outburst. Owing to the circumstance of my having taken degrees at the Sorbonne or University of Paris, I happened to know a great many French students, who were not all Royalists or Bonapartists, but who were very much adverse to either the cause of royalty or to that especially of the Empire. Some even were members of Secret Societies, the exact aims of which could be presumed but could not be stated without actual presence at their meetings, and my ambition was to attend one of these meetings so as to inform my chief of what went on. One day I met one of these fellow students—of whose ultimate fate I dare not think when I reflect how extreme were his views at the time—who offered to take me to one of these secret meetings if I dressed as "a voyou"—which was the equivalent then of an "apache" now—and could meet him at the corner of a certain street at a given hour.

Delighted with the prospect I hurried to the Embassy just as Lord Lyons was returning from a drive, but at sight of him my mind became troubled, as I thought of the scandal which might follow the detection of a British Attaché attending a secret meeting of revolutionaries intent on the destruction of the Napoleonic dynasty, to whose Court my own Ambassador was accredited, and forthwith asked if Lord Lyons would see me.

He did: and having told him of my opportunity I foolishly asked his permission to go to the meeting. This question was the signal for an explosion. Lord Lyons got up, tried to speak, could not, walked up and down his room two or three times, then, looking at me, exclaimed: "and this is you whom I thought intelligent, asking me what you must know I of all people cannot grant!" then muttering to himself: "Fancy an intelligent man losing such a chance," he almost screamed, "Why on earth did you not go without seeing me on the subject?" and I hurried away. I dined at his table next day: the storm had abated and what was more singular, he never touched on the subject, so as not to pain me, nor withdrew from me any of that confidence which he had always shown to me in a particular line of usefulness in which he thought I could best be employed in the interest of his Embassy.

Yes, his personality was very lovable, and it is true to say, as Lord Newton so gracefully remarks, "that he never made either an enemy or apparently a mistake," and that "no other diplomatist of his day enjoyed to an equal degree the confidence of his chiefs or the regard of his subordinates." Therefore, it is that by his influence at home, and the esteem in which he was held abroad, "he was the greatest Ambassador who has represented this country in modern times"; while and again in the words of Lord Newton, "by those whose privilege it was to serve him, his memory will ever be held in affectionate remembrance."

Among the qualities which endeared him to those who

served under him perhaps the most prominent was the pleasure he ever took in their after successes. An instance of this is chronicled in a letter from Mr Currie—afterwards Lord Currie—in 1885 to Sir Nicholas O'Conor, dated September 24, 1885:

> Lord Lyons came here to-day to offer to go back to Paris if wanted on account of the East Roumelian affair. I told him what Hart had written about you, and he was so pleased. He went into the next room to write a letter and came back with his old eyes glistening, and said: "I can only think of what you told me about Feargus (O'Conor was always known as Feargus by his friends). He has proved himself to be not only what we all know him to be—a perfect gentleman—but also a very clever diplomatist." Is not that *laudari a viro laudato?* I think you will value this from the Fetishial lips more than from any others.

The spirit which this letter breathes was the spirit that guided the whole diplomatic service of Great Britain at that time. It was the spirit of kindliness on the part of chiefs, in wishing to encourage their juniors by instant recognition of their merits, and that of eagerness in juniors to find reward in the appreciation of their chiefs.

I have quoted this private letter by permission of Lady O'Conor as not only doing credit to all mentioned therein, but as typical of the lasting and friendly relations between Lord Lyons and those who served under him.

But—for there is a "but" in the affairs of men, to conquer which points to the soundness of the metal of which they are made—though so much honoured by politicians of all creeds, and so looked up to by diplomatic circles, it is quite true that he did not appeal to the masses, or in the words of Mrs Ward, was never a "servant of the democracy." I have said enough to show that with a man of his composition, interviewers, reporters or newspaper correspondents were not and could not be *personæ gratæ*. Among these there was a very clever reporter and correspondent of the *Daily*

Telegraph, Mr F. W., who was most diligent in his search for news, and paid the Embassy more visits than our Chief considered necessary.

The staff rather liked Mr W., as he was amusing, resourceful and imaginative, and we were—well, we were young, and enjoyed wonderful accounts of Parisian festivities appearing in the Paris column of the *Daily Telegraph*, and at which Mr W. had or had not been present.

With never a word of condemnation of such reporters, or a mention of their individual names, or even a reference to their calling, Lord Lyons, who probably had seen Mr F. W. from his window that day, said to us at dinner on one occasion.

"I wonder people do not come and consult my dog, Toby, on the affairs of this Embassy. He knows more about them than any of us, for does he not rule Sheffield—(Lord Lyons's private Secretary)—and does not Sheffield rule me? hence, logically, is not Toby the real Ambassador? His information at least would be first hand, and first-hand information is truly invaluable . . . if you can get it. At least, so I have always thought." We laughed, but knew what he meant and to whom he referred, as well as what he wished us to discourage. None of us, therefore, were surprised on reading in after years the remarks of *The Times* correspondent who in November, 1887, when Lord Lyons resigned—just a month before his death—wrote somewhat bitterly that the Ambassador who had resigned "was entirely unknown outside diplomatic circles" and that "the crowd on seeing a man with a slight stoop looking vaguely before him, buried in a corner of a modest but well-appointed carriage; awkwardly lifting his hat when a saluter was already at a distance, with every feature indicating desire for rest and quiet, could little suspect that he was the Ambassador of the most aristocratic of Republics": adding, that "he had the *prestige* which still environs stately Envoys who, under impassive countenances conceal the confidences of foreign rulers; especially when, as in his case, their

lives furnish a pattern of honour and self-respect." The shoe had pinched and the smart was not forgotten. Lord Lyons belonged, indeed, to the old school when the third estate was in formation and had not the influence it now possesses.

But with so reticent a nature was it likely that he would either seek popularity or show predilection? Unless he deemed it necessary to speak or to act, he preferred effacement and silence, and this was the rule of his life.

At the very outset of his career, when Attaché at Rome, but dependent on the Tuscan Mission at Florence, he writes in 1853:

I have found that notwithstanding a very strong opinion to the contrary, at Rome, as at most other places, one succeeds best by transacting one's business in the most plain and straightforward manner and through the most direct channels. By acting on this principle and *by being very quiet and unobtrusive* I think I have allayed suspicions against us, and I am certainly on a better footing with Cardinal Antonelli than I had at all suspected to be.*

Five years later, in May, 1858, he was instructed to leave Naples, where he had been sent to obtain the surrender of Cagliari, which was supposed to have been illegally captured by the Mazzinians.

He obtained the surrender and wrote: "Far from threatening I did not even go as far as my instructions warranted, for I did not tell Signor Carafa that I was myself ordered to return to Rome if the mediation were refused at the expiration of ten days."†

In 1859, he is at Washington, and writes: "The Government is so weak that I do not think it would venture even on a small matter to do anything for us which would expose it to the least unpopularity.

"I feel my way cautiously, endeavouring to be very plain and firm upon clear British questions and *to avoid doubtful topics as much as possible.*"‡

* *Lord Lyons.* By Lord Newton. Vol. I, p. 3.
† *Ibid.* Vol. I, p. 2.
‡ *Ibid.* Vol. I, pp. 13 and 18.

Three Ambassadors of

In 1861, the delicate affair of the capture of Messrs Mason and Slidell on board the "Trent" arose, which gave all concerned a good deal of anxiety. On November 25, he writes: "The people here are extremely frightened about the capture on board the 'Trent.' The New York money market gives signs of this. Another indication is the moderation of the newspapers which is, for them wonderful. They have put in more correct accounts of my language—*or rather silence.*

"As a general rule I abstain from noticing anything the newspapers say about me. On this occasion in particular, contradiction from me would have been almost as dangerous as affirmation, so I left the assertions to take their chance."* And on the same date to Admiral Milne, he declares, "I suppose I am the only man in America who has expressed no opinion whatever either on the International Law question or on the course which our Government will take."†

Such a statement from the man who had the whole of this grave matter in hand justifies Lord Newton's remark, that "such reticence is almost inhuman." But besides exercising reticence as a protection against running risks he carried caution to an extreme. A brother-in-law of Mr Slidell being appointed to Washington as Secretary of Legation, Lord Lyons did not hesitate to decline his services. He wrote to the Foreign Office in April, 1864: "If Mr . . . were here I think the only way I could employ him for the advantage of Her Majesty's service, would be in carrying the next despatches home," and emphasized the remark by writing to Lord Russell, saying, that if this gentleman arrived "he would feel it his duty to order him to remain at the port of disembarkation until further instructions were received."‡

These virtues were really part of his constitution, and it was always a question whether his being a teetotaler was not rather from fear of "in vino veritas," than dislike

* *Lord Lyons.* By Lord Newton. Vol. 1, p. 57.
† *Ibid.* Vol. 1, p. 55.
‡ *Ibid.* Vol. 1, p. 127.

to wine, for he was in his way a great gourmet, and always prided in an excellent chef, who promoted thirst.

Lord Newton says that, "he used to state in after life, with much apparent satisfaction, that during his five years' residence in the United States he had never taken a drink, or made a speech."*

He certainly continued the system in Paris. An amusing story was current, that Baron Rothschild, who was very partial to a Mouton Rothschild, never had more than one bottle of this wine decanted at his dinner, and that for his own personal delectation, never being known to have invited a guest to sample its merit except Lord Lyons, who he knew would refuse it.

Lord Lyons arrived in Paris in October, 1867. He had not liked his stay in Constantinople, where, as he wrote to Lord Russell, October 25, 1865†: "I can write little that can be depended upon about public matters here. Everybody represents everybody else as being engaged in a series of intrigues so complicated as to be utterly beyond my comprehension," adding, "that he refused to take part in the dirty work connected with the management of such matters at the Porte."‡

It was a great compliment to his diplomatic abilities to be judged worthy, at barely fifty years of age, of succeeding so experienced a diplomat as Lord Cowley in the principal capital of Europe, and he wrote to Lord Cowley, May 8, 1867, "I have accepted Lord Stanley's offer of the post, in deference to my Father's often repeated injunction never to refuse promotion, but I confess I am full of misgivings and anxieties."§

He had not been three months in Paris when he had thoroughly gauged the political situation. "The real danger to Europe appears to be in the difficulties of the Emperor Napoleon at home. The discontent is great, and the distress among the working classes severe. There is no

* *Lord Lyons*. By Lord Newton. Vol. I, p. 143.
† *Ibid*. p. 146.
‡ *Ibid*. p. 146.
§ *Ibid*. p. 174.

glitter at home or abroad to divert public attention, and the French have been a good many years without the excitement of a change. I think that Europe, and England in particular, are more interested in maintaining the Emperor than in almost anything else."* A year later (March 27, 1868) he warns his government that "there are among not unreasonable or inexperienced people vague apprehensions that the Emperor 'more suo' will resort to a 'coup de théâtre' and declare war when it is least expected . . . that Prince Napoleon has told the Emperor that war with Germany must be made this year or never . . . and it is thought that Southern Germany would go with France after a French victory but not without one . . ." but for his part he is "more inclined to believe that the Emperor is sincerely anxious to preserve peace, for, in case of war, he must take the field in person, and it is much doubted whether he is willing or able to endure the mental and bodily fatigue of a campaign. Defeat would be fatal, and anything short of great success and additions of territory far from advantageous. It is, of course, impossible to say what a man so reserved and really so little in the habit of making up his mind long beforehand, may or may not do and, therefore, the possibility of a 'coup de théâtre' must, I suppose, always be kept in one's mind. Still I must say, that all I can make out leads me to believe that his present wishes and intentions are peaceful."†

And as if this were not enough the dispatch of March 31, 1868, from Lord Lyons to Lord Stanley is, if possible, more prophetic. Relating without naming him, a conversation which Colonel Claremont, the Military Attaché of the Embassy, had had with Prince Napoleon (Plon Plon) on his return from Berlin he writes: "So far the impressions brought back by the Prince are calculated to show that the policy of France should be to remain at peace, and his language to his cousin, the Emperor, may

* *Lord Lyons.* By Lord Newton. p. 187.
† *Ibid.* p. 191.

have had a good effect. But he has also said to the Emperor and others, that a war with Prussia should be made this year or never: that the consolidation of Germany is proceeding surely and rapidly: that the adhesion of Southern Germany will soon follow, and that, hereafter, war would have to be waged with a Germany thoroughly united and perfectly organised: that he himself is opposed to war: that he considered that an unsuccessful war would overthrow the Emperor and his dynasty, and send the whole Bonaparte family to the right-about."*

Mr Hammond placidly ignored these warnings in 1870!

I have quoted this dispatch at some length because it is absolutely typical of the man who wrote it.

No assertions, no redundancy, a truthful exposition of facts, even of rumours, if coming from "not unreasonable" people and a summary of results if the facts come to pass, hence a warning to prepare for the worst and to hope for the best.

Written in 1868, it foreshadowed all that occurred in the five years that followed.

III

IF on the one hand, Lord Lyons's correspondence reveals more the man himself than those with whom he came in contact; a study of Lord Odo Russell's† letters and dispatches rather portrays the people he had to deal with than the traits peculiar to his own individuality.

There is a saying attributed to the late Marquess of Salisbury, that "Lord Odo's strength did not lie in the use of his pen or in the accuracy of his mind, but in that he had few equals as a conversationalist and as a 'grand causeur.'"‡ Yet I am rather inclined to place faith in Horace's old saying that, "bene concepta non invita sequentur" and to hold that the brilliant portraits which

* *Lord Lyons.* By Lord Newton. p. 193.

† Mr Odo Russell became successively Lord Odo Russell and Lord Ampthill.

‡ *The Times.* August 26, 1884.

he drew in speech, when relating anecdotes or describing characteristics of people were in no ways superior to his written sketches of political characters.

His advent at the Paris Embassy in the last years of the 'sixties was always hailed with great expectation by Lord Lyons and with general delight by all his staff.

I remember that about that time, I had been commissioned to write a report on the desertion of his monastery by Père Hyacinthe (in 1868, I think) for the special delectation of Mr Gladstone, who took exaggerated interest in the apparent lapses of clericals, or the tendencies of Catholic clerics to hinder the supposed tyranny of Rome, when to the satisfaction of my vanity, Odo Russell, who was passing through Paris on his way to Rome, informed me, when dining at the Embassy, that my bald statement that Père Hyacinthe's action would not and could not have any important consequences, seeing that it was nothing more than a gross breach of monastic discipline, had very much interested, and puzzled "the grand old man": then, turning to Lord Lyons who was near and taking some printed matter from his pocket, he asked: "Could you not instruct your attachés not to fire religious rockets or conundrums at the Prime Minister, because the only result is to make my pockets bulge with copies of matter unintelligible everywhere but in Rome, and wholly unnecessary there!"

I could afford to laugh with the rest, for events proved me in the right and Odo not in the wrong. No schism occurred such as Gladstone believed would take place, and not a soul cared about the matter except Mr Gladstone. Odo Russell was a thorough man of the world, and a great observer of men. He had a high opinion of Italian diplomatic craftiness, and his letter to Lord Lyons of December, 1867, is an amusing proof of it. It very characteristically describes both French and Italian statesmen of that day: "In the long run an Italian priest will always outwit a French statesman and no Frenchman can resist the influence of Rome!"*

* *Lord Lyons.* By Lord Newton. Vol. 1, p. 187.

Was it because he himself resisted that influence that Pio Nono, who had such an admiration for Odo Russell's mother, Lady William Russell, speaking of her to me in 1875, exclaimed: "Ah! she is a very good woman, but is her son as good? He is the friend of Bismarck, who is always against me."* And was it because he had begun his diplomatic life under Lord Stratford de Redcliffe the "Bouyuk Eltchi" (or great Ambassador) of an earlier period, that his manners and tone of speaking became reserved, yet not stiff in contrast with the buoyancy and dictatorial ways of his first chief? We know not, but he possessed the rare art of being chatty without being communicative, and eliciting information without the semblance of wishing to do so: and more, to look grave when bursting with merriment.

The result was necessarily great popularity, and in this he certainly surpassed Lord Lyons. He was universally liked, and made friends wherever he went. Of these, Prince Bismarck constituted a veritable conquest, for in the making a friend of so potent a statesman at the very time that his reputation was at its zenith, constitutes almost a triumph of skill for British diplomacy.

Dispatched to Versailles at the time the German troops were quartered there and Paris was in their grasp, and the German Chancellor was flushed with success, Odo's mission was to remonstrate with Count Bismarck on the tearing up by Russia of the Black Sea Treaty which Bismarck himself had winked at, in gratitude to Russia for her neutrality during the Franco-German War, if, indeed, as some say, it was not the price paid for that neutrality. A more awkward moment could not have been chosen to perform so delicate a task, seeing that Great Britain with Mr Gladstone at the head of the Government, was by no means ready to declare war, or, for the matter of that, to take decisive action against Russia, or anyone else.

Odo Russell, who did not know Count Bismarck then as he came to know him afterwards, rightly guessed,

* *Reminiscences of an Attaché.* By H. E. H. J.

however, that with a statesman of his calibre the only way to gain his confidence and deserve his attention was to supplement his instructions by filling up the spaces left blank. Taking upon himself the responsibility of a threat of war between Russia and England unaided, should a conference not be brought together through Count Bismarck's instrumentality, he brought the Chancellor to recognize that England's grievance was real.

The action was so spirited, so timely, and so much to the liking of Count Bismarck, whom Odo Russell had rightly guessed was only influenced by strength of will, character, and determination in an adversary, that he completely succeeded in obtaining what he sought.

He had led a forlorn hope which saved England from another war with Russia, and brought the instigator of Russia's action to recognize that England's objections deserved attention and would receive it. Mr Gladstone, alarmed by the boldness of the special envoy, actually tried to smooth away in Parliament the daring speech of his Plenipotentiary, but the results were too beneficial for him to owe a grudge to his outspoken delegate.

It was one more of the many proofs in history how a bold front to a bad cause can modify the cause, and bring it to an excellent issue: but it requires tact, and this Odo Russell possessed to the full.

As the writer in *The Times* who reported his death, wrote in August, 1884, "Of all the qualities which distinguished the deceased nobleman, the possession of the most consummate tact was perhaps the characteristic which most impressed those who knew him best, and after that there was the feeling that the British Ambassador was a man with a very large fund of undeveloped power."*

On the historic occasion just mentioned, the "fund of undeveloped power" was accurately gauged by Lord Granville who wrote to him in December, 1870, "Promising peace is as unwise as to threaten war, but a sort

* *The Times*. August 26, 1884.

of instinct that the bumps of combativeness are to be found somewhere in your head has helped us much during the last five months."

And as Lord Fitzmaurice remarks in his *Life of Lord Granville:* "It was the recognition of the same bumps as existing in Count Bismarck's head, together with the bump of sympathy for them in the heads of others, which rendered Mr Odo Russell successful in this historic interview."

Whether through bumps or tact or knowledge of the man he interviewed, or the personal possession of all these factors, it was primarily due to him that the subsequent Black Sea Conference got not only Russia herself, but all the Powers signatories of the Treaty of Paris to sign the recognition of an essential principle of International Law, viz., that "no Power can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty, nor modify the stipulations thereof, unless with the consent of the contracting Powers by means of an amicable arrangement."*

This great success determined his future, for he was appointed Ambassador in Berlin, and for thirteen years remained at that post without at any time forfeiting the respect and friendship of Prince Bismarck, a man who one diplomatist called "the glory and at the same time the bane of Germany," and whose arbitrary actions were styled by Bishop Ketteler of Mayence during the passage of the Falk Educational Laws as "diese infame Bismarckereien." Odo was not blind to the faults of his friends. In 1872 Bismarck quarrelled with Rome on the subject of the School Inspection Bill. Odo Russell referred to this war of Investitures "as a task more difficult than beating the French armies," and explained its cause by the remark that "Prince Bismarck thinking himself more infallible than the Pope, cannot tolerate two infallibilities in Europe, and fancies he can select and appoint the next Pontiff as he would a Prussian General,

* Lord Fitzmaurice's *Life of Lord Granville*, Vol. II, p. 76.

who will carry out his orders to the Catholic clergy in Germany and elsewhere."*

There was always a delicate tinge of sarcasm in his letters reporting interviews and conversations. Thus, in 1874, he informs Lord Granville that the Czar of Russia who is on a visit at Berlin was making "a special study of the institutions and policy of Great Britain, having convinced himself of the danger to which European Governments would be exposed by following her *downward* course."

In the same year, Prince Bismarck told Lord Odo that he wanted peace to carry out his policy: "that policy," wrote the Ambassador, "being the supremacy of Germany in Europe and of the German race in the world."

Eastern affairs occupying the attention of Cabinets in 1880, Lord Odo wrote that so far as Bismarck was concerned "he would not sacrifice the life of a Pomeranian soldier or the value of a pfennig" to settle the Turkish question, but that the final solution of the Oriental question being in his opinion the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians, "he (Bismarck) would accept the situation so soon as they were in actual possession."

Mr Goschen having gone to Constantinople direct, Lord Odo wrote that "an error had been made because he had not passed through Berlin, and worshipped at the shrine of the genius of the place," before starting work. The error was remedied on Mr Goschen's return, and Mr Goschen had the satisfaction of recording a characteristic aspiration of "the genius of the place."

"Prince Bismarck," wrote Mr Goschen February 12, 1881, "expressed some envy at our opportunities for Parliamentary excitement, and his frequent wish that he could take part in our frays. He exclaimed with great go, why you can call a man a d——d infernal scoundrel in Parliament and I cannot do that in diplomacy." This was both a pity and a blessing.

* Lord Fitzmaurice's *Life of Second Earl Granville*. Vol. II, p. 78.

It would be difficult to assert with truth that the illuminating dispatches of Lord Odo with their admixture of delightful piquancy had all the power of Lord Lyons' cut and dry statements of fact, for they certainly did not help either Mr Gladstone or Lord Salisbury to trust Prince Bismarck, although much adjured to believe in the sincerity of his proposals, but they fully exhibited the "ability, tact and patience" of the Ambassador who wrote them, and more than justified the elevation to the Peerage in 1881 as Lord Ampthill, of one who had sacrificed his health in the service of the Crown.

IV

ROBERT MORIER, the friend of Jowett, the contemporary of Lord Salisbury at Oxford, entered the Diplomatic Service in 1853, and only became a Minister in 1876 and an Ambassador in 1884.

Why he should have waited twenty-three years before he could be trusted with responsibility, according to the official mind at the Foreign Office, was more than the men of his generation could compass or comprehend, since it was well known that those twenty-three years spent entirely in Germany had made him the one great authority on that country that the Foreign Office had to listen to, to consult, to hear and to disobey at their cost.

"He was justly regarded as one of the first authorities on the Schleswig Holstein question, and he himself believed that he was the only Englishman who had ever mastered the labyrinthine complications of that most intricate problem."* Indeed, he was convinced, "that if the advice which he privately gave to the Government had been adopted and acted upon, the Danish war of 1864 might have been avoided."

In justice to the authorities in Downing Street it must be acknowledged that his bodily presence somewhat concealed his inner value, and that his unconventionality singularly veiled the diplomatic tact of which he, later in life, gave such signal proof.

* *The Times*. November 17, 1893.

He was the opposite of Lord Lyons and of Lord Odo Russell in every single respect. He was loud in talk, direct in address: indifferent to language: Bohemian in taste and impulsive to a degree.

A single anecdote describes the man:

When at Lisbon he wished to see the Minister for Foreign Affairs on a certain matter. The Minister wanting to delay discussion, alleged illness. Sir Robert pursued him to his room and found him in bed. The Minister told him that no Portuguese would have stooped to such an undignified proceeding, upon which Morier replied: "Monsieur si j'avais eu le malheur d'être né Portuguais je me serais suicidé entre les mamelles de ma nourrice."* Some people think similarly even now.

There is no doubt that he possessed naturally a violent temper, which was not improved with time by his also being a martyr to gout, but as the writer already quoted remarked in the obituary notice of November 17, 1893, "There is no instance on record in which this defect seriously injured any important negotiations in which he was engaged."

What I personally remember of him is that despite his rough manner, his strong language, and his disturbing vitality, he had no enemies, and was the liveliest of conversationalists. His prodigious mind soared so high that physical defects were beneath notice.

In Germany, he had the reputation of being one of the greatest living authorities on the language, and it was commonly said that Bismarck's great antipathy to him was due not to the strong-minded Englishman that he would have admired as he did Lord Odo Russell, but to the "adopted German foreigner," who wished to baulk himself and his plans by much too well-written articles in the *Kreuz Zeitung* or elsewhere. But while his personality seemed to militate against his advancement, his enormous range of knowledge was appreciated by his diplomatic contemporaries.

"Write, advise, hint, counsel, lead me, if you think

* *The Times*. November 17, 1893.

you can do so safely," telegraphed Odo Russell from the Foreign Office in 1870, on the eve of his mission to Versailles, and a greater compliment has never perhaps been paid by a chief to a junior in the Diplomatic Service. But he had one failing (one cannot in him call it a fault, for he did both admirably), he certainly talked and wrote at inordinate length. His favourite correspondent, Lady Derby, must have been superhumanly constructed, if, asking him for information, she always got such lengthy replies as the one which, in the pages of Mrs Wemyss' most interesting Memoirs of her father, occupies no fewer than thirteen and a half pages of close print.

It is a very interesting document upon the general history of Europe, and gives fully the German side of the Franco-German war with which Morier sympathized, but oh how long!

These long letters, however, were all laid before Ministers, and there can be no doubt that both before, during and after the war no country was so well informed as to the real issues as our own; and if England did not follow the right policy, that was not from want of guidance by those most able to enlighten her: but into the question of British action on the eve of this great war it is not here the place to enter into controversy. British diplomatists one and all condemned the action of the Liberal Government of the day, and some of us have never forgiven it for not stopping the war, as they undoubtedly had the power to do at the very outset. But with a vacillating Prime Minister, who knew everything about everything except Foreign Affairs and common humanity, the exertions of diplomatists of the first rank were of no avail.

Morier in his usual strong language declared that Mr Gladstone's characteristics were impulsiveness, excessive susceptibility to the emotion of the hour, and that "if many sided, it was only by a perpetual succession of one sidednesses."

To Sir Louis Mallet he wrote on August 9, 1870:

"Oh, the fools, the fools! Can they not for one moment realize what the real issues at stake are? France draws the sword to assert her political preponderance over Europe. Germany draws the sword to assert her national existence. But the result will be that the preponderance of Germany over Europe for centuries to come will take the place of French preponderance. We sit by like a bloated Quaker too holy to fight, but rubbing our hands at the roaring trade we are driving in cartridges and ammunition. We are heaping up to ourselves the undying hatred of this German race that will henceforth rule the world, because we cannot muster up courage to prevent a few Brummagen manufacturers from driving their unholy trade."

Fortunately the world goes round and "undying hatreds" are more a figure of speech than a reality, while personal interests have a knack of drowning sentiments that circumstances had declared everlasting. But the letter is an indication of that earnestness to which Lord Stanley took exception when the question arose of providing the Foreign Office with a competent successor to Mr Hammond.

When Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt, through some blunder of a Court official, who himself told me the story, Morier at a Court dinner was told to sit at what is known as the second table, the first being reserved to Royalties, Excellencies and Diplomats of high rank. Morier resented the distinction, ignored the command and resorted to the very last table of all where he made himself extremely pleasant to the youngest officers and ladies invited to this Royal repast.

On the Grand Duke of Hesse inquiring for him the Hof. Marshal went in quest of him, and brought him to H.R.H., who on asking him why he had not sat at the second table, he bluntly replied, "A representative of England sits nowhere but at the first or the last table. As I was not asked to the first, I chose the last."

Such was the man, and so well known was his blunt-

ness, that even his appointment to Petersburg as Ambassador was questioned by many of his colleagues owing to his rough sayings; but with responsibility came the wonderful tact which was within him all the while, and those who recollect the anxious days in the 'eighties, when Russian development in the East in the neighbourhood of Afghanistan and Baluchistan, to the detriment of our interests in India and in the Persian Gulf, threatened a big war between ourselves and Russia, will be grateful to the Ambassador who so ingratiated himself in the favour of the Emperor, Alexander III, as to smooth difficulties one after another, and finally pave the way to a better understanding of our common aims and interests in the East.

Two of these three men died in harness, and the third within a few weeks of his retirement, and all three died comparatively young and worn out in the service of the Crown.

Lord Ampthill was but fifty-five when he died at Potsdam in 1884, Sir Robert Morier sixty-seven, and Lord Lyons seventy.

The two former saved England from wars with Russia, and the latter from a war with America. They were truly servants of their country, "Tria juncta in uno," and the opportunities of recalling their service from time to time should not be missed by those who knew them. This is the writer's excuse for offering to-day to their memory this short account of their idiosyncrasies.

HUBERT E. H. JERNINGHAM

A SEA PICTURE

PALE sea of molten glass,
Pale sky that meets the sea,
Shadowy sails that pass—
Time and eternity.

Time and eternity,
Shadows that glide and go:
O Life, O Mystery,
O Shore that none can know!

O Shore that none can know,
O mighty, fathomless Sea,
O wonderful ebb and flow
Of the tides of eternity!

O turn of the great, dread Tide,
O God of spirits and men,
When the set sails outward glide,
Thy good Wind fill them then.

M. SAMUEL DANIEL

RHYTHM AND COLOUR IN ENGLISH PROSE

A History of English Prose Rhythm. By George Saintsbury, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Hon. Fellow of Merton Coll., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, Edinburgh. London. 1912.

THERE is no sovereign receipt for writing good prose, any more than for writing good verse or painting good pictures. Something worth saying is the most necessary ingredient, but there is much in the mixing and the cooking. It is easier to spoil the broth than to say how it must be made. Professor Saintsbury is wise in declaring: "As in reference to Prosody, so in reference to Prose Rhythm, I disclaim, detest, abominate, and in every other English and classical form renounce, the attempt to show how a prose-harmonist should develop his harmony" (p. 443).

In a silver or a copper age, the Greek rhetoricians had elaborated for oratory rules of the greatest nicety for producing, as out of a sausage-machine, every kind of discourse or epistle to order. It did not result that the fourth century practitioners, such as Himerius and Libanius, were great men. They cared for form, not for matter; and their productions are as vapid as they are artificial. But their Christian pupils, Gregory of Nazianzum and John Chrysostom, had plenty to say: they digested the marrow of the skeleton rules,* and cast the rest to the winds. They are immortal. But they were neither caught in the machine, nor artless children of Nature. *Nascitur, non fit* is only a half truth. On the other side, machine-made articles are not usually so much valued as those made by hand. The prose writer who should work now-a-days, as Prohaeresius and Himerius and Libanius did of old time, entirely by rule, would doubtless have a meed of success like that of Lord Galway, as described by Macaulay:

* St Gregory of Nyssa swallowed them whole.

Rhythm and Colour

"This great commander conducted the campaign of 1707 in the most scientific manner. On the plain of Almanza he encountered the army of the Bourbons. He drew up his troops according to the methods prescribed by the best writers, and in a few hours lost eighteen thousand men, a hundred and twenty standards, all his baggage, and all his artillery."

But rigid subserviency to rigid rule is not the fault most prominent in our time. Rather, the man who was asked whether he could play the violin, and replied: "I don't know, I have never tried," is the type of the usual person who is ready to-day to rush unprepared into literature, a realm which the godlike spirits of classical ages feared to tread unless after a lengthy and severe noviceship. Cicero took lessons in oratory from the best masters long after he was a successful and famous speaker. Our contemporary barristers and Members of Parliament do not. Nor do our ambitious prose-writers always give evidence of the labour which Stevenson underwent (if I may be forgiven for the too obvious and hackneyed instance). A little study would do them no harm. There is no sovereign receipt for painting good pictures. But who would expect to become a decent artist without good lessons?

However, entirely apart from any utilitarian intention, any hope of being of use to men of the pen, any design to influence the literature of the future, criticism is a suitable employment for the dwellers in a silver or a copper age. If we cannot write so well as the Victorians, at least we can revel in the great authors, and consider, separate and classify the pleasures we owe them. Professor Saintsbury's recent book shows him as a pioneer in one department of this criticism. No one before him has ventured to write the history of English prose rhythm, though every reader with a true ear has habitually rejoiced over the various and wonderful melodies of which our language is capable. The Professor presents us with a novel and delightful study, full of learned and shrewd observation, and still more, of exquisite examples of rhythm.

It is extremely interesting to analyse the perfect or nearly perfect performance, and to trace the development of writer from writer, as one receives the prophetic mantle of another, or adopts a predecessor's "abandoned habits," as the case may be.

One must necessarily begin from Aristotle, whose famous phrase Professor Saintsbury places in the foreground of his first chapter: the nature of prose is to be rhythmical without being metrical, *μήτε ἔμμετρον εἶναι μήτε ἄρρυθμον*. In other words, prose and poetry both have rhythm; but the rhythm of prose is free and various, whereas that of poetry is regular and "measured," ἔμμετρος. So the Latins called poetry *numeri*, but prose *soluta oratio*, because it was unshackled by the strict laws of metre. We may parallel this distinction by that of plain chant from music; music in its full development is divided into periods or bars of similar movement and equal length, whereas the rhythm of plain chant is unconfined.*

This is the fundamental distinction between prose and poetry. It is not, of course, the only distinction. Many sorts of "licence" are allowed in poetry which are unpardonable in prose, such as inversions, archaisms, and so forth; but they are not obligatory in poetry, and therefore afford no certain differentia. Rhyme in modern poetry is not of necessity. Metre is after all the only invariable and decisive criterion between the two styles.

Poetry has a greater variety of syntax than prose, but hardly a larger vocabulary; since prose compensates for the exclusion of poetical words by the admission of unpoetical words. On the other hand, prose has a perfect right to all the musical cadence that poetry can compass, to all the colour, the brilliancy, the magic atmosphere, the mysterious depth, the imitative sonorousness, the picturesque collocation of suggestive sounds, and all the rest of the

* Music seems to me to implicate the threefold combination of notes of equal pitch: 1. Melody, or the succession of notes of the same or varying length; 2. Harmony, the co-existence of notes; 3. Time or measured rhythm. Plain chant has only the first.

muse's tricks. Only prose uses simpler, directer means—plainer words, easier construction, freer rhythm.

Poetry is in bondage to her own noblesse, which obliges her to a certain majesty and hauteur. She has no right to wear *purpurei panni* on a garment of plain narrative or closely-woven argument; she must at all times be vested from head to foot in the purple of her royalty. Patches, indeed, are always out of place and disgraceful. And prose must not wear patchwork. But she can swiftly change her dress, for she has a large wardrobe, containing substantial and convenient clothes for every-day use, and suitable ornaments to wear with these, as well as "dress clothes," sedate and ceremonious, and gorgeous attire of state, and flashing gems, and the jester's motley and bells, and wigs and academic vesture, and even a dressing gown and pyjamas (at least for the epistolary style in its best exponents) and sombre robes of mourning and woe. So prose has a greater range than poetry, and fewer rules. Yet the best prose is as much a work of art as poetry is. Assuredly Plato, no less than Æschylus, is an artist in words. He is not a prose-poet, but a pure *prosateur*. His charm is of a wholly different kind from that of the tragedian; yet he charms as wisely as the other.

A "prose-poet" is a cross-breed. Perhaps he is allowable: mongrels are very nice dogs. Perhaps Walt Whitman is a prose-poet;* perhaps Andrew Lang's Homer is prose-poetry (and it is very good). Perhaps Kingsley's *The Heroes* is on the verge, or over the verge. But it is hard accurately to define a mongrel's kind. Pure prose, "legitimate" prose, eschews whatever is by common consent labelled poetical diction or poetical licence, and it must avoid metre and rhyme, not for any grave internal reason which exists in the nature of things, but simply in order not to be mistaken for unsuccessful poetry.

This, I think, is the reason why the ancients were so

* Professor Saintsbury has an appendix on "Stave-prose poetry"—Ossian, Blake, Whitman, etc., to supplement what he had said in his *History of English Prosody*. He considers it to be unsuccessful poetry, but he allows us to call it a hybrid if we like.

very particular about the rhythm of their cadences in prose. It is a marked tendency of Greek and Latin poetry that the end of the verse with them should have a stricter metre, while the rest has comparative freedom. This is especially true of the hexameter and the pentameter, since the last two feet of the former and the second penthemimer of the latter are fixed, whereas dactyls and spondees are *ad libitum* in the earlier part of the line.* From this tendency of Greek and Græco-Latin metre it follows that it was all important for the more elaborate prose of the ancients that the final cadences or *clausulae* in each member of a sentence should not recall the commoner endings of verse. Hexameter and pentameter endings are sedulously avoided by classical and post-classical writers. The Latins also barred the iambic ending and that of the final dactyls of the Asclepiad, so familiar in Horace's alcaics. Cicero was not exaggeratedly particular; but the prose *clausulae* soon after his time became stereotyped, and most of the patristic writings from St Cyprian onwards admit of only five regular endings.

Now, in modern poetry it cannot be said that the end of a verse is notably more strict in its metre than the beginning and the middle. Modern poetry most often signalizes the end of the verse not by a recurrent rhythm but by rhyme. The ancients used rhyme irregularly, more in prose than in verse, most of all in oratory. Greek rhetoricians approved of ὁμοιοπτώματα and ὁμοιοτέλευτα; Cicero, as every schoolboy knows, enjoyed a number of genitive plurals in *-orum:* if we look later, we shall find an ex-professor of rhetoric, St Augustine, preaching sermons in rhyme. But in English, rhyme is distinctive of verse; therefore English prose must not rhyme. Our prose writers are as much bound to eliminate *love* and *above*,

* But the same is true, in a measure, of tragic iambics, where it is always the second in each pair of iambi which is invariable; in the last pair there is frequently a spondee for the first iambus, in the middle pair a spondee, a tribrach or a dactyl, in the first pair a spondee, a tribrach, a dactyl or an anapaest. Consequently even in iambics the regularity increases progressively towards the close.

light and *bright*, *world* and *furled*, from the endings of consecutive clauses, as the Latins were to ban the cadences of *Amaryllida silvas* or *Postume, Postume.*

It follows that in English any final cadence may be used at pleasure, but no final rhyme. Any rhythm, moreover, may be used in a sentence, that is to say, any combination of feet, provided it is not a regular rhythm, such as a succession of anapaests or of iambi. A regularly recurrent beat is distinctive of poetry, and must be carefully eliminated, because it is measured or " metrical."

Professor Saintsbury has shown that bits of blank verse are ridiculously frequent in Ruskin's highest flights, but that usually we need not read them as verse. I should add, as most important, that we do not read even blank verse itself very much as verse; we make no pause between the lines, as the ancients paused between their iambic and hexameter verses—this they certainly did, since they admitted no elision at the end of a line, and the last syllable is always long by position—but we run on without a stop; and because our five iambi are an irregular number, which does not divide up into three twos, as the iambic senarius does, they are much harder to count. The form of our blank verse is yet more irregular than its skeleton metre. If a few lines of blank verse are printed as prose, we shall not at once recognize that they were meant for poetry. Similarly, I urge, we hardly notice occasional blank verses in good prose, unless we are on the look out for them. They are so irregular, that their form (apart from poetic diction) is almost prose.

Of course I admit that blank verses are to be avoided in prose, because too many of them do remind us of poetry. But it seems to me (though I speak under correction) that the fault is not so much that the style becomes too poetical, as that it becomes too same. In poetry we expect the recurrent beat, and we enjoy the irregularity which varies it. In prose we do not expect it, we do not want it, it annoys us when it forces itself on our notice. It tends, not to become poetical, but to evolve itself into a jog trot.

Let us take as an example the end of a justly celebrated

passage of Ruskin. I insert bars, following Professor Saintsbury, to point out the blank verses:

and above these|another range of glittering pinnacles,|mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers,—|a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are|seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength,|and the St Mark's lion lifted|on a blue field covered with stars, until|at last, as if in ecstasy the crests|of the arches break into a marble foam,|and toss themselves far into the blue sky|in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if| the breakers on the Lido shore had been| frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs|had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.|

On which the Professor remarks:

Eight almost impeccable "blanks" following each other; *ten*, with the brachycatalectic, "and the St Mark's" only interposed as a Shakesperian fragment; and *thirteen* with the not very alien intrusion of "a confusion . . . horses are." . . .

One obvious feature of Ruskin's style—the way in which the enormous sentences are built up, tier on tier, by clauses so admirably and distinctly *cumulative* that no confusion whatever results—may seem to belong to other departments than ours. But in reality, this feature has almost infinite connection with, and influence upon, the pure rhythm of the composition. And in particular, it helps, almost more than any other characteristic, to perform that office of "carrying-over" the embedded or rather "inflooded" verse-fragments; while these in their turn, eddy and undulate and foam-bell it with their endless variety of form, and colour, and tone. Not merely does the constant blank verse appear . . . but it interarches and crosses itself with other things distinct from it—scraps and fragments of other rhythms, single-lined, completed—almost stanzaed after the fashion noted above—in the glorious welter:

The crests of the arches break
  Into a marble foam,
And toss themselves far (*aloft*)
  In flashes . . . of sculptured spray—

As you may feel inclined to vary it, or complete it, from the actual material offered you." (pp. 396-7.)

This is all very fine—very fine criticism indeed—but might not real blank verse be treated in the same way, and might not a host of fragments of other rhythms be found suggested in it? I think the true justification of Ruskin's gorgeous description lies in the fact that we naturally read: "On a blue field cov'ered with stars," and "in flash'es and wreaths' of sculpt'ured spray," which is rather anapaestic; while the last portion is not iambic at all, for we ought to lay the stress on the first syllable of "sea-nymphs" and on the second of "inlaid."

I take another fragment, from the fifth volume of *Modern Painters:*

A city of marble did I say? Nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. . . . The low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armour shot angrily under their blood-red mantle folds. . . . A wonderful piece of world. Rather itself a world.

Here the rhythm is far more unmistakably iambic. There is scarcely any interruption of the measured beat. We expect variety, and we find a jingle. Surely here the extraordinary beauty of the passage is of tone-colour, and not of rhythm. It goes on:

It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness nor tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. . . . Ethereal strength of Alps, dreamlike, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will;—brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless

light of arched heaven and circling sea. (Ruskin, *Modern Painters*, Vol. V, Part IX., ch. ix.)

What a relief are the anapaests and dactyls "a great planet whose orient edge widened through ether"; and then the iambics begin again "the common and poor elements of life,"—good blank verse, but far too regular in its rise and fall—and then comes a superb anapaestic close.

How tempting it is to multiply longer and shorter exemplifications from Ruskin need not be said. He will sometimes give you quite short sentences, not really metrical at all, somewhat stiff in their brocade of language, but gorgeous for all that.

"Far above, in thunder-blue serration, stand the eternal edges of the angry Apennine, dark with rolling impendence of volcanic cloud."

Here "eternal" to "Apennine" is a constructive Alexandrine, and "rolling" to "cloud" a heroic. But no human being with an ear and a tongue that obeys it would ever dream of reading them as such. (Saintsbury, p. 399.)

No one has ever equalled Ruskin in splendour. But I venture to put forward my own opinion that all this overwhelming and incomparable magnificence depends on his power of word-painting, not by rhythm, but by his unequalled skill in combining the actual sounds of the syllables. I suppose one may call this "tone-colour," though I wish some better expression were available. For rhythm, in the strict sense, he simply had not a perfect ear. When he bursts through the serried ranks of his own iambics, he falls among anapaests. One hardly notices this defect in the massive movement or tumultuous ebb and flow of his multitudinous clauses, or in the "glorious welter" of resounding vowels and exquisitely chosen consonants. It is like a symphony of the twentieth century, wherein no catchy rhythm or haunting "tune" is allowed to disturb our enjoyment of luscious harmony and mellifluous orchestration. Only Ruskin is greater than the new music. His irresistible tide of thought and imagery and detail is so phosphorescent with every

brilliant hue that the regularity of its eddy is disguised by the myriad shimmer of its colouring.

He has himself told us that he modelled his earlier style on the judicious Hooker, and (without remembering this, as it seems) Professor Saintsbury has the acuteness to say:

> Vast as are the sentence paragraphs, long as is the central sweep which the momentum of their manner enables them to sustain, the principle of the flight, for all their flutter and flash of gorgeous plumage, is not so very unlike the rise and poise and sinking of the *Ecclesiastical Polity;* while the minor undulation of the composing clauses, for all the splash and spray, "send on" the reader in a fashion not so fundamentally different from the smoother and sedater sweep of the *Decline and Fall.*

And yet, surely, although Ruskin did often manage in his less ornate passages (and his ordinary style is very fine) to imitate the majesty of Hooker, he only equalled the "rhythm sweep" of Hooker in the marshalling of clauses, wave upon wave, not in the balance of each clause within itself. Hooker's grandeur depends upon "the adaptation of the periodic *structure* of the classical sentence to a large periodic rhythm; the abrupter and more intrusive parallelism or balance, as we find it in Lyly and others, being widened, softened, and moulded out into great undulating sweeps of phrase, rising, hovering, descending, with a wing-like motion" (p. 136). Yes; but the wonderful perfection of his style would be absent but for the smoothness of the pure prose rhythm in detail, far more satisfying than Ruskin's.

And yet—entirely apart from their subject-matter—I imagine Ruskin to be a greater writer than either Hooker or Gibbon, indeed, as much above Hooker as Hooker is above Gibbon,* though Gibbon's style is admirable enough.

* By the way, Professor Saintsbury's example of Gibbon is a description of Constantius's visit to Rome, a good passage. But the Professor should have compared it with the exceedingly stilted and "precious" passage of Ammianus Marcellinus which the historian has translated into Gibbonese. The fourth century writer is the more ambitious of the two, I think. But Gibbon has introduced new point, in eighteenth century style.

in English Prose

Consequently we reach the conclusion up to which I have been working: rhythm in English Prose is very important, but it is not all-important so far as diction is concerned. " Rhythm sweep " is of equal value for effect, and so is " tone-colour," the use of " beautiful words," mere melodious sound, or imitative sound, or sound that echoes some mood.

For example, the charm that Pater's prose has for some people lies mainly in that delicate twilight effect, which pervades the whole of *Marius*, much less in the carefully studied rhythm; and that mysterious effect is produced principally by the choice of words. It is the same with prose writers as with Tennyson, who paints with sound, who throws an atmosphere round us, or a mood. It is not the rhythm but the words of the *Lotos-eaters* or the *Passing of Arthur* that set us in a land where it was always afternoon or in a dreary windswept plain. It is not the rhythm but the word-sounds of Francis Thompson's *Mistress of Vision* that make us feel as if we were beings dreamed by Burne-Jones.

So in prose. An obvious example (untouched by our author) is Shorthouse, who could induce moods by the tone-colour of his words, just as Ruskin makes us see landscapes or clouds or Gothic cathedrals. Every modern novelist of the more serious kind thinks it proper to introduce scenery in the style which Ruskin began, and few modern writers study rhythm as much as they study tone-colour.

Are they wrong? Are they right? There are plenty of marvellous examples of rhythm pure and simple in Professor Saintsbury's book, examples where beauty of thought and beauty of colour and melody are less remarkable, whereas perfection of flow is entirely satisfying. Good modern instances are the citations from Thackeray (p. 383) and from Newman, " one of the greatest masters of quietly exquisite prose that the world has ever seen." Nothing could be better as " legitimate prose."

But then, they might be in any language. Plato is as good or better; so is St Jerome; so is Bossuet.

On the contrary, the superb colour of Ruskin could not be embroidered in any other material than our own tongue. Every language has some rhythm; there is a little even in French. The ancients had more of it with their sing-song longs and shorts than we moderns have with our stress-accent. But we have riches in English which are elsewhere unmatched in their colour and sound. We can never match the sonority of Spanish, the velvet of Italian. But we have a variety unattainable there. Professor Saintsbury has analysed an incomparable passage from the Authorized Version of Isaiah: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," and he says rightly: "In the very opening we have the benefit of that glorious vowel *i* which, in perfection (though the Germans have something of it in their *ei*), belongs only to English. Its clarion sound is thrice repeated in five words" (p. 145). No other language has words like *bright*, *light*, *sight*, *white*, which positively sound white and bright, to contrast with darkness and gloom.

But it is above all in onomatopoeic and quasi-onomatopoeic words that English is, so far as I know, singular and supreme. Where else can we match crack and crash and clash and dash; and clatter and patter; and wash and gush and rush; and cry and shriek and scream and screech and howl, and all their merry company? Where else will you find a word like "tingle"? How many hundreds there are like "knock" or "rustle" or "whine," which need no translation? Southey's *Cataract of Lodore* (whether we think it successful or not) could not be imitated in any other tongue or dialect, for it is a wealth of English imitations of sound. And when they are skilfully used, the effect is to give the sense by means of the sound. I quote a piece of Swinburne's prose from the book before me:

> There is, in all these straying songs, the freshness of clear wind, and purity of blowing rain; here a perfume as of dew on grass against the sun, there a keener smell of sprinkled shingle and brine-bleached sand; some growth or breath everywhere of blade or herb leaping into life under the green, wet light of spring; some colour of shapely cloud or mound of moulded wave.

Listen to the "freshness of clear wind," you feel it cold on your face, and then immediately the "blowing rain." The rhythm is excellent, but it is the sound that tells. And then the biting edge of the "keener scent" of "sprinkled shingle," which positively crunches (what a nice word!)* under our feet as we say the words—*sprinkled shingle:* and the molossus "brine-bleached sand" gives a different and a softer crunch.

This is sound-painting, almost over-done, only the passage is short. It merges into a long metaphorical description, where rhythm and colour and sound are intermingled by the poet in pure prose style. I cannot analyse the effect, it is too complex in its subtle attainment:

> The verse pauses and musters, and falls away as a wave does, with the same patience of gathering form and rounded glory of springing curve, and sharp, sweet flash of dishevelled and flickering foam, as it curls over, showing the sun through its soft heaving side in veins of gold that inscribe and jewels of green that inlay, the quivering and sundering skirt or veil of thinner water, throwing upon the tremulous space of narrowing sea in front, like a reflection of lifted and vibrating hair, the winding shadow of its shaken spray (p. 428).

But the παρίσωσις of the clauses is obvious enough, indeed far too obvious for perfection:

> Rounded glory of springing curve
> Flash of dishevelled and flickering foam

and still more patent and even clamorous, with its anapaests:

> In veins of gold that inscribe,
> And jewels of green that inlay,
> The quivering and sundering skirt

and the same rhythm goes on, till its dactylic waves break in iambics:

> of lifted and vibrating hair,
> The windy shadow of its shaken spray.

* In French, *grincer* is almost as expressive.

A very good " blank." Yet surely the whole is really bad prose rhythm, while it is a superb piece of prose.

I conclude that beautiful words and tone-colour are so important that they make up for imperfect rhythm, when used by a master. And I add that they are especially important in English, because (as I have just been saying) our language has a unique pliability for the representation of melody, for the reproduction of noises, for the inducement of moods of the mind by music of phrase. Will not Professor Saintsbury, now that he has been the historian of prosody and of rhythm, give us a third book, a History of tone-harmonies, colour, imitation, in English literature, both poetry and prose?

" Standard prose " does not indulge in beautiful words and tone-colour. At its best it is always rhythmical, as with Southey, for example, and with Newman, when he uses his ordinary plain style. Indeed, before the nineteenth century, there was not much love of tone-colour and beautiful words at all. Poetry had almost a monopoly of both, and used them to the full. There are occasional lines of Shakespeare where the colour and melody are unsurpassed by any writer, and Milton is par excellence the " mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies," " chief of organic numbers," " temple of sweet noise." But then the classical poets had set the example, and every schoolboy has admired the sound of πολυφλοίσβοιο and ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα, and so forth. There was less gorgeous painting or imitative resonance in classical prose. Poetical prose and poetical descriptions in prose are mainly a modern growth.*

One word more. I have spoken above of dactylic, iambic, anapaestic rhythm in prose. I meant general rhythm. I did not mean that the passages ought to be divided into feet so as to make dactyls, iambi, anapaests.

* Some writers appeal more to the ear than to the eye. Canon Barry, in his study of Newman, has compared Newman's prose as the prose of a musician with Ruskin's prose, which is that of a painter. So, among poets, Milton is a musician, Francis Thompson a painter; Tennyson and Swinburne are both.

On the contrary, I feel certain that Professor Saintsbury is right in dividing the feet in prose according to the words, for example:

> And her eyes| if they were e|ver seen|would be nei|ther sweet| nor subtle;|no man|could read|their story;|they would be found| filled|with perishing|dreams|and with wrecks|of forgotten| delirium.

There are monosyllabic feet. Why not? Like Stevenson, I should prefer not to divide words, but to give " if they were ever|seen|would be neither|sweet|nor subtle."

For these feet have not in the least the function of feet in verse. The parallel of music will again serve our turn. In music the bars teach us the recurrent beat of the rhythm. Just so in verse, the lines and the feet display the regular undercurrent of metre. But in music there is something more: it is called musical phrase. Now the divisions and subdivisions of melody are not dependent on the bars; they resist the beat, which is sometimes only subconscious beneath a perverse rhythm of the phrase, *rubato* execution, syncopation, and so on. To render a passage properly, the first necessity is good phrasing.

In poetry we find just the same twofold rhythm: the regular rhythm of the verse, and the phrasing. Every student of Virgil is aware how careful the poet is that the tonic accent should not always fall on the first syllable of the foot. It is obvious that Catullus usually allows this to happen; and consequently his verse runs more fluently to the modern ear, for we do not make much of longs and shorts. But to the ancients Catullus must have been rather jingling. Horace, again, pronounced his Sapphics according to the longs and shorts, and the curious jingle which the accents give (" Nee'dy knife-grind'er, whi'ther art thou go'ing ") is deftly introduced to counteract and vary the measured advance of the rhythm. In English poetry, especially in blank verse, the duplex rhythm is invariably present. If we read it or recite it, we pay attention simply to the phrasing, and our ear subconsciously supplies the metre. We do not read thus:

Of man's|first dis|obe|dience and|the fruit|
Of that|forbid|den tree|

but

Of man's|first|disobedience|and the fruit|
Of that|forbidden|tree|

In prose there is no metre, no recurrent beat, no regular repetition, no invariable system of feet, but there is phrasing only. Just as in plain chant, there is rhythm, but not metre—phrasing but no bars.

Consequently the only proper foot-division in prose is by the "phrasing" (in the musical sense). The feet are not metrical feet but phrase feet.

It is thus that I venture to justify Professor Saintsbury's method of dividing the feet. I trust that he has no objection to the theory. It seems to me to throw another light on the distinction of prose rhythm from poetical rhythm. We said before that prose rhythm is free. But poetry possesses this same quasi-free rhythm, as phrasing, not as metre. In fact, I should prefer to say that the real rhythm of poetry is not its metre, but its phrasing within the bounds of metre. I should not understand Aristotle's dictum in the sense that poetry has a metrical rhythm whereas prose has a free rhythm. I should say that poetry has both metre and rhythm, which partly coincide, but not altogether, whereas prose has rhythm only. Every boy who does Latin verse is told that his lines will not pass if the words coincide with the feet, one word to each foot. This is a testimony to the simple law that rhythm and metre in verse are not the same, and must not try to be the same. They must live in harmony, sometimes meeting, sometimes separating to meet again. Prose rhythm is more free, in that it is not obliged to coincide even partially with a given metre. But it is less free, in that it must avoid coincidence with any ordinary metre, for fear of being taken for verse. But it is not prose rhythm alone that must be various, but that of poetry also.

Finally, I wish to thank Professor Saintsbury for the pleasure he has given. He is a splendid critic, because he is uplifted by admiration and enthusiasm. A critic is supposed to be a harsh, hard, cold, unimpassioned beast, or even (according to Disraeli's dictum) a soured failure. But that is a bad critic. Mr Sneer is really less acute than Mr Puff, for he is less sympathetic. We ought to accept with reverence and gratitude the good things which have been bequeathed to us; we should shrink (as a great preacher once put it) from looking a gift horse in the mouth. Before we can dare to blame what falls short of the ideal, we must be sure we have a palate capable of fully tasting the best to the full, and of recognizing that it is genius, above criticism, not for analysis so much as for rejoicing.

JOHN CHAPMAN, O.S.B.

THE PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC & THE PRESS

Para a Historia da Revolução. Teixeira de Sousa. Livraria Editora Moura Marques e Paraisos. Coimbra.

Le Portugal et ses Colonies. Angel Marvaud. Libraire Félix Alcan.

Banditismo Politico, a Anarchia em Portugal. Homem Christo, Madrid. 1912.

Notas de um Lisboeta. Alvaro Pinheiro Chagas. Porto. 1912.

Portugal Contemporaneo. J. P. Oliviera Martins. Lisboa. 1907.

Le Portugal Inconnu. Par Léon Poinsard. Paris. 1910.

A Revolução de Couceiro. Abilio Magro. Porto. 1912.

Do Desafio á Debandada. Carlos Malheiro Dias. Lisboa. 1912.

Em Redor de um Grande Drama. Carlos Malheiro Dias. Lisboa.

Diario dos Vencidos. Joaquim Leitão.

A Revolução Portugueza o 5 de Outubro. Par Jorge d'Abreu. Lisboa. 1912.

Os Cem Dias Funestos. Joaquim Leitão.

A Situação Politica em Portugal. Aillaud, Alves e Cia. Lisboa. 1913.

The Tragedy of Portugal. By Philip Gibbs. L. Upcott Gill and Co., Drury Lane, London.

Will England Save Portugal? By E. M. Tenison. L. Upcott Gill and Co., Drury Lane, London.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1913 there appeared in *The Times* a remarkable series of articles on "The Indian Peril." In the third of those articles the writer, who seems to be especially well informed and especially well qualified for his task, asks himself what would happen to India in case we left it to the native agitators who profess to know so much better than we do how to rule it. His answer is as follows:

> Were we to abdicate in favour of the "Nationalists" there would be no materials from which to form and no democrats to administer a democracy. The success of the present political movement would entail an attempt to govern by the narrowest of oligarchies, which, external aggression apart, would instantly crumble to pieces. Such a Government, were it conceivable,

would violate every principle cherished by the politicians at home who are giving support to the growing disaffection, and would violently conflict with the inherited traditions of old India. When the Indian Nationalist speaks attractively of "representative" institutions it is necessary to remember that he is thinking in terms of a handful of persons whose interests often conflict with those of the millions of India, and who show no real sympathy with their needs. He contemplates the attainment of power for himself and his class, and any addition of Indians in the higher posts of the Administration which the Public Services Commission may recommend cannot have the smallest tranquillizing effect. It would provide only for a pitiful fraction of the literate malcontents, leaving all the rest unbenefited. Like the generous and important reforms of 1909, it would utterly fail to satisfy the aspirations fomented and proclaimed.

Now, curiously enough, there is a European country where, for many years, an agitation similar to that of the present Indian agitation was carried on. That agitation was successful. The agitators are now in power. And there has come to pass, too, in that country exactly the things which *The Times* correspondent foresees in India if we abdicate in favour of the "Nationalists."

The country I mean is Portugal. How close is the parallel between the Portuguese agitation and the Indian agitation I may attempt to explain in a future paper. Here I shall compare for a moment the prophesied results in India and the actual results in Portugal.

"Such a Government," says *The Times* correspondent, "... would violate every principle cherished by the politicians at home who are giving support to the growing disaffection."

So far as Portugal is concerned it is difficult to think of any liberal principle which the Republicans have not violated. But I shall confine myself to one point—the liberty of the Press—a point in which, as a journalist, I am more interested perhaps than any other.

Portugal being largely a Conservative country, we should expect that it would contain many Conservative newspapers. It did contain many such before the Revo-

lution, and some of them were valuable commercial properties. At present it contains only one little Conservative periodical, the *Naçāo*, whose life-blood is periodically drained from it by fines, suppressions and censorial delays. As if these things were not enough, the mob is allowed to wreck its printing-office every once in a while, the police never raising a hand to protect it, though there happens to be a police-station a few doors away.

Perhaps, however, the people do not want Conservative papers. Well, even in that case, the Republican Government would be well-advised in letting the *Naçāo* die from lack of subscriptions, protecting it till the last from mob violence. But the most cursory examination of the question proves that, as commercial speculations, Conservative newspapers in Portugal are ten times more valuable now than they were before the Republic was established—I mean that they would be ten times more valuable if only they received the ordinary protection of the law. This has been proved beyond all shadow of doubt, both in Lisbon and in Oporto. At various intervals during the last three years, Conservative newspapers were established in both those cities. In all cases their success was phenomenal. They were able to publish week after week figures showing that their circulation was going up by leaps and bounds such as would make even a London circulation manager feel satisfied. Then, hey, presto! the same phenomenon always occurred. The Government got alarmed. A gang of Republican ragamuffins appeared on the scene, sacked the editorial offices, wrecked the printing works, threw the type into the gutter and smashed the machinery. The editor appealed for police protection, but the only thing the police did was to arrest *him*. The Civil Governor advised the proprietors to stop publication as they were exciting the ire of the "patriots." Finally these Conservative newspapers were suppressed by dictatorial decree.

The *Palavra* of Oporto was a restrained and very ably edited paper—but it was Conservative. Oporto is less of

a Republican stronghold than Lisbon, so that the *Palavra* always had a large circulation. During a few months in 1911 that circulation was nearly doubled, advertisements flowed in, and the paper became undeniably the best in Portugal. In September, 1911, the Republican riff-raff of the town attacked the *Palavra* offices. The police refused to interfere, whereupon the editorial staff and the compositors made a successful defence themselves. Next day the Civil Governor suppressed the paper on the ground that it was causing unrest and breaches of the peace. On similar grounds half a dozen Conservative papers were suppressed all over the country.

In Lisbon the *Correio da Manha* was started by Senhor Alvaro Pinheiro Chagas, an able Conservative editor, assisted by a particularly good editorial and business staff. The circulation went up in the usual way and, in the usual way, the paper was suppressed. Throughout all Portugal this shameful history repeated itself. Even purely devotional little monthlies like the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* were not allowed to circulate, though they never contained the faintest reference to politics. The one unfortunate paper which remains is allowed to remain because it supports Dom Miguel. As to the conditions on which it is allowed to exist I have already said something. Last October it entered into a mournful calculation which showed that during the previous year it had been confiscated once a week on an average, that is, whole issues had been stopped or seized over fifty times on condemnation by the Censor or the police. And never once does the Censor condescend to indicate the reasons of his displeasure. Sometimes the paper is seized by the police after the Censor has passed it. Drunken "patriots" wreck the offices and smash the type whenever they happen to be in that part of the town, and in no case have the police even rebuked, much less arrested, them. Yet the Republicans continue to assert that "the Royalist Press enjoys absolute liberty." An indignant Portuguese "patriot" actually used that

phrase in a letter to the editor of a paper which once published an article of mine on this subject.

One Conservative paper, the *Dia*, struggled on for some time, being probably allowed to exist because it had been the organ of the Alpoïmists, a Royalist party which had secretly supported the Republicans on the eve of the Revolution. But the *Dia* has now disappeared and, at the time of writing, February, 1914, its editor, Senhor Moreira de Almeida, is in jail. There is no definite charge against him, nevertheless he would have had no prospect of being released or even of being tried were it not for the action of the British Protest Committee in forcing the Lisbon Government to grant an amnesty. That amnesty makes his enlargement fairly certain.

M. Paul Vergnet, a French journalist who visited Lisbon in the autumn of last year, tells a lively story of Senhor de Almeida's troubles.

> A crowd of ragamuffins calling themselves Carbonarios wrecked his newspaper office and smashed all the type, while he himself was arrested.
>
> Against the newspaper of Senhor Moreira de Almeida [continues M. Vergnet] it could not be alleged that the tenor of the articles printed in its columns were of a nature to excite the people. All the proofs had to be submitted each day to the Civil Governor, and no copy of the newspaper could be sold until the administrative authorities had given it their approbation. Often, doubtless for his own amusement, the Governor withdrew his *imprimatur* some hours after having given it. In that case a whole issue of the journal was left on the editor's hands, being unsaleable even as waste-paper. The newspaper did not appear and was for that day a dead loss to the editor.

I was in Lisbon myself one day when the *Dia* was passed by the Censor, printed, and then seized by the police! The Censor, when appealed to, explained, lamely enough, that the police had not thought the issue so harmless as he, the Censor, had thought it.

I take a keen interest in the treatment of newspapers

by the Republic because, with a curiosity natural in a journalist who had seen the beginnings of the present *régime*, I have been anxious during the last three years to learn what was happening in Portugal, and I wanted to get Conservative as well as Republican views. With that object I subscribed to one Royalist paper after another. I marvelled at their rapid increase in size and in quality. Then, one after another, they suddenly disappeared. The Government had wiped them out of existence. Its principal, in fact its only, charge against them was that they unsettled the minds of the people. But, as a matter of fact, they were suppressed because, without using violent language, they beat the Government organs in argument; they contrasted the promises with the performances of their opponents; they exposed the wholesale peculation and corruption of the new *régime*.

Another reason for their suppression was this: they kept the outside world informed of the true state of things in Portugal. I was myself indebted to them for much valuable information and, after their suppression, I continued to correspond with members of their staff who remained in Portugal. But our letters were opened, presumably, and my correspondents were in all cases banished from Portugal. The Republic did not want any publicity. It wished the country to be hermetically sealed so far as independent news was concerned. The only "news" which was allowed to get out was that which appeared in the optimistic, utterly untrustworthy, semi-official Press.

One of my correspondents was Dr Bivar, of Oporto, a young married man, very clever, and anything but intolerant. Another was Arthur Gomes dos Santos, of Lisbon, also a young married man and a very able journalist. The former of these is now in the north of Europe, the latter in South America. A second Oporto correspondent of mine was also persecuted and would have been imprisoned had he not escaped to Brazil. A third, a schoolmistress, was deprived of her means of livelihood.

UofM

It all comes, then, to this, that the Republicans imprison or exile any Portuguese who communicates even the mildest and justest criticism of them to the outer world. In the time of Dom Carlos, Portuguese Republicans harrowed our souls with accounts of the "tyranny" under which they "groaned" (these are, I believe, the proper technical expressions), and were never tired of showing up their poor, unfortunate country as an awful example to the world. For years their great papers in Lisbon poured forth an almost uninterrupted stream of lies and filth. *A Lucta*, *O Mundo*, *O Paiz*, *O Seculo* and *A Vanguarda* not only injured the prestige of the Portuguese monarchy abroad, but did infinite mischief at home by debauching the minds of half-educated workmen, soldiers and sailors. Yet with scarcely an interruption they pursued the even tenor of their way, being hardly interfered with at all by the police and the Censor. Yet when even the most necessary check was put upon them by the authorities the wide world rang with their roars of "Tyranny! tyranny!" Before the overthrow of Dom Manuel a number of English journalists were invited to visit Portugal by the Republicans, who used them as megaphones through which to shout to the English people calumnies about the Government at Lisbon. If any English journalist now wants to know anything which is not in the official papers he is at once met by an indignant "How dare you?" from those same Republicans.

To be precise, before the Revolution the following Conservative papers existed in Portugal:

AT LISBON

Description of paper, etc.

Daily:

Portugal—Catholic and sometimes Nationalist, but not the official organ of the Nationalists.

Liberdade—Nationalist (an evening paper).

Correio da Manha—Franquist.

Diario Illustrado—Franquist.

Correio da Noite—Progressist.

Nação—Miguelist. Had very few subscribers. Quite despised by the Republicans and therefore allowed by them to continue in existence as being likely to discredit the whole Royalist cause. It is now the only Conservative paper in Portugal.

Weekly:

O Bem Publico—Catholic.

O Petardo—Humorous. Properly speaking, not a Lisbon paper, as it was published at Torres Novas.

Monthly:

O Mensageiro do Coraçao de Jesus—Devotional and non-political.

AT OPORTO

Daily:

Palavra—Catholic, and for some time Nationalist.

Porto—Republican Conservative. Editor, Antonio Claro.

Educação National—Conservative.

Diario da Tarde—Conservative sometimes. Indifferent in religious matters.

Weekly:

Grito do Povo—Democratic Catholic.

IN THE PROVINCES

A Guarda—Weekly, in the diocese of Guarda.

O Rebate—Nationalist, at Braga.

Povo de Aveiro—Republican Conservative.

When the Revolution took place all the Lisbon papers mentioned above—daily, weekly and monthly—except the *Nação* were suppressed at once.

The *Correio da Noite* appeared in the beginning of November, 1910, but its offices were wrecked on January 10, 1911, and the editor, Senhor Leitão, had to leave Portugal.

The editors of the *Petardo* and the *Povo de Aveiro* were imprisoned because they were Conservative journalists,

the editor of the *Petardo* being afterwards released on condition that he would never more write against the Republic.

The *Palavra* at Oporto lasted until the end of January, 1911, when it was suppressed under the circumstances which I have elsewhere described. At the same time the *Diario do Norte* suspended publication on the ground that it was unsafe for it to appear so long as order was not maintained in the streets. It seems to have never since resumed publication; at all events, it is never heard of now.

The *Grito do Povo* lasted until 1912, though now and then suspended. In 1912 it was suppressed on the vague grounds that it was "a Jesuitical publication." As a matter of fact no Jesuit wrote for it. *A Guarda* was also suppressed as "Jesuitical," and when the *Palavra* asked leave to appear again, it was refused on the ground that it was "Jesuitical." In none of these cases was there any truth in the charge. In fact, the *Palavra* was opposed, I believe, to the return of the Jesuits to Portugal in case of a restoration and to the abolition of the divorce laws and of some other measures which had been decreed by the Republic. The *Rebate* was suppressed in defiance of the Republic's own press law. Of the *Povo de Aveiro* I have already spoken.

And, on top of all this, the Republicans claim that the Royalist Press in Portugal enjoys "absolute freedom"!

Much-maligned Russia is not half so bad as this. I happen to know both countries, for I spent three years in Russia during the last revolutionary movement, having previously acquired, in the Far East, some knowledge of the Russian people and their language. Under the Witte *régime* the Press enjoyed unbridled liberty, and I must say that it utilized that liberty in order to flood the country with "literature" aimed not only against the imperial form of government but apparently against any form of government, as well as against Christianity and the most fundamental rules of sexual

morality. With M. Stolypin a more rigorous system began, but the great Liberal newspapers of St Petersburg and Moscow continued, and still continue, to appear, though they have always criticized the Government, sometimes in a very damaging manner. In short, the latitude allowed to the Liberal Press in Russia during the worst period of the recent repression, say in the year 1906, was much greater than the latitude allowed to the Conservative Press in Portugal during the most benevolent period of the Republican *régime*. In the matter of prison treatment it was the same. Russia never asserted that she treated prisoners well, but very often the young revolutionary students who were locked up for a time benefited in every way by their confinement and by the regularity of their life. Republican Portugal, on the other hand, gave us to understand that she was going to make a new heaven and a new earth, but her savage ill-treatment of the Royalist prisoners has driven many of them mad. When I visited the Lisbon Penitenciaria in October last I found there a young Royalist prisoner who had become hopelessly insane, and the doctor told me that the same fate had befallen other monarchist convicts.* In Russia I never knew of a political prisoner who went mad, and if one did go mad I feel sure that he would be handed over to his friends. But in Lisbon they are not handed over to their friends.

In Russia I was a sympathizer with the Liberal movement and all my work in the American and English Press showed that sympathy. Yet I was not molested by the police; my letters were not opened; I enjoyed all the privileges extended to the most Russophile foreign correspondents. I was allowed on two occasions to come quite close to the Tsar. How Portugal treats foreign correspondents who tell the truth about the Republic I shall explain later. But in comparing, in my own mind, autocratic Russia with Republican Portugal, I find the latter

* Now, March, 1914, that the political prisoners have been released, it is *officially* admitted that seventy of them are insane.

to be in all respects the more despotic, cruel and cynical Government of the two. The Tsar has made many blunders and his policy is undoubtedly too reactionary, but he is at least honest and religious and his actions are based on a firm belief in his Divine Right. Portugal is hypocritical, for, while continually spouting humanitarian and liberal sentiments, she is violating her own laws and practising illegalities and oppressions.

Suppose for a moment that Premier Keir Hardie suppressed all the Conservative papers in England with the exception of a small moribund Legitimist publication which maintained that Queen Mary of Bavaria was the rightful heir to the throne (I am not sure but that there is such an organ published intermittently in London). Suppose that the Labour Leader worried even that wretched rag by means of the Censor, by fines, by confiscation, by encouraging mobs to wreck the offices once a month or so. And suppose that, to crown all, he turned a reproachful eye towards the *Berliner Tagblatt*, which had remonstrated with him for undue severity, and assured it that the English Conservative Press enjoyed "absolute freedom." Would not such conduct be what the Americans would call "the limit"? Well, here we should have a parallel to the hitherto unparalleled condition of things which at present exists in Portugal.

So far the Republic defends itself in a manner which does it much harm in this country. There are generally four lines of defence: (1) That things were the same under the monarchy; (2) the utterance of some windy generality such as "liberty and justice are guaranteed under the Republic"; (3) a violent assertion that not only are you wrong but that the truth is the direct contrary to what you say; (4) an explosive accusation to the effect that you are in the pay of the Jesuits.

The first line of defence is taken with regard to the prisoners, but surely the Republic which, as its first President told us three years ago, "has risen luminous in her virgin essence," should have long ago set these things right. The second has been tried so often that it

has ended by maddening even *The Times*, which says (December 30) that in the mouths of Ministers

> Declarations of the kind would betray either complete ignorance of what is going on or a cynical contempt of those to whom they are addressed.

A typical example of the third line of defence is the response of Senhor Macieira, the Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, to somebody who questioned him in Paris about M. Vergnet's attacks on Dr Affonso Costa. Senhor Macieira confined himself to declaring in an oracular tone that Dr Costa was guilty of "excessive generosity" towards his political opponents.

When there was in *The Times* some criticism of the Lisbon Penitenciaria, Dr Caldeiro Queizoz, the governor of the prison, wrote to Printing House Square to say that not only were the charges unfounded but that the prisoners themselves "are the first to protest against the accusations relative to the treatment of the prisoners in this prison."

Unfortunately for the Government, one of the best-known political prisoners, Dom Jose Mascarenhas, managed to send out a letter protesting "against the eulogy of an establishment such as this," and making a heart-rending appeal to the justice and humanity of all who read his letter.

Precisely the same thing happened in another great prison. Having locked up their Conservative enemies, the Republican jailers stoop to the ignoble deception of pretending that the prisoners have authorized them to address the world on their behalf. With regard to public life it is the same. Half the country is prevented from voting, yet a jerrymandered Chamber affects to speak for all Portugal. It is the same, as we have just seen, in the case of the Press. Practically all the Conservative Press is silenced and the red Republican papers which remain claim to voice the opinions of the whole country. The conduct of the Republicans towards the Royalist Press

would befit a gladiatorial bully of decadent Rome who, having treacherously blinded a better and more skilful opponent, should make a great display, flourishing his sword against the unhappy man in the amphitheatre before giving him the finishing blow.

In every constitutional country an editor who brings serious charges of personal corruption against a Cabinet Minister is tried in the usual way. In Portugal he is invariably imprisoned without trial unless he manages to escape out of the country. "But things were so under the monarchy," cry the Republicans in chorus. "The law is so defective that unless we act as we do the culprit cannot be punished at all."

"Then," say I, "pass an act to meet the necessities of the case, but do not systematically violate your own fundamental laws."

When a British subject once libelled King George V he was tried before an ordinary jury. But when any journalist makes a charge against Dr Affonso Costa he is put in prison and never tried—unless by accident. The editor of the *Dia* is now in jail, as I have already pointed out, and probably half a dozen of his colleagues of the Conservative Press are likewise imprisoned in various places throughout the country. The editor of the *Povo de Aveiro* would be keeping him company behind the iron bars of the Limoeiro were it not for the fact that he managed to evade arrest. His name is Homem Christo, and he is a Republican whose crime was that he told the literal truth about the present Premier.

It cannot be said that the disturbed state of the country justifies these illegalities, for the Republicans deny that the country is disturbed at all, and say that ninety-nine per cent of the Portuguese population joyfully follow the standard of Dr Affonso Costa. It is now three years since Senhor Brito Camacho declared in the *Lucta* that the Republic was everywhere welcomed *com delirante enthusiasmo*. The few raids that have been made from Galicia were failures of the sorriest and most ludicrous description, while at least one of the farcical plots which

the Royalists were said to have hatched inside the country was really the work of a Republican *agent provocateur*.

No matter how peaceful the state of Portugal, the Republicans apparently prefer violent and tyrannical methods of crushing controversy. They only want their own voice to be heard. They hate their opponents to be allowed to speak at all, and they invariably resort to unfair and underhand proceedings in order to silence them. A Portuguese Conservative journalist resident in Paris ventured about a year ago to criticize the Portuguese Minister there. Instead of prosecuting him or of at least replying to him, the Minister persuaded the French police to exile him from France. He came over to London, and was, of course, allowed to remain as long as he liked in this "effete monarchy" (I borrow the expression from the Portuguese Republicans). The *North-China Daily News* of Shanghai, the leading English paper on the China coast, published in 1913 some criticisms of mine on the Portuguese Republic. The local Republicans, who constitute about one per cent of the Portuguese colony, replied, and the *North-China Daily News* let them reply to any extent they wished. But this would not satisfy them. They wanted me to be silenced. They were angry with the editor for publishing my articles, and they began a boycott of the paper, a boycott at which, happily, a powerful and wealthy organ like the *North-China Daily News* can afford to laugh.

As I have already shown, the same intolerance prevails among the Republicans in Portugal itself. Not content with suppressing all the organs of moderate opinion and banishing every Portuguese who dares to correspond with foreigners about the domestic policy of his country, the Republicans actually try to prevent English, French, German and Italian journalists resident in Portugal from doing their duty. One French writer whom I have already quoted, M. Paul Vergnet, tried to give a true picture of the state of things in Lisbon. He has been given to understand in consequence that he must never attempt to return. For delineating a similarly true picture in the

Corriere della Sera of Milan, M. Barzini, an Italian journalist, has been violently threatened in the Portuguese Press, which says that he must never dare to show his face in Lisbon again.

The only two Lisbon correspondents who are correspondents and nothing else are Mr Aubrey Bell, of the *Morning Post*, and the representative of a German paper. Both of these, being entirely free from any fear that the Government might make them suffer by delaying their goods at the Customs or subjecting them to other annoyances which can be inflicted on men who are merchants as well as writers, have been quite free and unfettered in their accounts of the Republican chaos. What was the result? Was any attempt made to reply to them in the Government Press? None whatever. The German was told to leave the country at once, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that his Legation induced the Premier to let him remain. And he was only allowed to remain on the understanding that he would write nothing offensive to Dr Affonso Costa. This beats Russia with a vengeance. Since the proclamation of the Constitution St Petersburg has never expelled a foreign correspondent, though among those gentlemen there were at one time a Russian Jewish revolutionary representing an English paper and filled (I do not blame him for it) with the most intense hatred of Russia, a hatred which was strongly reflected in his articles and telegrams.

Mr Aubrey Bell was treated in the same manner as his German colleague. In fact, he was treated worse, for he was imprisoned. I am sorry to say that, on his release, the British Legation tried to impress on him the fact that he was doomed to inevitable expulsion unless he wrote in a manner which was agreeable to the Prime Minister. Of course, Mr Bell indignantly rejected these conditions, so that he is liable to be sent out of the country at any moment.

Now, Mr Bell is no young hothead. Neither is he a Catholic. He is a man of middle age, a University man, a Protestant by religion and the son of a Protestant clergyman. What is more to the point than his religion, he is singularly impartial, perhaps the most impartial man

I have ever met. He does not believe that the monarchy will ever return, and has never lent the slightest assistance to any monarchical movement in Portugal. Having lived with him in Lisbon and read most of his published letters from Portugal, I am convinced that, in his hatred of exaggeration, he almost always understates his case. He certainly understates his case against the Republic, because his object is, not to assist in the destruction of the Republic, but to remove a blot from it by the release of the political prisoners. Mr Bell has written a number of charming books on Spain and Portugal; and, in its review of his recently published *Studies in Portuguese Literature*, *The Times* declared him to be "a thoroughly well-equipped Portuguese scholar." On Spain he is likewise an authority, having lived for some years at Madrid, and become so familiar with the Spanish language and literature that he was in charge of the Spanish section in the British Museum Library until (to use the title of a book which he wrote) "the magic of Spain" lured him south. His fairness and his desire to take as optimistic a view of the Republic as possible are shown by the fact that last autumn he maintained in the *Morning Post* that, owing to the wise statesmanship of Dr Affonso Costa, there would not, by the beginning of the year 1914, be a single political prisoner in a Portuguese prison. As a matter of fact, he was a political prisoner himself before the end of the year and, when New Year's Day came, it found the prisons more crowded with "politicals" than they had ever been in the whole history of Portugal. Indeed, the overcrowding in the old jails became so great that the authorities have converted into prisons the Palace of the Bishop of Oporto and a number of other public edifices.

Three years of the present system of government have increased the Budget, the number of prisons and the expenses of living. And these are, so far, the only achievements of the Republic which, on October 4, 1910, rose "luminous in her virgin essence."

FRANCIS McCULLAGH

THE LIGHTING *of* WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

SIX years ago, in a paper on Westminster Cathedral, read at a meeting of the London Architectural Association, I said that in planning the Cathedral the architect's starting point was the cross, but his ultimate idea was an unbroken nave. I also pointed out that the ideal of unbroken continuity invariably appeared in the churches designed by Mr Bentley, his object being to produce an impression of length and height by rhythm, or a repetition of parts. Thus at Westminster Cathedral the nave arcades are continued across the transept openings, the domes of the nave are repeated, without variation, as far east as the sanctuary arch, while the vaulting of the transepts is merely a repetition of the subsidiary vaults over the clerestory windows. But, it should be noted, the upper parts of the transepts are left open to the nave, therefore the clerestory windows could not here be repeated, and the source of light is thrown very much further back.

In the article on "The Lighting of Churches," by Mr Edwin de Lisle, that appeared in THE DUBLIN REVIEW for October, 1913, attention is drawn to the want of light in this part of the nave—due to the conditions I have just explained. We are told that "the centre of the building, which according to true and traditional design should be the most lightsome, is the darkest and gloomiest, so that the great Rood is actually invisible during several months of the year, except for occasional bursts of sunlight."

Now, I think it will appear to anyone who can read the architect's intention that the cardinal and central feature of the interior is the brilliantly illuminated sanctuary; it may not conform to the orthodox or traditional "centre," but this, I venture to say, is no valid reason why its unique interest should be dimmed by attempting another "centre" on "traditional" lines, and in opposition to it, as suggested by Mr de Lisle. At present, the brilliance of

the sanctuary, enhanced, as it is, by the deepening gloom of the nave, is impressive beyond description; but to cut a large hole for a skylight through the crown of the adjacent dome, or to destroy this dome and replace it with a higher, pierced with windows, as suggested by Mr de Lisle, would, I do not hesitate to say, destroy the unity and grandeur of Mr Bentley's monumental work, and an unequalled opportunity would be lost for a complete scheme of mosaic decoration. I may also say that, as an architect conversant with the construction of the building, I should decline to risk its stability by piling on a heavier dome in the position indicated by Mr de Lisle.

The blue "eye" of the Pantheon, occasionally flecked with white, or the resplendent features of the great domes of the Renaissance are exactly what the architect of Westminster Cathedral could not emulate, and he was right in not attempting the task.

The central "eye" of his Cathedral is the luminous corona over the high altar. Like all buildings architecturally great the Cathedral at Westminster stands alone, and long may it retain its peculiar excellence. Fortunately there is still a ray of hope that may eventually brighten the gloom that Mr de Lisle now finds so depressive. It may not have occurred to him—and it scarcely serves his argument—I refer to that reflected light that will certainly be produced by the marble and mosaic decoration some day. At present the rough and dirty brickwork and concrete absorb the light, but when the walls, piers, and floors, are sheeted with marble, and the vaulting glows with mosaic, a future generation will see, on a grander scale, an improvement in the lighting, like that we have already noticed in some of the chapels.

From the most "darksome" part of the Cathedral we now turn to the most lightsome, viz., the apse or choir. Here, we are reminded by Mr de Lisle, the light is "sometimes so bright that it makes the high altar invisible." This unpleasant effulgence, I may explain, is due to two obstinate windows in the centre of the apse, which, when

seen from the nave, appear too handsomely framed in the great arch of the baldachino.

To prevent the light being thus painfully focussed on the eye of the worshipper Mr de Lisle suggests the erection of an exedra, or apsidal recess, at the back of the baldachino, with a semi-dome concentric with the arch. This suggestion, it must be admitted, is ingenious, but it is obvious to Mr de Lisle that his semi-dome would not be in keeping with the flat roofs of the lateral exedras designed by Mr Bentley, so he suggests that these also should be furnished with semi-domes, and to complete the pyramidal idea in design, he would place a culminating central dome on the top of all! These additions, we are told, " would give that dignity which is now wanting "—in Mr Bentley's work—" owing to there being no sufficient superincumbent mass above the arch and pillars, and would look thoroughly Eastern."

Thus, in effect, the sanctuary would be filled with the bulky model of a Byzantine church, and the best thing Mr Bentley admitted he had designed for the Cathedral would be no more.

May I here explain to Mr de Lisle that the baldachino is now, what the name implies, merely a canopy over the altar, and the principle of its light construction is totally opposed to that of the dome. Abutment and rigidity are provided by flat roofs of concrete over the lateral exedras, and on these rest the central arch or vault. Lightness is the prevailing note in the construction, and I may inform Mr de Lisle that the supports are sufficiently weighted already without piling on extraneous material to block out the choir that may some day glow with colour and form a magnificent background to the baldachino.

That the windows complained of are irritating is beyond dispute, but a less drastic remedy should be resorted to.

Having now referred to the most salient points raised by Mr de Lisle on the natural lighting of the Cathedral, I turn with some diffidence to his strictures on the artificial

lighting. These, I gather, do not apply to the nave, but to the sanctuary and the eastern chapels.

When the lights are switched on, we are told "they hide everything about the altars, and reduce the symbolic lights to insignificance." Now this glare could easily be modified by replacing the present lamps with others of obscured glass, or by covering them with "holophane" shades; but neither of these simple expedients would realize Mr de Lisle's ideal. This could only be done by concealing the lamps altogether from the worshipper, so that the source of light would be as mysterious as on the stage of a theatre, or in front of a jeweller's shop at night time. This method of lighting is quite in keeping with the tendency of an age when buildings are erected without visible support, and sermons are listened to through the gramophone. Most Catholics will, however, rejoice that Westminster Cathedral was not built in this spirit; and we need not be ashamed to show its lamps, if the lights in the sanctuary are made less painfully brilliant.

In the sixth century church of Sta Sophia, Constantinople, the artificial lighting was made beautifully expressive by "a circling chorus of bright lights," and "a thousand others were hung aloft by chains, some in the aisles, others in the centre, or to east and west, or on the crowning walls, shedding a brightness of flame."

Compared with the full brilliance of gas or electric lighting, no doubt the light of these oil lamps was soft and tender, but fortunately the effect of the modern method can be regulated to a nicety to suit any particular case.

Reverting to the natural lighting of the Cathedral, exception is taken by Mr de Lisle to the gloom of the narthex and the two eastern chapels.

In the former case we are advised that a window at each end would reduce the evil, and in the case of the chapels the vaults should be pierced with holes for skylights raised on drums. The æsthetic fallacy of the latter suggestion need not be pointed out after what I have said about the similar proposition for the nave. Skylights in connection with a mosaic vault of Byzantine type would

be an abomination, and they may well be restricted to such buildings as the Brompton Oratory and the Tate gallery; but in the case of the narthex Mr de Lisle is on safer ground. Here a window could be formed in the south wall of the baptistery, but, for structural reasons, it would have to be very small. At the north end of the narthex Mr de Lisle has apparently overlooked the fact that there is a small window over the entrance; it is only a " borrowed " light, but no other is possible.

In closing his article Mr de Lisle expresses the fear, that it may seem as if he were too ready to criticize Westminster Cathedral; personally, I do not think so. Though his suggestions are, in the main, mistaken, I believe his criticism has been offered in all sincerity—which cannot, I fear, be said of all the criticism that Westminster Cathedral has excited.

JOHN A. MARSHALL

KIKUYU

THE crisis through which the Church of England is now passing differs materially from others which have from time to time marked its existence. The Hampden appointment, the Jerusalem Bishopric, the Gorham case, the prosecutions for heresy and for ritualism, have each at their respective periods attracted public attention; but for a parallel in importance to the Kikuyu controversy, which is now occupying the attention of Anglicans and Nonconformists alike, we must, says Mr Mackay, of All Saints', Margaret Street—a leader of advanced Anglicanism—go back to the Savoy Conference of 1661, "the work of which the Kikuyu Conference has set itself to undo."* Still the Church of England, based as it is on compromise, has been able to withstand former attacks whether from within or without; by dint of careful abstention from definite pronouncements and a wide toleration it has succeeded in maintaining its position and to retain the vast majority of its members, so that it may well be able to weather this.

Meanwhile the attitude of the "Catholic" party has of late become more and more definite and uncompromising. Encouraged by undoubted progress in popular favour and by the support of several members of the episcopate (which at the beginning presented a solid front against it), the High Churchmen, who were at one time content to be tolerated and later took refuge under the shield of comprehensiveness, claimed for the Church of England as represented by themselves the full Catholic position, which they maintained by teaching and practice. The failure of all attempts to restrict the onward march—a failure due largely to the nature of the organizations enlisted against them—has encouraged yet further advances: and not only the Tractarian school, but men of a later period, of whom Liddon may be taken as a type,

* Bishop Weston, in his Letter, says there "has not been a Conference of such importance to the life of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* since the Reformation."

would have stood aghast at the present observances of the extreme party. The failure of the Ritual Commission of 1904-5 to secure any compliance with its recommendations and the general unwillingness of Churchmen,—taught by the non-success of the futile Public Worship Regulation Act,—to seek the intervention of Parliament, have produced a general feeling of security; and although a Bishop here and there has succeeded in suppressing some more than usually "Romish" manifestation, it cannot be said that the movement has been materially checked.

So far as the Anglican Bishops are concerned, it is impossible not to perceive that their attitude and conduct, whether condemnatory or approving, are largely dictated by the fear of Rome. The action of Blomfield, who in his own person exemplified the two methods by first encouraging and then checking Bennett at St Barnabas', Pimlico, was in both attitudes prompted by this motive; the Bishop of St Albans in endeavouring to suppress the Catholic League and the Bishop of London, who has recently told Convocation that "to allow things that are Catholic strengthens [his] hands in stamping out things that are Roman,"* are in different ways carrying out the same policy. "Let both grow together till the harvest" is a precept having high sanction; and the toleration of Archbishop Temple, who allowed great latitude to his clergy if only they worked, is one which, from a common-sense standpoint, has much to recommend it.

This *laissez faire* policy has, however, now been rudely challenged by Dr Frank Weston, the Anglican Bishop of Zanzibar, in a letter the consequences of which it is impossible to foresee and on which, therefore, it would be unwise to speculate. Concerned with three matters of vital importance in relation to Church teaching and discipline, its immediate cause was an incident which occurred last June at Kikuyu, where, at the close of a conference of representatives of various Protestant missions with

* *Church Times*, February 20, 1914.

those of the Church Missionary Society, the Anglican Communion service was celebrated in the evening in a Presbyterian church by the Bishop of Mombasa, the Bishop of Uganda assisting, the elements being administered to as many delegates as chose to present themselves.

As to the facts of the case there is no dispute, nor is there any question as to the zeal, devotion, and high character of the three Bishops concerned. The Bishops of Mombasa (Dr Peel) and Uganda (Dr Willis) were consecrated in 1899 and 1900 respectively: both are members of the Church Missionary Society, which represents the Low Church party; both are experienced in missionary work, which in Uganda, so far as Protestantism is concerned, is carried on entirely by the Church of England and (after a somewhat stormy inauguration) has been attended with great success. The Bishop of Zanzibar (Dr Weston), although not raised to the episcopate until 1908, has been in the mission field for about the same period as his colleagues, having been connected with the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar since 1898. Previous to this he had been a curate at St Matthew's, Westminster, and had published a prayer-book entitled *The Holy Sacrifice*: the title and contents of this sufficiently indicate the teaching in the diocese of Zanzibar, while the fact—stated in the correspondence which followed on the publication of Dr Weston's letter—that the Sunday morning service in his cathedral was thought by a visitor to be that of the Catholic Church is evidence of the practice. The Universities' Mission represents the High Church party as the C.M.S. does the Low, and the teaching in each diocese has consistently represented that encouraged by the two bodies, so that the difficulties which often result from lack of continuity have not been experienced.

The Bishop of Uganda has given in his pamphlet* an

* *The Kikuyu Conference: A Study in Christian Unity.* (Longmans. 6d.) It should be remembered that although Dr Willis has been the principal spokesman for the Conference, Kikuyu is not in Uganda but in British East Africa, in the diocese of Mombasa.

admirably clear account of the aims and objects of the Conference, of the conditions which led up to it, and of the resolutions arrived at. It was a sense of the effect likely to be produced upon the "unformed and peculiarly malleable" native population by "a Christianity represented by a dozen widely differing types, mutually independent, if not mutually opposed"—in face of "a united Mohammedanism" and "a united Roman Catholicism"—that induced Dr Willis to take steps to bring together these "differing types," so that a united front might be presented to the natives and to the two bodies specified. The fact that Mohammedanism—the same is at least equally true of Catholicism, though Dr Willis does not say this—"is a strong religion, with a very definite, clear-cut creed, whose adherents have the great merit of knowing their own mind" renders this united front necessary;* and the Conference was summoned in order that "a possible federation between the different missionary bodies" might be discussed. As a result of the discussion, a "proposed scheme of federation,† with a view to ultimate union of the native churches" was agreed upon, and the proceedings terminated with the "open Communion" already referred to.

With regard to this service it may be pointed out that at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society at Canterbury in November last, Canon Mason expressed considerable hesitation as to the action of the two Bishops. He said:

* Speaking on February 18, at a drawing-room meeting in aid of "the Reformed Churches of France, Switzerland and Belgium," Dr Willis expressed his admiration of the devotion of the Catholic priests in Uganda: "Yet whereas they drew the people into a solid body and held them to definite dogmas, the Anglicans taught the people to think"! (*Times*, February 19.)

† The points of the proposed Federation and its practical working, should it be accepted by the home authorities, to whom it will be submitted before adoption, are admirably summarized by the Rev. H. F. B. Mackay in a paper published in the *All Saints' Margaret Street Church Paper* for February.

I don't think myself that inter-communion between Christian people is a starting-point for union. . . . No one of us, whoever he might be, Bishop or Archbishop, or anybody else, can treat the Sacraments of Christ as if they were merely the symbols of his own goodwill towards somebody else. They belong to Christ and to the Church as a whole, and no one has a right to deal with them as if they were private concerns of his own. . . . It would be a very great hindrance to the cause of reunion as a whole if for the sake of a temporary union between Protestant missionaries in Uganda, the Church of England should be split into two divisions. . . . I do not think that the Church Missionary Society as a whole is actually committed to the action of policy assigned to the two Bishops on that occasion.*

It may be noted that the Committee of the C.M.S., at its meeting on December 9, while expressing "whole-hearted sympathy" with the objects of the two Bishops, refrained from any opinion as to the actual proceedings of the Conference.

The true significance of the protest against this "open Communion" seems to have escaped most of those who have commented on the occurrence. It must be remembered that the belief of the advanced Anglican with regard to the Eucharist in no way differs from our own; the protests which used to be made against Transubstantiation have practically disappeared, and in advanced books and sermons the term itself—Article XXVIII notwithstanding—is accepted. Even fifty years ago the hymns of St Thomas were in common use, and Anglicans who joined the Church at that period were often unconscious of any change of belief as to the Blessed Sacrament. Now the view of the Protestant party in the Establishment varies from that of a "real absence,"† of an agape or mere commemoration, to some form of spiritual presence, depending on the faith of the recipient, and existing not in the elements but in the souls of the communicants.‡

* *Church Times*, November 28, 1913.

† I have heard this expression used in an Anglican sermon.

‡ This was also the view of Bishop Phillpotts (1778-1869), the one High Church Bishop of his period. See DUBLIN REVIEW, January, 1914, p. 107.

To those who hold either of these views there can be little difficulty in regarding the distribution of the bread and wine as a commemorative act or as a symbol of unity: but to those who regard the Eucharist as the "vere panis filiorum," its reception by folk possibly unbaptized, or at best "not discerning the Lord's Body," is a sacrilege terrible to contemplate. The fact that the Communion at Kikuyu was celebrated in the evening would seem to the devout Anglican, who regards fasting Communion as of obligation, an additional irregularity; moreover, evening Communions, common, I believe, among Nonconformists, have always been regarded as a badge of the extreme Low Church party.

With the object of the two Bishops no Catholic can fail to sympathize: it was dear to the heart of Leo XIII, who, in his Encyclical *Præclara Gratulationis Publicæ* (June 20, 1894),* urged upon the faithful the duty of promoting unity among Christians. But the desire among Anglicans takes two diametrically opposed forms: the eyes of one section, represented by the two Bishops, are turned towards Nonconformity;† those of the other, which includes the Bishop of Zanzibar, look to Rome and the East. It is not, then, wonderful that the immediate effect of the Conference was very different from that contemplated by its organizers. Far from advancing the cause of unity, its result was to make more manifest than before the absence of this feature even within the borders of the Church of England—a result at once made plain in the Open Letter addressed by the Bishop of Zanzibar to the Bishop of St Albans,‡ which, at first privately

* *The Reunion of Christendom* (C. T. S. 1d.). In an appendix is given a summary of later acts of Popes and Prelates in favour of Reunion.

† As these proofs are being read, the Bishop of Norwich (March 9) has welcomed the National Free Church Council to that city; no such recognition was offered to the Catholic Congress.

‡ The history of this Letter is to some extent involved in mystery. It was first printed at Zanzibar by the U.M.C.A. press, and five hundred copies were sent by Dr Weston to England, with a request that it might be reprinted and widely distributed. The order, however, was not executed, and publication was for a time withheld. It would seem indeed

circulated, was subsequently published in pamphlet form.§

The title of the Letter—*Ecclesia Anglicana: for What Does She Stand?*—puts a question which has often been asked, but has never received an answer: and the Letter itself presses it with a force and clearness which can hardly be exceeded and in a manner which renders an answer difficult to shirk. Addressing himself to the Bishop of St Albans, Dr Weston on his first page thus states his "thesis":

> that at the present time, having regard to her exceedingly chaotic system of Truth [the *Ecclesia Anglicana*] is entirely unfit to send missionaries to heathen or Muhammadan lands. . . . . [She] is content to have lost her power of self-expression, so that we out here can no longer appeal to her Voice or rest upon her Witness. She has no Voice; she offers no single Witness.

Dr Weston proceeds to develop his thesis as a threefold indictment, the heads of which he gives as Modernism, Pan-Protestantism, and Denial of Catholic Practices. The Letter itself is accessible to all, and has already been widely circulated; it is, therefore, only necessary here to note its main contentions. The first deals with a matter which is daily becoming more and more patent: the attitude of the Church of England, as represented by clergy holding important official positions, towards Modernism. Of this the Bishop takes as an example a book published late in 1912 called *Foundations*—the production of seven Oxford men, of whom some, it seems fair to say, are only responsible for the views expressed

that its suppression was suggested, apparently on the ground that its publication "would prejudice important Catholic interests"; the magazine which had announced its intention of printing the Letter was threatened with litigation should the intention be carried into effect, and cablegrams asking for Dr Weston's permission were unanswered. These particulars are taken from the Christmas number of *The Christian Warfare* (Talbot & Co. 2d.), the organ of the Catholic Literature Association, where the matter is dwelt upon at some length.

§ Longmans, 6d. net.

in so far as they have allowed their names to appear in conjunction with other writers from whom Dr Weston quotes sufficiently startling passages. The second relates to the Kikuyu Conference, to which public attention has been chiefly directed and which forms the chief subject of this paper; the third to the action of the Bishop of St Albans with regard to a service held by the Catholic League in which the invocation of Our Lady and the Saints formed a prominent feature. The direction of the Letter to this Bishop has a peculiar fitness in that the editor or chief offender in *Foundations* was the Bishop's own chaplain, whom, on the publication of the book, he invited "privately and quietly to resign his chaplaincy." Dr Weston contrasts the Bishop's action in this case with that adopted towards Dr Langford James, who conducted the service of the Catholic League in a church in the St Albans diocese and was therefore publicly inhibited from ministering therein and was "delated to his own Diocesan as an offender against Church Law and Catholic Truth." Bishop Jacobs has, moreover, announced his "refusal both of ordination and jurisdiction to any who practise these Invocations" —a practice, by the way, which Dr Weston defends as "Catholic, beautiful, and profoundly useful."

The view that the Church of England has a divine mission to become the centre of unity—being, as Archbishop Benson was wont to assert, at once Catholic and Protestant—has been put forward more than once during the present controversy, notably by the Bishop of Worcester, who, in his "New Year's Letter" to his diocese, writes:

> The vantage ground of the Anglican Church is, as Archbishop Benson told us, its central and primitive position, a vantage ground which may in God's good time bring about the unity of Christendom. (*Times*, January 5.)

Bishop Weston is at least as keenly alive to the necessity of unity as are his brother Bishops, though his leanings

are in a direction opposite to theirs; but he has no delusions with regard to the position of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* in that connexion. Far from being a help, "she is the one most evident hindrance to reunion that exists":

> Of all the Churches there is none that so grievously hinders [the Spirit of Unity] in His task as does the *Ecclesia Anglicana*. Boasting herself to be the obvious centre round which reunion will be realized, puffed up with a sense of what she calls her broad-mindedness, she stands to-day at the judgement-bar innocent alike of narrow-mindedness and broad-mindedness, but proven guilty of double-mindedness. And until she recovers a single mind, and knows it, and learns to express it, she will be of use neither in the sphere of reunion nor in the mission field.

Of the three indictments brought by the Bishop, the first is undoubtedly the most important, and it has been suggested that the prominence given to the secondary matter of the Kikuyu Conference was deliberately planned in order to divert attention from the larger issues involved in the former. Dr Weston himself recognizes the primary importance of the "Modernism" section; but his appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury was in the first instance limited to the charges of heresy and schism against his neighbouring Bishops, and was based on the propositions arrived at at Kikuyu. The greater actuality and personal aspect of this Conference rendered it, from a press point of view of greater interest; and its practical ignoring of Episcopacy,* of "the Rites, or Sacraments, of Confirmation and Absolution," and of other matters of equal importance, strike at the very foundations of Church order and discipline as these are understood by most Anglicans. Moreover, the subject of Modernism has been by no means overlooked in the important correspondence in *The Times* which followed on the publication of Dr Weston's Letter.

* It may be remembered that "the historic episcopate" was laid down as a fundamental principle in the Lambeth Quadrilateral, to which, in the opinion of the Bishop of Southwell, the Anglican Church is "absolutely bound." (*Times*, February 23.)

Kikuyu

It would be impossible within reasonable limits to give anything like a complete summary of the opinions which have been expressed or of the events which have taken place since this publication. The Kikuyu Conference has been discussed in every newspaper of note, daily or weekly, London or provincial, and has formed the subject of articles in numerous reviews and pamphlets, to some of which attention is directed in this paper and in a note at its conclusion. For the present purpose it may suffice to summarize the correspondence — doubtless to be resumed later—which extended through *The Times* for December, January and February last, in which distinguished and representative Churchmen of various schools took part.

Among the supporters—sometimes with qualifications —of Bishop Weston may be ranked the Bishops of Chichester and Worcester,* Lord Halifax, Archdeacon Hutton, Canon Mason, Prebendary Poyntz, and Mr Athelstan Riley. On the other side were ranged the Bishop of Durham, who expressed his willingness to take his place beside the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda, if they were arraigned for heresy; Bishop Tucker, Dr Willis's predecessor in Uganda, who will, if necessary, accompany him to the stake; the Bishop of Caledonia, whose statement that he had administered the Communion to Roman Catholics provoked the rejoinder from Canon Moyes that Catholics so participating were *ipso facto* excommunicate; the Deans of Canterbury (Wace), Ripon (Fremantle) and Durham (Henson); and Canon Rashdall (Hereford).

It is significant that among the staunchest supporters of the Kikuyu policy have been those whose liberal views are well known; this is no doubt in part accounted for by Dr Weston's attack upon Modernism.

* The *English Churchman* for March 12, quotes the Bishop of London as having referred in a sermon to the "heart-broken letter" of "one whom we all so greatly revere and venerate, Bishop Weston."

Kikuyu

The "whole-hearted support" of Dean Henson,* who makes no secret of these views, must, one would think be rather embarrassing to the two Bishops, unless, as has been suggested, the orthodoxy of Protestantism upon points vital to Christianity is less thorough than is generally supposed. The Dean's letters, both in number and vigour and from the prominence given them in *The Times*, have been an important factor in the discussion; his main argument, which he further developed in a sermon preached before the University of Oxford on February 1,† was directed against the necessity of Episcopacy as a condition to the exercise of Anglican clerical functions. This as an Anglican view finds support in a letter by Mr W. S. Lilly (*Times*, December 27), who points out that the first Anglican missionaries in India, in the early eighteenth century, were Danish Lutherans subsidized by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which body also, in 1750, sent out the Lutheran Schwartz, who became founder of the Anglican Tinnevelly Missions.

With regard to "open Communion," the Bishop of Durham—in a letter (*Times*, December 13), strongly combating the view—

> never before affirmed with authority by the Church of England that Divine grace runs only, for certain, in the episcopal channel, and that all other ministries, as not irregular only but invalid, are to be shunned in the name of spiritual truth—

refers to "a cloud of Anglican witnesses for the larger doctrine" of whom he cites four from the seventeenth century:

> Bancroft, who carried his colleagues, including Andrewes, with him in consecrating Presbyterian ministers for Scotland, in

* "I must needs think that the Church owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa for their action; and I hold it to be the clear duty of all who value Christian unity and the character of the Church of England as a Reformed Church to give to them a wholehearted support." (*Times*, December 17.)

† *The Issue of Kikuyu*. Macmillan, 6d.

1609; Andrewes, who claims "our government to be by Divine right, yet it follows not that a Church cannot stand without it"; Ussher, who says (to De Moulin), after a solemn assertion of the greatness of episcopacy, that he is prepared "to receive the Blessed Sacrament at the hands of the French ministers if he were at Charenton," "loving and honouring the (Huguenot) Church of France as a true member of the Church Universal"; and Cosin asserting in his will his union of soul with all the orthodox, "which I desire chiefly to be understood of Protestants and the best Reformed Churches."

It has been claimed by Sir Henry Lunn that Archbishops Benson and Temple, and Bishop Creighton, adopted an attitude—in connexion, I believe, with the Lucerne Conferences—not dissimilar from that of Bishops Willis and Peel; the admission of a Unitarian to Communion at Westminster Abbey as a member of the Bible Revision Commission is well-known; and quite recently the Bishop of Hereford administered the Eucharist to a mixed congregation of Anglicans and Nonconformists whom he had invited to be present. Instances might easily be multiplied—one very similar may even be found among Bishops of Dr Weston's school: the late Bishop of Lebombo, during his frequent visits to England, when he was in much request for pontifical functions, not only preached to mixed congregations of Protestants in Portugal but "administered the Cup at evening Communion," and on another occasion himself "conducted the Communion service" with "ritual acceptable to the minister."* Dr Gore, however, feels quite sure that to the great mass of High Churchmen such an open Communion seems to involve principles so totally subversive

* See the *English Churchman* for May 4, 1911. The history of "the Lusitanian Church," in connexion with which these services were held and of which three Protestant Irish bishops form the governing body, is told at length in *The Month* for July, 1911. It is a frankly proselytizing body, the outcome of a union between English Churchmen, American Episcopalians, and Wesleyans. Among its supporters are six English bishops, including the Bishop of Durham, who, like the Dean of Canterbury (also a supporter) has been prominent among the opponents of Dr Weston in *The Times* correspondence.

of Catholic order and doctrine as to be strictly intolerable, in the sense that they could not continue in a fellowship which required of them to tolerate the recurrence of such incidents. (*Times*, December 29.)

This view has already been developed in an earlier part of this paper. The diversities of opinion regarding the Eucharist among Anglican Bishops are sufficiently indicated by Canon Knox Little, who writes that he

has listened to one episcopal "charge" proving, with great learning, the doctrine of the Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice; to another, denying it wholly and teaching pure Zwinglianism; to a third, teaching Consubstantiation.*

An important section of *The Times* correspondents have refrained from ranging themselves on one side or the other, but have pointed out the serious consequences to the Church of England if the views of either party—or of the three parties—are carried to extremes. The attitude of some is that of "glorious comprehensiveness": this is expressed in its crudest form by the Rev. Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, who (*Times*, December 26) expresses the view that

The Church of England, with its emphasis on the Primitive Church and its wide compromise between Catholic and Protestant . . . alone can offer a platform on which not only Catholic and Protestant but Modernist and Conservative can unite.

The most weighty pronouncement, however, is that of the Bishop of Oxford, who, brushing aside the utterances of those who "seek to reassure us by telling us that the Church of England has always 'tumbled along'"†

* *The Conflict of Ideals in the English Church*, p. vi, n. Pitman, 1905.

† The reference is obviously to a passage in an article in the *Commonwealth* by a Canon of Christ Church (the Bishop's own cathedral), Dr Scott Holland, who, commenting on the title of Dr Weston's letter, says: "The *Ecclesia Anglicana* never stands. It moves, and pushes, and slides, and staggers, and falls, and gets up again, and stumbles on and presses forward, and falls over in the right direction at last"!

" without any clear assertion of principle," doubts if its cohesion " was ever more seriously threatened than it is now," and concludes by saying:

> I do seriously think that unless the great body of the Anglican Church can again speedily arrive at some statement of its principles such as will avail to pull it together again in a unity comprehensive but intelligible, and compatible with the moral principle of sincerity of profession, it will go the certain way to disruption, with the appalling result that it will miss its great vocation in Christendom just when its characteristic witness seems to be most needed.

The " vocation " indicated appears to be that which Dr Weston has shown good ground for believing that the Church of England is entirely incapable of fulfilling. Dr Gore's letter received the endorsement of Lord Halifax; the dangers of disruption were further enlarged upon by Dean Wace, Professor Sanday, and Mr Riley.

As might have been expected, various religious bodies have expressed sympathy with one or other of the parties concerned. Dr Weston, besides the support of the U.M.C.A.—which, however, he is careful to tell us is in no way implicated by his Letter—has the general approval of the English Church Union and of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, as well as the prayers of the Anglican Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament: he has also received numerously signed addresses—one from clergy (*Times*, February 16) who share his anxiety

> with regard to any scheme for the union of Christians which does not clearly safeguard the Apostolic ministry of the Church and the doctrines of confirmation and absolution as contained in the New Testament and the Book of Common Prayer;

who associate themselves with his denunciation of Modernism and are prepared to support him

> in resisting any attempt to reduce the meaning which the Church of Christ has attached to the Communion of Saints.

Another came from 750 clergy "who have signed no other address," and who misunderstood a passage in the Letter as indicating, "seek refuge in the Roman Church" —a step which, while not explaining the passage, Bishop Weston in his reply stated that he has not now, nor has he ever had, any intention of taking.

More important than either of these is the Memorial promoted by the Catholic League and signed by 7,785 lay communicants, which, with an accompanying letter, has been sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Memorial uncompromisingly supports Bishop Weston's appeal on the three points submitted by him, and urges the "solution of the difficulties in a manner consistent with Catholic Faith and Practice": the covering letter is even more plainly expressed (*Church Times*, March 5). The Catholic League, which, I believe, originated in a secession from the Guild of the Love of God, has been as far as possible discouraged not only by the Bishop of St Albans but by the Bishops of London and Birmingham, who have refused to allow clergy of their respective dioceses to accept the office of president; it represents an influential section of advanced Anglican opinion.

The Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda have the qualified support of the Church Missionary Society* and the approval of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the Church of Scotland, of the Islington Clerical Meeting, the Church Association, the World's Evangelical Alliance (which sees in Kikuyu "a call to evangelical unity" and "a call to liberality" in the way of subscriptions), and the Council of Evangelical Laymen, besides the somewhat doubtful honour of resolutions from the Protestant Alliance and Mr Kensit's organizations.

What is known as "the religious press" has, of course, taken sides in accordance with the views of the party which it represents—the Nonconformists and Low Church organs are practically unanimous in supporting Uganda, while the *Church Times*—not as cordially as

* See p. 339.

the more advanced men could wish*—and, more cautiously, *The Guardian*, favour Zanzibar. As is always the case, the Anglicans have the advantage in literary expression; but it must be admitted that the present controversy has shown the unanticipated strength of the Protestant party in the Church. The advanced party, as represented in the *Church Times* correspondence columns, is enthusiastic in its admiration of Dr Weston—of his "outspokenness," his "brave, definite and valiant leadership," his "steadfastness and guidance." The satisfaction that matters have at last been brought to a head seems general: "Thousands are thinking what the Bishop of Zanzibar has had the courage to say," says Mr Spencer Jones.

Quotations of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely, but room must be found for an utterance of the Rev. E. G. Wood, who has for so many years represented advanced Anglicanism at St Clement's, Cambridge:

> Bishop Weston's appeal to the Ecclesia Anglicana (he says) appears to me to be quite mistaken; *there is no such entity;* he is a Bishop of the Catholic Church and to her tradition and law and custom must he appeal. . . . I fail to understand in what sense he can be said to be doing work for Ecclesia Anglicana or in what sense he was sent by Ecclesia Anglicana; or how anything that Ecclesia Anglicana (*if there were such a thing*) may say or do can really affect his position.†

This discarding of one of the most popular of the Anglican claims to independence of Rome—based upon a misinterpretation of the phrase in Magna Carta, "Ecclesia Anglicana libera sit"—is a noteworthy outcome of the controversy.

* The leading article (December 5) in which the *Church Times* "deeply regretted" the publication of Dr Weston's letter was the occasion of numerous plain-spoken protests in the following and subsequent issues. The view that the paper "no longer bears clear and outspoken witness to the Catholic faith" is shared by others who express "uneasiness at its tone and tendencies," "disappointment almost to despair," and similar sentiments.

† *Church Times*, January 16 (italics mine).

Kikuyu

A brief summary of the events which have occurred since the arrival of Dr Weston in England at the beginning of February may fitly conclude this paper. On the 6th of that month he presented himself before the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had previously (*Times*, January 3) informed a correspondent that he was "without any specific information as to the exact request which the Bishop desired to place before him": information which it is safe to assume the Bishop at his interview supplied with the directness which has throughout characterized his utterances. The Archbishop, however, doubtless referred to certain modifications of Bishop Weston's "Formal Appeal," which was certainly definite enough: it accuses the two Bishops of heresy and schism, prays that they may be made to recant their teaching and requests that, failing this, the Archbishop and twelve Comprovincial Bishops should judge the case. The modifications, which were conveyed in the Bishop's letters to the Archbishop and are printed in the "Answer to the 'Formal Appeal'"—written with commendable promptitude on February 9, and published immediately afterwards*—leave untouched the request for an "official decision" on "very vital points," nor have the charges of heresy and schism been withdrawn, although the Bishop later expressed his willingness to substitute for these words, "grave irregularities."

The Archbishop, as might have been anticipated, refused to allow proceedings to be taken against the Bishops, for which he says "the facts afford no case." The Bishop of Uganda had made it clear to him that with regard to the proposed Federation and to the possible repetition of the "open Communion" he held himself bound to conform to such directions as might be given him by his Metropolitan. The questions raised are, nevertheless, "of real and far-reaching importance," and his Grace therefore proposed to submit them to the "Central Consultative Body" formed at the fourth

* *The Missionary Conference in East Africa.* Macmillan. 6d.

Lambeth Conference of 1897 and reconstructed at the fifth Conference in 1908, the next meeting of which is in July. This body at present consists of fourteen Bishops representing Anglicanism in the United Kingdom and the Colonies—America, though entitled to be so, is not at present represented. The Archbishop proceeds to formulate the position as it appears to him—in a manner, it need not be said, differing widely from that of Bishop Weston's "Appeal"—and proposes to ask the Consultative Body whether, in their opinion,

> due consideration being given to precedent and to all the facts of the case, the action of the Bishops who arranged and conducted the admittedly abnormal Service was consistent or inconsistent with principles accepted by the Church of England.

Having taken time to consider the matter, Dr Weston, in a weighty letter which occupies two columns of small print in *The Times* of February 16, expresses his dissent from the Archbishop's proposition. His Grace, he complains, has not referred to a Minute which was drawn up "for submission to the Church" by Bishop Willis and himself, containing six definite questions on which a decision was desired; he further asserts that the Archbishop has practically prejudged the matter by his decision that "the facts afford no case" for a prosecution, and by his reference to the Nonconformist bodies as "branches of the Church of Christ" has justified the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda in all that they proposed and did at the Conference. Dr Weston further questions the impartiality of the Consultative Body, and that not without reason, seeing that it includes the Bishop of St Albans, whose conduct was severely criticized in the Letter addressed to him. In conclusion, he draws the Archbishop's attention to other points which show very clearly the diversities of teaching and practice in the adjacent dioceses—diversities which were emphasized by the Kikuyu Conference. One of the facts adduced shows that these diversities are of long standing: it was in 1900 that Dr Peel,

being in Zanzibar to act for our Bishop, Dr Richardson, refused to administer Ordination on the ground that the diocesan teaching concerning Communion and Absolution was incompatible with loyalty to the English Church. [More recently], a Christian woman of our mission, who was seen making the sign of the Cross before her Communion, was warned that if she wished to come again she must surrender the practice.

These, however, do not compare in seriousness with "the surrender by Dr Tucker (the predecessor of Dr Willis) to an undenominational Society, of a mission district": a statement which, incredible as it may seem, was confirmed and justified by Bishop Tucker himself in *The Times* of two days later.

The Archbishop's reply to this letter (*Times*, Feb. 18) was, considering the weighty nature of the matter it contains, remarkably brief; his decision, as to the course he proposes to follow, is, he says, in no way affected by it; his answer is mainly confined to a suggestion that Dr Weston's memory as to the contents of the Minute to which he refers is defective—a suggestion which, save as to one point which had escaped him, the Bishop successfully repudiated in *The Times* of the day following. The latter concludes this letter by saying:

I came home at your call to confer with you and others; I did not leave Africa until I had cabled to your Grace that I could only come on condition that the conference arranged was official and provincial. For this, or for any kind of conference, I am still waiting.

In this attitude, so far as published correspondence is concerned, the matter remains, and further consideration of the position must be deferred until its discussion has been resumed by those immediately concerned. Meanwhile the facts which have here been briefly summarized present sufficient ground for conclusions too obvious to need demonstration.

[Note.] It may be well to add a reference to some of the more noteworthy utterances (other than those referred to in the preceding pages) which have been elicited by the Kikuyu controversy.

From a Catholic standpoint, the careful estimate of the position by Fr Sydney Smith in the *Month* for Jan. and Feb. should be consulted.

Kikuyu

The advanced Anglican view is set forward by the Rev. R. A. H. Knox in the *British Review* for February. Mr Knox (the author of *Some Loose Stones*, which has an important bearing on one of the issues), has also an article in the *All Saints' Margaret Street Church and Parish Paper* for February, which also contains Mr Mackay's important paper already mentioned. In the *English Church Review* for January is an able and important paper by Dr Darwell Stone, Principal of Pusey House; Dr Hermitage Day, in *Caritas*, the organ of the Guild of the Love of God, has a well-balanced statement of the position, the first and last sentences of which express full sympathy with Dr Weston.

The address of Lord Halifax to the English Church Union on February 19 has been issued by the E.C.U. as a penny pamphlet. While regretting the publication of Dr Weston's letter, Lord Halifax asserts with firmness the advanced Anglican position, and warmly supports the Bishop. Of the scheme of federation set forth by the Kikuyu Conference he says "in the most emphatic manner, after giving the matter the gravest consideration" that it appears to him "to be one which it is impossible for members of the Church to accept"; and in so saying he believes he expresses "the unanimous opinion of the Union."

Dr Davey Biggs, Vicar of St Philip and James's, Oxford, reprints from the *Contemporary Review* of May, 1912, a paper on *Comity, Concord, and Communion*, "with a note on the proceedings at Kikuyu" (Blackwell, Oxford. 6d. net). Dr Briggs thinks the proposals "have been drafted with skill and caution . . . if they can be carried out they will do much to introduce a uniform standard of instruction, discipline, and worship into the various Christian communities and so will prepare the way for a united Church in East Africa." As coming from a pronounced High Churchman, this view forms an interesting contrast with that of Lord Halifax.

The Dean of Durham's sermon (referred to on p. 345) has an appendix in which he develops the view that "there is nothing in the history or present constitution of the Church of England to compel loyal Anglicans to embrace or acquiesce in that policy of religious exclusiveness which has grown up from the root of Tractarian dogmatism." The evidence brought forward in support of this view demands careful study.

In *The Wider Issues of Kikuyu** (Thynne. 1d.) the Rev W. S. Hooton frankly faces the situation. He is as anxious as Dr Weston to "know where we stand" and as urgent for "an authoritative declaration on the position of the Church." He regards Kikuyu as "the test case, which must be settled," and asserts that "the history of our Church gives no uncertain answer" as to the direction in which union is to be sought. It is an extremely able pamphlet, and may stand by the side of Mr Mackay's paper as an equally frank expression of views the antithesis of his.

JAMES BRITTEN

* This is one of a series which presents "that attitude of sober Churchmanship which is opposed to all sacerdotal and other non-scriptural assertions." The Manuals, which are very well done, should not be overlooked by students of Anglicanism.

LABOUR AND CIVILIZATION

THE dogmatic mantle has long since fallen out of fashion among economists. That too pushing omniscience, once imputed to the tribe by satirists, angers nobody now; it exists only as a memory of veterans. Economics is no longer presented as an integral, or even a partial, Rule of Life: if the modern masters of the science are guilty of any sin in that regard it is an excessive reluctance in counsel. The critic complains, if at all, of their remoteness and detachment. They have organized too well their escape from real life, some into history, some into the serene shadow-land of mathematics.

This attitude reflects through a special medium the mind of the community. It is doubtful whether there were ever before in the world at any moment so many honest, bewildered men. We feel, most of us, as much astray and amazed as a peasant suddenly plunged into the clamour of dynamos, or into that of the Stock Exchange. The twentieth century, which cuts such a fine figure in encyclopædias, is most familiarly known to the majority of its children as a new sort of headache. And its moral burden is felt to be unbearable. In a simple social organization, justice is an ideal that carries straight to the mark. It is constantly reinforced by obvious fulfilment. It does not get lost on the way. But in our vast and unimaginable maze of interdependent processes and reactions, mere honesty comes to appear to the discouraged mind as the laudable, but entirely fruitless, caprice of a cipher. Any personal attempt to redress the balance of distribution is commonly regarded as either a freak, an impertinence, a nullity, or a betrayal. Raise voluntarily the wages of your workmen, and you are "branded" as a traitor to your class. Improve factory conditions that fall within your own control, and you are denounced for a subtle intrigue against the loyalty of your workers to their class. You are gilding the oats of

servitude for your slaves. Intervene in a strike with an appeal for peace, and you become a Derby dog for the contempt and the missiles of both parties to the quarrel. Try to give a penny to a poor woman outside the church door after Mass, and all civilization is mobilized to prevent such a horror. Adhere to the opposite view that salvation is only of a committee, that everything must be anonymous, departmentalized, and even State-managed, and you are in no better case. Oppose the Insurance Act, for instance, and Mr Masterman characterizes you as a thick-hided and miserly individualist. Accept it, and Mr Belloc trounces you as a hireling prophet, and forerunner of the Servile State. Tolerate or even explain Mr Larkin, and you are a mad, contract-breaking anarchist. Support Mr Ramsay Macdonald against him, and you are either a crawling fusionist and trimmer, or, in the alternative, the dupe of a wrecker, who is all the more dangerous because of his smooth and plausible ways.

I do not wish to exaggerate, but it is a fact of daily experience that many a fine straightness of purpose is getting itself twisted in the confusion of the times. The violent splutter of adjectives which passes for social philosophy, not only among the untrained missionaries of discontent but also among the well-trained orthodox, is admirably calculated to produce that spiritual nausea which we call cynicism. Not a little of the restless and even desperate frivolity, which is deplored as the characteristic vice of the age, may be traced to that source. Many people, and not always the worst, feel sincerely that they have minds equal to the task of taking the world flippantly, but not equal to anything more serious. They turn with hectic enthusiasm to Auction Bridge and the Tango, partly because they cannot find a key to the graver business of civilization. They are not enemies to the light, but merely aliens. They will tell you that they are not on the road to Damascus largely because they cannot find it, and the excuse will not be without a certain tinge or infiltration of truth. The road upon which they are is, in truth, paved with good intentions:

one can see that, and, dazed by the contention of the guides, can understand the weariness that unshouldered baggage so awkward.

Such is the psychology of some part at least of our *fainéance*. The remainder is not so respectable in its origins, and neither imagines itself nor is imagined to be anything more complex than the static inertia of comfort. But that there is sincere trouble of mind among men of goodwill may be taken as beyond question. It is palpably there, it is real, and it is so deeply and variously rooted in everyday conditions as to be difficult even to reach with any hope of dispersal. But there is nothing to justify the throwing up of impotent hands. Impossibilism is a poor word, and an unmanly doctrine. We have got to keep moving on, and, since that is so, we had better put as good thought as we can into our itinerary. The task of civilization was never easy. Freedom—the phrase belongs to Fichte, or to someone of his circle—has always been a battle and a march: it is of the nature of both that they should appear to the participants, during the heat of movement, as planless and chaotic. The Bill Adamses do in fact win the Waterloo of history, but they do not know how. It is their sons, poring over picture books, who grasp the tactical integrity of the affair, and their grandsons who understand its human significance. Whatever else economic life may be, it is of late very plainly a battle. But no such lapse of time is now needed for comprehension: it explains itself as it goes on. The policy of labour is no longer an eyeless, instinctive groping; it is a mature and self-conscious campaign. It has its definite goal, its metaphysics, its very sophisticated poetry. The rest of society has undergone a similar mental transformation. It has acquired the faculty of doubling the roles of actor and spectator. It has at hand information not before available as to conditions of life. In short it is able, although not without an effort, to rationalize its development, and to elect between the alternatives posed in practical conflict.

In the perplexity spoken of there is probably a

considerable leaven of self-deception. The dead weight of details overwhelms us, largely because we lack the courage of the obvious. We are muscle-bound, not precisely by downright egotism or dullness, but by that unaccountable palsy, sometimes experienced, in which mind and brain seem to be cloven into unrelated halves. The goads of economic life we grasp with one half of ourselves as the grossest of platitudes; the responsive kicks and twitchings are regarded by the other half as a dark and evil paradox. The simple truth is that, in contemporary conditions, what we call the Labour Unrest is just as normal as pain in disease. There is a proved discord between the business order of things on the one part, and the human order on the other. Our industrial system clashes not only with ethical, but even with physiological requirements. Thirty per cent of our whole population dwell just on or just below the hunger line, and local or seasonal disadvantages depress a great body of them to a level even lower. Our contemporary age, if marked out in the calendar by its humane enthusiasms, is also unhappily marked out by rising prices. If the worker is pinched and cramped in respect of those two fundamentals, food and clothing, his relation to the third, shelter, is even more abject. The plenitude of large-scale production, and power transport, has cheapened wheat and woollens much more effectively than it has cheapened houses. It is not only in Dublin that the *damnosa haereditas* of the slum curtains the cradle of the poor with its misery and its defilement. All this we know very well: we repeat it over and over till it becomes almost an idle tale, and the next moment we are crying out with astonishment at some fresh strike. That is not a wise, or even an intelligible attitude. The first principle to lay firm hold on, as it seems to me, is the causal bond between want and unrest. The continual heel-flingings of which we complain are really reflex rather than deliberate. It will further be discovered to be a sound, though a rough, working-clue to assume that all strikes are the same strike. If we are to master the situation at all we must think of the worker

not as a unit in a Board of Trade table, nor yet as a nihilist, a metaphysician, or a prophet. Taking him as we find him, we are, especially in these countries, in presence of a man concrete in temper almost to the point of earthiness. He offers the most unpromising material for a chapter in demonology. Not only does he prefer peace to war, but he even prefers work to idleness. No other man in the state accepts so stoutly the discipline of incessant striving, or savours so heartily the frugal comforts and common pleasures of existence. Let me not seem to suggest the absurd and belittling notion that he is devoid of idealism. Certain of his theorists have indeed constantly treated him as a mere resultant of appetites; but a Catholic at least knows that, at his highest, he has been the guardian and keeper of the shrine. But he is a man who lives, if the phrase be allowed, very close to life, and very far away from all species of cloudy architecture. His revolutions are essentially revolutions of the kitchen cupboard. In substance, if not in technical form, his *émeutes* all relate back to such tremendous simplicities as that. When he rises against the dismissal of a Driver Knox, for instance, he is not concerned in the least to assert what some of his Corinthians have formulated as the divine right to get drunk outside business hours. Nor is it the core of his grievance that the frontiers of his leisure have been violated, or that his social habits have been subjected to criticism. It is that any rash or fussy person, set in authority, has the power to call into action against him, suddenly and on any lightest pretext, good or bad, that armoury of which the chief weapon is starvation. When a Trade Union is fighting for recognition, a very brief inquiry will show you that the typical combatant is not, in the last analysis, very passionately interested in the abstract or the remote. He regards his organization not as a piece of grandiose mythology, after the fashion of a Pouget, a Sorel, or even a Larkin, but as a known and definite mode of putting or keeping wages up.

Side by side with this practical tradition, ambient

about it like a sort of astral body, there is also of course the metaphysical tradition of labour. That is, in some of its phases, visionary and sinister enough to justify the most picturesque of nightmares. In its place it merits the most careful study. But with the ordinary striker, or "unrestful" worker it has very little to do. And that is a very fortunate circumstance. The great task of to-day is to rally the worker to civilization. If the panic-pictures of him were true, that would be an impossible task. If it were true that the worker really desired to end the present organization of society, there is no power on earth that could balk, or even long postpone, his passage from will to deed. You could not invoke against him the authority of Parliament, for in democratic states he is the majority that creates and could control Parliament. Nor could you appeal to force, for he is the police, the army and the navy. The fact is so obvious as to demand no elaboration. It forms the groundwork of what is perhaps the most lyrical invitation, and at the same time the angriest rebuke in all the prophetic books of revolutionism. But the prophets of overthrow are altogether wrong in believing that the quiescence of labour is due to the apathy of habit, to lack of imagination, or to cowardice. The worker will not make an end of civilization simply because he is himself a civilized man. He feels—for it is feeling rather than logic—that there is in our system of private ownership, despite everything, a sort of bedrock fitness and necessity. The justice towards which he is groping is there, if not in actuality at any rate as a *ratio seminalis*. Scientific control of nature is there, adequate, if it be but guided by common sense and good will, to the conquest of destitution. Scope is there for the play of personality; and to a man, whose unrealized ambitions cry out anew for fulfilment in his children, that is by no means the least virtue of our system. The worker is already rallied to the idea, to the schematic essence of our Western civilization. Our task is to rally him to its actual shape by so transforming that latter, as given to us by the accidents of history, that it shall be fit for the habitation of the idea.

Labour and Civilization

Some apology should perhaps be offered for such an italicizing of the obvious. But if a landscape is, as has been said, a state of mind, a society is, in an even deeper sense, a state of mind or rather of will. One of the effects of terror with some people is to make them shut their eyes: it is a duty of those of us who, although frightened are not so badly frightened, to give evidence as to the nature of the things we see.

If the foregoing analysis is, in its main lines, correct, it follows that there is not much matter to be learned from a minute consideration of recent upheavals such as those of Dublin, and, on a smaller scale, of Leeds. There was something Byronic about the Dublin struggle: it taught us little, but we undoubtedly " felt it like a thunder-roll." No note of the whole scale of melodrama was absent. Patriotism and bread-and-butter, bread-and-butter and religion, religion and economic solidarity, nationalism and internationalism, diplomacy and war, the catastrophic method and the gradual, dictatorship and democracy, and one knows not how many other great ideas were clashed against one another in arbitrary and hopeless antithesis. Stones, batons, nearly all the pomp and all the not infrequent absurdity of the law, secret councils, processions, amazing perorations, epigrams that were veritable wads of gun-cotton, disguises, slayings, arrests, and escapes—it was all in the mode not merely of melodrama, but of the cinema theatre. It is in the nature of a very miserable destiny that everything that happens in Ireland, from a public banquet to a private funeral, should be seized on as affording a conclusive reason against Home Rule, the Catholic hierarchy, the Gaelic League, the Gulf Stream or some other of our specia iniquities. It is hardly necessary to say that the Dublin strike proved to a large number of enthusiastic writers that all their worst fears, and their best hopes, on both sides of all questions affecting our future were more than justified. The serious significance of it is perhaps best reached in a less confident way. By a strange paradox it was at once the most individual, and the most general of

all recent outbreaks. Of all the great cities of the United Kingdom, Dublin is the weakest in economic structure. It is a capital of government officials, professional men, annuitants; its wealth, such as it is, is concentrated in those classes which the popular mind, untruly and yet not fantastically, regards as parasitical. Their incomes are drawn not from the volume of local production, but from that larger stream of national production which is tributary to their specialized pursuits, though not to others. The business world is occupied chiefly with carrying and commerce, very little with manufacture. The great body of the workers are engaged in low-wage occupations. Not less than one-fourth of the population is constantly below the human minimum. Housing is particularly bad, the "poor street" being in the typical instance a decayed "good street," planned originally for other uses and wholly unsuitable to that to which it has come. The labour propaganda had hardly reached the mass of the unskilled: organization was almost unknown to them. On this terrain appeared suddenly the disturbing personality of Mr Larkin. Picturesque, eloquent, prophetic, at once dictatorial and intimate, he was, as he might say himself, the very man for the job. The Dublin worker is not a natural revolutionary, but he is a natural soldier. Mr Larkin, appealing at once to all his instincts, organized not so much a Union as an army. In a long series of attacks, the main strength of which resided in the fact that they were sudden and concentrated on a single employer or group of employers, he won much oftener than he lost. His opponents were taken by surprise. In many instances they had but a very poor defence: wages were not only under the human minimum, but in some trades they were clearly lower than business could bear, and they had not, for an unduly long time, shown any improvement. In all cases the employers were inadequately trained to modern methods of industrial diplomacy. Without quite knowing what they were about, they allowed themselves to be manœuvred into an apparent challenge to the fundamental principle of Trade Union-

ism. Both in argument, and in conflict, they failed very notably to hold their own. A condition of day-to-day menace and insecurity was created; no employer, sitting down to his correspondence in the morning, felt certain that his men would not be called out by telephone before the dinner-hour. But among the employers also the idea of solidarity began to germinate. They, too, by one of those chances or ordinations that supply most of the interest of history, found a leader of the requisite type at the crucial moment. Mr William Murphy is a humane man, known for his personal honour and charity; a " good employer " as it is called, a successful captain of enterprise, an insensitive imagination, in short, a very dangerous opponent. Under his impulsion they consolidated their forces. How far the process of federation went, what was the nature of its financial basis, what subventions, if any, it received from the English federated employers we do not know. But these facts, if known, would furnish us with the master-key to the course of the struggle. What is evident is that when the Dublin committee declared that they had made up their minds " to smash Larkinism" and to drive him out of the capital as he had been driven out of Belfast, Cork and Wexford, they were not spinning phrases. They were talking by the most influential of all books, the bank-book. They threatened, and they performed.

The sense in which the Dublin struggle was strongly individual, provoked and controlled by things local and not universal, will appear from this rough analysis. But we have to note further that it came at a point of crisis in the history of labour. The critics of Parliamentarianism, the apostles of direct action, of economic as contrasted with political pressure, found in the fighting spirit of the Dublin worker an asset and an opportunity irresistible to them. The issues had been posed in such terms that, on the face of it, the most conservative Trade Unionist had no choice but to support the men. With the assurance of this solid support, the more extreme spirits were free to play with fire. The class-war was

preached in whirling superlatives. The force of gutter-journalism, on both sides, could no further go. It was a humiliation to read in one column the noblest appeal to justice or to order, and, in the next, to come on a personal irrelevant foulness, as of a well wantonly choked with garbage. Nobody wants to be a prude or a dandy in these matters, but the mud which besmears impartially the flinger of it, and his target, is not a contribution to human progress. A dramatic demonstration was given of the triumph of class solidarity over racial, religious and even geographical division: at least that was how the affair appeared to the Syndicalist "rebel chiefs." Behind it all the civic organism, within which the duel had been joined, displayed every symptom of a very real distress. The workers fought with admirable courage: there was very little drinking or violence and a great deal of idealism and soldierly sacrifice. But there is a point beyond which the belt cannot be tightened. The English labour officials repudiated what they regarded as the reckless and impossible strategy of Mr Larkin, and cut off supplies. The employers, on their part, carried out with resolution and success their programme of "fighting to a finish." They rejected with open contempt all attempts at conciliatory intervention by a Citizens' Peace Committee, overturning Lord Mayors, Privy Counsellors, Deans, doctors and professors like disregarded ninepins. They glanced at Sir George Askwith's Dublin Castle Report, and pitched it forthwith in the fire. In these circumstances there could be only one issue. We are left with an extremely ambiguous state of affairs. The dispute has not come to a conclusion, it has merely stopped: no settlement has been formulated. In some cases the men have gone back with no questions asked. In the building trades they have signed the obnoxious "document" which proscribes the Transport Union. The carpenters have had served on them a requisition, which so far has been refused, to introduce into their agreement new clauses renouncing the "sympathetic strike," and the doctrine of "tainted goods." There has been plenty of

"victimization," and plenty of "desertion." Not less than six thousand strikers are estimated to be still drifting about unemployed. The introduction of motor lorries in large numbers during the dispute has added to other problems that of the displacement of labour by machinery. Not a single member of the submerged fourth seems to be any nearer a living, or as it is now currently called, an economic wage. The Housing Report in increasing knowledge has certainly increased sadness, but, in the absence of Imperial aid such as has been promised to local authorities, we are no closer to a solution.

At the first blush it would seem as if the masters had won all along the line. But they themselves are not quite certain what it is that they have won. People ask, like the mathematician after the play: What does all that prove? What in fact does it prove? It is not a victory over Trade Unionism, for the employers formally declared that they were fighting not Trade Unionism but Mr Larkin. It is not a failure of the General Strike, or even of the much more limited sympathetic strike: neither was seriously tried. On this point some explanation is needed. The sympathetic strike, as understood in England, is essentially a strike declared by one Union in support of another. In Dublin the controlling feature was the fact that the Transport Union was not a specialized trade or craft body, but a sort of omnibus or hotch-potch organization into which such diverse elements as biscuit-makers, tramway-men, and agricultural labourers were gathered. It might have been founded on that classic page in which Mill points out that all economic effort is reducible to the moving of matter from one place to another. Any collective action on the part of such a body is bound to hit the community simultaneously at many points. The blows are more numerous, but there is less weight behind them. Nobody supposes that things in Dublin have swung back to anything like stable equilibrium. Mr Larkin may go to South Africa, but he will not take with him the slums, the hunger, or the

hopelessness of outlook that are the true organizers of revolution. If there is peace in Dublin it is the peace of industrial anæmia, not that of a healthy civilization.

But if no problem has been solved many have been posed with a new exigence. They are either local or general, and again they are either mechanical and secondary, or else of that fundamental kind outlined earlier in this paper. The whole business future of the Irish capital has been posed as a problem. You lack the key to it until you understand that Dublin itself is grievously underdeveloped, and that it focusses with lamentable truth the arrested development of the nation as a whole. The change to a new economic order in this regard is, for most of us in Ireland, bound up with the change to a new political order: that, however, is not a discussion immediately proper to these pages. As for more general considerations, we may well style mechanical and secondary all those relating to schemes of arbitration and conciliation. There is no saving virtue in "bringing people together" as the phrase goes: the prize-ring, for instance, brings pugilists together, but the result is not conspicuously peaceful. Everything depends on the philosophy of action behind the lips of the negotiators and on the actual facts of the case. In one point of view all economic inquiries are an unqualified good, namely, as sources of information. In that point of view they must be developed and extended until each half of the world knows exactly how the other half lives. Our knowledge on the subject, although greatly improved of late years, is still inadequate to the point of humiliation. The Board of Trade investigations into wages, rents and prices; the Income Tax and Death Duty returns, the economic importance of which is certainly not inferior to the fiscal; the Census of Production, and a whole range of publications that will come to mind, ought to be conceived not as casual Blue Books but as the germ of a new literature. The Year Books, among which one may signalize particularly the *Year Book of Social Progress* and the *Encyclopædia of Industrialism*, both of which seem to

owe their extraordinary usefulness to the inspiration of Professor Ashley; the work of Mr Chiozza Money, Professor Bowley, Mr J. A. Hobson, Professor Chapman, Mr Ramsay Macdonald, and the more responsible Fabians; all the publications of the Catholic Social Guild and especially of Monsignor Parkinson—one mentions only random examples—are not mere books, but the lines of a new social orientation. The Oxford volume on Property, although it is not much more than St Thomas Aquinas and water, and Mr Cole's brilliant and dangerous *World of Labour* are significant recent additions. The time has come for the State, which alone commands the authority and the resources, to consolidate the results of all these diverse investigations into one Manual of Citizenship. In so far as Courts of Conciliation which, from the nature of things, must be Courts of Inquiry, help to elicit the actual facts of economic life they should be strongly favoured.

When they are conceived as agencies of peace we enter a new area. The outstanding problem posed by the Dublin employers is that of compulsory arbitration, penally enforceable through the medium of money guarantees. The interest of this proposal can hardly be exaggerated. It challenges, or at any rate, appears to challenge, the present position of Trade Unions before the law, and this is, in effect, to challenge their whole historical achievement. It dismisses the considered report of the Industrial Council, which, be it noted, is a joint and not a sectional Board. They found unanimously (Cd. 6952. 1913) that moral obligation and mutual consent afforded a much stronger guarantee of peace than any legal penalty or prohibition. But what renders the proposal even more interesting is the diminishing disfavour with which compulsory arbitration of some kind is regarded by Parliamentary Socialists like Mr Ramsay Macdonald, and Mr Snowden. Mr Crooks has long been known as an advocate of it, and he has been roundly condemned by the Trade Union Congress. But one finds Mr Cole declaring that the Congress may very likely accept it, if

another and less repugnant name can be devised. And in Mr Macdonald's last book, *The Social Unrest*, one comes upon a suggestive passage:

"... the field upon which organized labour can win victories is being so narrowed as to impose a heavy handicap on the workmen. Capital is being concentrated for industrial purposes, and federated for defensive purposes against Labour combinations, and organized Capital left to deal with organized Labour under existing conditions enters a contest with everything in its favour. That is the reason why Trade Unionism is turning its thoughts more and more towards legislation, and is finding ideas of compulsory arbitration more and more consistent with that new position."

It is evident enough that Mr Macdonald wants *his* State to keep the capitalist in order, and that the Dublin employers want *their* State to keep the Unions in order. But the question has been posed. The close federation of employers was visibly present; its success may very well be a new point of departure.

In all that has been said it should be clearly understood that there is no belittlement of the function of Conciliation Boards. In an atmosphere of goodwill they may be very valuable aids to peace. The fact that the Irish bishops have exercised their immense moral influence towards the establishment of such bodies in Ireland is of the greatest importance. To say that machinery is not, of its own inherent magic, adequate to the situation is very far from saying that it is not, in its place, valuable and even indispensable. The creation of it, especially in Dublin, is indeed of all secondary tasks before us the most urgent.

But it is our social philosophy, and the practical policy founded on it, that alone can rally the workers to civilization. The strike must be grasped not only as a disturbance, and an act of war, but as a monstrously expensive advertisement of the present abject condition of labour. Until we have made up our minds to change that condition we shall only be padding round in a verbal prison. Let us look at things in the simplest possible way. The function of an economic system is to feed, clothe,

and shelter, in a human way, its human units. Since ours does not accomplish that, we must so amend it that it shall do so. There is no vain dream of an impossible Utopia, and no hope of banishing that part of the mass of destitution which is due to personal malfeasance. But neither should there be a too easy acceptance of things given. The business world as we have inherited it from the exploiters of the great inventions, and their economic counsellors, was not, in its origins, framed on any high ethical model: we may come some day to look back on it not as one of the supreme triumphs, but as one of the strange aberrations of the human spirit. Such is the suggestion of writers so far removed from Communism as the late Arnold Toynbee, and Mr Hilaire Belloc. In the effort to transform this fabric, we must not think so fantastically well of human nature as to suppose that logic and justice will suffice. There may be need from time to time for the ministration of war: it may be taken for granted that situations will develop out of which no humaner way will appear possible. All the time each economic class will find it necessary so to organize its strength as to exert its appropriate, stabilizing "pull" on the process of distribution. That is the rationale alike of Consumers' Leagues, Co-operatives of all kinds, Employers' Federations, and Trade Unions. Equilibrium between these forces is not to be maintained by mere slackness and resignation: it imposes on the community a strain as constant as the muscular tension of a wire-walking acrobat. Occasional disturbance is, unhappily, lodged as a menace in the very principle of our system. While human beings continue to be born into a sub-human existence, from which only the strongest and the luckiest can hope to escape, our civilization is, so far forth, a contradiction in terms. That must be the material foundation, and the mind of the worker must be the moral foundation of any philosophy of peace. If, on the one hand, the living wage were unattainable, if, when the skeleton went, the feast had to go, or if, on the other, the worker had finally chosen

revolution as his trade, the outlook for our world would be hopeless. But although things are bad, they are not so bad as that. What is essential is that the conservative should realize that there must be a great change, and that the extremist should realize that the change can only be gradual. To ignore either condition is to lose hold of the problem. The transformation cannot be catastrophic: even the theorists of Socialism have long since ceased to think in economic Jenas or Sedans. In too many parasitic or casual industries the immediate choice is between bad wages and no wages. To enforce forthwith even a moderate standard would be to drive out all the marginal employers, and to add whole new regiments to the army of unemployment. But to torture these commonplaces into a new Iron Law, to linger on the difficulties and to deprecate the necessity of a changed order, is to have already declared war on the soul of labour. Forbid me to hope for myself, and it is a hard saying but not intolerable: widen that interdiction until you exile eternally from the sun my children, and my children's children, and you make peace nothing better than the drowse of poltroons. There is in our midnight a hidden morrow; if we deliberately commit our energies to the task we can, year by year, and stage by stage, remoralize our society. It is that prospect, and not its actual shape, that will rally to it in faith and action the working class. They are realists, and if they see such a purpose honestly pursued, we need have no fear as to the flag of their election. We must also, as it seems to me, be more discriminate in our alliances. *Divide et impera* is a dangerous maxim, and those spokesmen of orthodoxy who regard it as good tactics to exaggerate every difference of opinion that may chance to arise in the labour camp, to embroil its various parties, and to include them all in one impartial condemnation, are conspicuously ill-inspired. Where the cause at issue is personal vanity you may well, as the phrase goes, "play off" one agitator against another: but when ultimate human needs come in question any such effort must be at once mean and

vain. If we find men, whose spiritual orientation is not altogether ours, marching in the same direction, we ought to march with them to the term of our common objective, and not separate for battle until that term has been reached. Every voluntary and every State proposal that tends to broaden the basis of property—co-operation, co-partnership, prosperity sharing, manufacturing guilds, taxation of unproductive surpluses—ought to be welcomed by us. But in the end it is personality that counts. If we are to be saved we must help in the saving. The great Encyclicals of Leo XIII, those spacious and noble utterances of the true social philosophy, bring all our effort to its inevitable point.

"Every one should put his hand to the work which falls to his share, and that at once and straightway, lest the evil which is already so great become through delay absolutely beyond remedy. Those who rule the State should avail themselves of the laws and institutions of the country; masters and wealthy owners must be mindful of their duty; the poor, whose interests are at stake, should make every lawful and proper effort; and since religion alone . . . can avail to destroy the evil at its root, all men should rest persuaded that the main thing needful is to return to real Christianity, apart from which all the plans and devices of the wisest will prove of little avail. . . . Never cease to urge upon men of every class, upon the highest placed as well as the lowly, the Gospel doctrines of Christian life." [*Condition of the Working Classes.*]

T. M. KETTLE

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

SIR OLIVER LODGE deserves the hearty thanks of the reading public for having republished in a handy form and with most useful notes the extraordinarily interesting address which he delivered, as its President, at the recent meeting of the British Association. (*Continuity*. J. M. Dent & Sons, London: MCMXIII. Price 1s. net.) With some brief outline of the argument contained in the book we may now present the readers of this REVIEW. From the scientific point of view Sir Oliver claims that the chief characteristics of the period in which we live are "Rapid progress, combined with fundamental scepticism" and this thesis he then proceeds to justify. As far as the progress goes, even looked at only from the physical side which he represents, there is abundant evidence: "With the realization of predicted ether waves in 1888, the discovery of X-rays in 1895, spontaneous radioactivity in 1896, and the isolation of the electron in 1898, expectation of further achievement became vivid; and novelties, experimental, theoretical and speculative, have been showered upon us ever since this century began." As to scepticism—and here he is alluding to intra-scientific scepticism alone—he is able to cite the controversies which—*inter alia*—rage around the subjects of vitalism, atomic structure and inheritance. In a word "a kind of philosophic scepticism is in the ascendant, resulting in a mistrust of purely intellectual processes and in a recognition of the limited scope of science" (p. 11). Not an unhealthy reaction, one may add, from the oversure days of the last half-century when some proclaimed that science could and speedily would explain all things in the heavens and in the earth. It is well that we should all be reminded from time to time that science is metrical knowledge and has small scope in regions where measure-

ment cannot be applied, and that this excludes from its purview such trifles as beauty and happiness and the like. "If there could be a unit of happiness," said Mr Balfour recently, "politics might begin to be scientific."

But the main and all-important physical controversy of the day, is that between continuity and discontinuity —is the universe entirely granular or discrete or is there a continuum? Sir Oliver thinks that continuity is effected through that strange, elusive, fascinating entity, the ether of space, in which he avows himself a firm believer. For how, he asks, is mechanical force to be exerted across empty space? (p. 41.) Some, however, would maintain that the ether is a mere abstraction or convention pragmatically true, no doubt, but not otherwise. If it is a reality of science it must be detectable by metrical methods, yet it is clear that its study must be attended by almost insuperable difficulties when we consider that it is omnipresent and uniform and the universal agent. In fact, as Sir Oliver says in a most illuminating flash, the last thing that a deep-sea fish would be likely to discover would be water. Well, there is one thing which we know about it, and that is the velocity with which it can transmit transverse waves. "That is clear and definite, and thereby to my judgment it proves itself a physical agent; not indeed tangible or sensible, but yet concretely real" (p. 43). Nevertheless it may yet be more fully studied perhaps by comparing our speed with that of light; perhaps by means of gravitation. At any rate, what is his doctrine as to the nature of the ether and its relationship to the fundamental problem of the nature of matter? In the first place it is "by far the most substantial thing—perhaps the only substantial thing—in the material universe. Compared to ether the densest matter, such as lead or gold, is a filmy gossamer structure, like a comet's tail or a milky way, or like a salt in very dilute solution." (Lodge: *The Ether of Space*, p. xiv.) Then it has no trace of viscosity, and matter moves through it with complete absence of friction. As to its relations to other so-called natural forces or imponderables,

Mr Cox (*Beyond the Atom*, p. 4) says that they are gone. "Heat is molecular motion; light an ether vibration; magnetism ether whirls; electricity ether strain or ether shear." And what of matter? Well, matter is atomic, and atoms are made up of electrons which we are to look upon as "composed simply and solely of ether." Moreover an electron "cannot be either a condensation or a rarefaction of that material" since ether is ultimately incompressible, but must be some singularity of structure, or some portion otherwise differentiated. "It might, for instance, be something analogous to a vortex ring, differentiated kinetically, *i.e.* by reason of its rotational motion from the remainder of the ether; or it might be differentiated statically, and be something which would have to be called a strain-centre or a region of twist, or something which cannot be very clearly at present imagined with any security; though various suggestions have been made in that direction. The simplest plan for us is to think of it somewhat as we think of a knot in a piece of string. The knot differs in no respect from the rest of the string, except in its tied-up structure; it is of the same density with the rest and yet it is differentiated from the rest; and, in order to cease to be a knot, would have to be untied—a process which as yet we have not learnt how to apply to an electron" (*Ether of Space*, p. 82). Here incidentally the reviewer may be permitted to note, as he has already done before, how closely this view approximates to that of the scholastic idea of matter and form where ether is matter and the knot is the form. The whole endeavour of the mediæval alchemists—perhaps not such fools as they have been thought—was to untie the knot of lead and retie it as gold.

We cannot spare space for more on this point, but enough has been said to make it clear that Sir Oliver is not wrong in speaking of "the fascination of this portentous entity" nor in declaring that "its curiously elusive and intangible character, combined with its universal and unifying permeance, its apparently infinite extent, its definite and perfect properties, make the ether

the most interesting as it is by far the largest and most fundamental ingredient in the material cosmos" (*Continuity*, p. 59).

We cannot do more than allude in the briefest possible manner to the other topics dealt with in this most thoughtful address. The question of vitalism is once more stated and we commend to all readers the delightful parable of the damming of the Nile, with its fine touch of satire—which will come home to the readers of Le Dantec, Leduc and their like—where, man being supposed to be invisible to the spectator, "blocks fly to their places by some kind of polar forces, 'we cannot doubt that it is by helio—or other tropism'" (p. 78). Over this we cannot delay, nor over his refutation of the extreme physico-chemical school of biologists. Nor, fascinating though the task would be, over his statement as to the effect which the labours of the Psychical Research Society, *quorum pars magna est*, have had upon his view of the future life. These and many other matters must be studied in the address itself.

B. C. A. W.

THE "Second Founder of the Franciscan Order" has, within the last eighteen years, been the subject of two excellent monographs, by M. Paul Thureau-Dangin in French and Prof. F. Alessio in Italian. Mr A. G. Ferrers Howell, in his admirable volume (*S. Bernardino of Siena*. London: Methuen. 1913. 10s. 6d. net) has undertaken fresh researches and covers a wider field; he has utilized new sources, both published and unpublished, with the result that his book is a most noteworthy contribution to our knowledge of the Saint and of the religious history of his times.

The unique spiritual significance of St Francis himself, the many fascinating problems associated with the lives and personalities of his earlier followers, have caused the present-day enthusiasm for Franciscan studies to be mainly directed to the first century in the history of the order. With Jacopone da Todi, the mediæval poetry of

the Franciscan movement comes to an end. His younger contemporaries, Ubertino da Casale and Angelo Clareno, seem moving in another world—a world of incessant schism, of bitter dissension and persecution—that centres round the Council of Vienne, and the pontificates of Clement V and John XXII. Various researches of Father Ehrle, a recent volume by Père Callaey, essays on special points by Fumi, Tocco, Carlini and others, have done much to enlighten this singularly complicated period; but there was need for a study that should weave these threads into a consecutive narrative, should elucidate the relation of the renovation wrought by St Bernardino with the previous history of the order, and the part played by that renovation in the religious life of the fifteenth century. This has been well accomplished by Mr Howell in his first chapter, " From St Francis to St Bernardino," full of facts, but enabling the reader to follow the main lines of a somewhat bewildering story.

In a single long chapter, " The Life of St Bernardino," Mr Howell defines the Saint's two great aims as " the revival of the preaching of the Gospel and the promotion of the cause of the Strict Observance." We are left with a singularly clear picture of a man of heroic sanctity, yet of simple human charm, homely Tuscan wit, a unique power of moving hearts and consciences. His movements from year to year, his dealings with the various Italian cities and governments, are traced more fully than in any previous biography, frequently with the aid of new documents. Of special importance is the account of his relations with the Augustinian, Andrea de' Bigli, the opponent whom he won to be his friend; the latter's curious attack upon the Saint's methods and teaching is here studied at length (from a MS. in the Ambrosiana), and his hitherto unedited letter is appended, the standing proof that the two men were ultimately reconciled.

To many readers the third chapter, " The Sermons of St Bernardino," will seem the most valuable in the book. Every student of the Quattrocento knows the wonderful

series of vernacular sermons preached at Siena in 1427, printed in Banchi's now rather rare three-volume edition. Their amazing combination of high spirituality with racy humour, their startling realism, their vivid transcripts from the life of the epoch, can hardly be matched elsewhere in the annals of preaching. Mr Howell has made an equally close study of the Latin sermons, which are less generally known, but absolutely essential for a full appreciation of Bernardino's work and teaching. Among the written sermons, which are practically theological treatises in sermon-form, and which Bernardino, "with true Franciscan liberality," was ready to place at the disposal of other preachers, the Lenten course, *De Evangelio Aeterno*, and the Advent course, *De Inspirationibus*, are especially important. The former, which has no connexion with the "Everlasting Gospel" of the Joachists, applies the "Eternal Gospel of Charity" to the whole of man's life; the latter is addressed to Bernardino's own friars, setting forth his conception of the trials and difficulties of the religious state. We have found this chapter singularly illuminating. Less interest attaches to the "Minor Works," to which a shorter chapter is devoted; the *Commentary on the Apocalypse* has, however, a particular significance as illustrating the complete abandonment by the friars of the Strict Observance of the Joachist dreams in which their predecessors had indulged. Mrs Ady adds an interesting chapter on "St Bernardino in Art"—the type now so familiar to us, "the ascetic face, sharp features and pointed chin, transfigured by the ardent expression of a soul on fire with the love of God and man," first appearing in the portrait by Pietro di Giovanni Ambossi, painted a few years before the Saint's death.

Mr Howell's work is full and exhaustive; but we miss a reference to the letter, preserved by Bartholomaeus Senensis, in which Stefano Maconi—he who had been the beloved disciple of St Catherine—expresses the great joy with which he has heard of the abundant fruit that Fra Bernardino Albizzeschi is producing in the Church

of God. It affords a connecting link between the spiritual fellowship of the dyer's daughter of Fonte Branda and the Sienese noble, born in the year of her death, who was destined to be the reformer of the order that she loved only less dearly than her own.

E. G. G.

IN *The Coryston Family* (Smith Elder & Co. 6s.) Mrs Humphry Ward shows much of the intellectual vigour and grasp of circumstance that are characteristic of her best work. In it she presents with a good deal of actuality such struggles between love and conviction as that which made the main theme of *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. We believe that no book of hers reached so wide a public as *Lady Rose's Daughter*, but in that and in the two novels that followed it,—*The Marriage of William Ashe* and *Fenwick's Career*—she adopted a plan that, while it appealed to many readers, was in fact destructive of her best qualities. In those three novels Mrs Ward took the outline of some well-known story in memoirs or biography which she proceeded to transplant into modern life. Nothing could have been less advantageous to a writer who is always more of a thinker than an artist, and in those books she lost instead of gaining in the attempt to present living human nature. In *The Coryston Family* she is much more at grip with a cleverly chosen situation, or, rather, we should say, two cleverly chosen situations, in one of which she shows the contrast between the mind of the dominant woman of a past generation, and that of her eager, superficial, but equally obstinate son. Lady Coryston is a violent Conservative who disinherits her son of his father's property on account of his Socialist views. The picture of the mother and son in perpetual open antagonism, who have almost lost consciousness of natural affection, is made poignant to the reader by the fact that that affection is the deepest feeling in both their natures. It is not until Lady Coryston is shattered in health and brain that it becomes evident that the son whom she has treated so ruthlessly is in reality her

favourite child; while his attitude to his dying mother betrays something deeper in his nature than anything else recorded of him. Here then is one very living presentation of a struggle between love and blind obstinate adherence to political convictions.

The second situation in the book is more like that of *Helbeck of Bannisdale*. In this case the hero and heroine, loving one another and happy in their love, are divided on a question of religious principle. The young leader of the High Church party is in love with Lady Coryston's daughter when the book opens, and they become engaged with the full approval of both their families. The story of their disagreement and their final rupture turns upon a point of principle on the question of divorce. On such a point Mrs Ward is sure to rise to all the capacity she possesses for expressing passion and suffering. There is, even here, much of the cold touch of the essayist rather than the thrill that would be conveyed by an artist. Still, we do feel genuinely moved at moments by the suffering young people. Yet, as ever, the author shows her incapacity for describing any man of religious conviction with definite characterization. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* was not a Catholic of any type that we have ever come across. His religion was too gloomy, his standards seemed to us to have been self-imposed, and his struggle against the idea of marriage seems to us unreal in a man who was not called to the religious life. In *The Coryston Family* there is a like failure to depict characteristic types of the High Church party. No one, after reading the book, could believe that Mrs Humphry Ward has ever known intimately any of those who are trying to catholicize the Church of England. Here again she has one type of the intensely earnest devotee, not without attraction, but who would be quite as typical if not more so of an old-fashioned Low Churchman, or of a Nonconformist.

There is no doubt that the book is interesting, and it is a very characteristic piece of work. There is something curiously annoying in the fact that so often, even when the judgment approves, the imagination is dissatisfied.

Some Recent Books

If we could, with Monsignor Benson, simply rule out Mrs Humphry Ward from among the modern novelists, we should not experience this sense of irritation, but her work cannot be ignored—we venture to assert in face of a rising fashion of depreciation—because of her intellectual force and grasp of characters and situations now too often undervalued. There is a niche in literature for such an admirable essayist whose work has its own value, though it may fall short of that of imaginative creation.

S.

THE Church in Rome in the First Century: An Examination of various controverted questions relating to its History, Chronology, Literature and Traditions. Being the Bampton Lectures for 1913. By George Edmundson. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.) This book is a notable one from several points of view. It is not often that lectures on the Bampton foundation, preached before the University of Oxford, have any great interest for Catholic readers, but in this case, even from a Catholic point of view, they leave little to be desired. For the first time the science of Christian archæology and the labours of De Rossi and his successors have been used unreservedly by a non-Catholic writer. The result is that Mr Edmundson has found the conclusions hitherto put forward and accepted by those of his communion to be in great part untenable, and he has had the courage and the honesty to say so. He comes to the study of ecclesiastical antiquity already possessed of a deep and wide knowledge of classical antiquities: he has applied to the study of Church history the methods he had learned in the Oxford schools, and the result has been that he gives full weight to archæological evidence and to all traditions which seem likely to rest on a solid foundation. The book is well worth reading and studying as a noteworthy contribution to the history of the early Church. One point in which Mr Edmundson has been bold enough to traverse the conclusion which has been maintained by practically every recent scholar of eminence has regard to the date of the well-known First

Epistle of St Clement to the Corinthians. He would place the date of this most important document as early as A.D. 69. Of course, he is by no means the first to maintain this proposition. It was formerly held by many scholars of repute, notably by Grotius, Hefele and Wieseler, but of recent years, and especially since the appearance of Lightfoot's edition of the Epistle, the latter has been assigned with practical unanimity to the closing years of the century. Mr Edmundson, however, makes out a very strong case for the earlier date, laying especial stress on the way in which the Temple at Jerusalem and its services are spoken of as still existent. To us it seems that he might have added further evidence from the general line of argument pursued in the Epistle. It stands forth, with the Epistle to the Hebrews, as the great exponent of the Holy Eucharist as summing up and including in itself all the sacrifices of the Jewish Temple. There is nothing in patristic literature at all comparable with it in this respect for at least two centuries. It would seem natural, therefore, that the Epistle of St Clement, which owes so much both in argument and in actual language to the Epistle to the Hebrews, should not be far separated from it in date. Both alike reflect for us the same controversy and date from a time when the relation between the Eucharist and the earlier sacrifices needed to be pointed out with especial clearness, inasmuch as the Temple was still standing, and no one could guess that the older system was going, in God's providence, to pass away so quickly.

There is one interesting consequence involved in assigning the early date to the Epistle of St Clement which Mr Edmundson fails to notice. When the scholars who formerly maintained the earlier date were writing, the lost conclusion of the Epistle had not yet been discovered. When it was found, in 1883, it proved to be couched in terms of authority which are nothing less than peremptory. It was surprising enough to find the Roman Church adopting this line of command to another great Church such as that of Corinth, even in

A.D. 96, at the very end of the century. But if the latter was actually written and sent in A.D. 68 or 69, within three years, probably, of the deaths of St Peter and St Paul, it becomes nothing less than astonishing. The other Apostles were not yet dead, so far as we know—their immediate disciples and successors were certainly still living—and yet we have the Roman Church writing in a strain which suggests the developed Papacy of some centuries later. If this be indeed, as Dr Salmon describes it, the first step towards Papal aggression, it is a step which the Roman Church took with amazing promptitude and assurance. St Peter is scarcely cold in his grave and already the Church which is the heir to his authority is proceeding without hesitation to use her powers, and to claim obedience with the assurance that it will not be refused.

Another argument which to us is novel but yet is certainly worth attention deals with the date of the Apocalypse of St John. Here tradition is clear and apparently decisive, for the later date. St John, according to a tradition which goes back as far as Irenaeus, was banished to Patmos by Domitian, and there saw the vision. He was afterwards recalled by Nerva. That has seemed to almost all to fix the date at the very close of the first century. Mr Edmundson, in a most ingenious argument, suggests a way of keeping the tradition and at the same time assigning to the vision an earlier date, soon after the time of Nero, which suits the internal evidence so much better in every way. Domitian, he points out, was acting Regent for his father, Vespasian, at Rome in the year 70, immediately after the fall of Nero, and all edicts were issued in his name. Nerva was Consul in 71. It is quite possible, therefore, that the tradition may be literally true, that St John was banished by Domitian and recalled by Nerva, only that these acts were not the acts of Emperors, but of men who as yet were filling less exalted posts in the service of the State. Altogether the book will be of great value to the student. While we are not inclined to follow the author in some

of his conclusions, which seem to us rather ingenious than solid, his work as a whole is one of great learning and research, and all the questions treated of are dealt with in a manner which is thoroughly impartial and without prejudice.

A. B.

THOSE who are acquainted with the writings of Dr Haldane expect to find anything from his pen full of food for thought, and in this respect they will not be disappointed in his last work. (*Mechanism, Life and Personality*. London: John Murray. 1913. Price 2s. 6d. net.) A short sketch of the general line of argument, all that our space will permit, will indicate the main idea of the book and its interest. Dr Haldane once more attacks the problem of the nature of life: is it explicable on mechanistic principles or is it not? We all remember the answer which Professor Schaefer made to this question in his Presidential Address to the British Association in 1913. The answer given in the work at present under review is of a directly opposite character. Whilst admitting as all must do, that chemical and physical processes abound in the living organism he utterly refuses to accept a chemico-physical explanation of life. In fact, he tells us that "physico-chemical explanations of elementary physiological processes are as remote as at any time in the past, and that they seem to physiologists of the present time far more remote than they appeared at the middle of last century." (p. 47.) Again: "The mechanistic theory of heredity is not merely unproven, it is impossible. It involves such absurdities that no intelligent person who has thoroughly realized its meaning and implications can continue to hold it." (p. 58.) "I should as soon go back to the mythology of our Saxon forefathers as to the mechanistic physiology." (p. 61.) Finally: "The phenomena of life are of such a nature that no physical or chemical explanation of them is remotely conceivable." (p. 64.)

It will be seen that the Edinburgh and the Oxford

Physiologists are as wide apart as the poles in their explanations. It may be added that the evidence, as it presents itself to a daily increasing number of minds, is entirely in accordance with the findings of Dr Haldane. But, if the mechanistic explanation will not hold water, what is to be said with regard to the vitalistic? In its crudest form Dr Haldane will have nothing to do with that either; that is with vitalism as "an independent vital force," for which he thinks Driesch's argument "breaks down entirely." (p. 27.) Without pausing to consider whether the writer correctly appreciates Driesch's position in attributing to him a belief in an "independent" force, which we rather doubt, we may at once say that we are quite sure that he does not appreciate the force of the Scholastic position when he states that, "for the purposes of the present argument the animists may, perhaps, be classified along with the vitalists, as the differences between them are for the present purpose very small." (p. 18.) On the contrary, if there be any vitalists who believe in an "independent" force, they are very far removed from animists of a Scholastic character. For that philosophy teaches that the union of soul and body results in a single *nature*. Further, it teaches that in man there is only one actuating principle, the rational soul which, besides its higher functions, performs also those lower functions which the "vegetative soul" of the plant or the "sentient soul" of the animal discharges. Further, the combined soul and body constitute a person. The *suppositum* of the Schoolmen is an individual nature conceived as a complete being subsisting in itself, and such a *suppositum* endowed with intelligence is a person. Now the entire argument of Dr Haldane's book is directed to proving that only by considering the living thing as a whole can we arrive at a true explanation of life. Thus we can consider man (1) as a "coloured extended patch or form"—quite a useful but limited view. Or (2) we can consider him as "about seventy kilogrammes of material with a certain external configuration, internal structure, and movements"

—a most useful abstraction for the physiologist. Or (3) we can regard him as "a living organism, blindly maintaining its structure and activity and fulfiling its organic function in relation to the species"—the biological view. Or, finally, we can regard him "as a person, in conscious relation through perception and volition to his environment. This mode of regarding him includes all that was left out in the previous modes. The man as a person is thus no abstraction from reality, like the man as a mere form, or as an arrangement of material or as a living organism. He is the real man." (pp. 123-125.) And, it may be added, he is the man of the Schoolmen.

The argument of the book, as we have seen, is that in personality is to be found the explanation and the only explanation of the problem of life.

> In actual fact we do not understand except in the most imperfect manner, the reality which lies behind the appearance of a physical world. But we understand enough to be certain that this reality has, and can have, no existence apart from personality, since existence itself has no meaning apart from spiritual existence. (p. 135.) . . . In personality, there is always the element of the here and now. New experience is always, as it were, welling up within it, and gradually taking the form of new truth, and new duty. Personality is living, suffering, rejoicing, and working existence. This idea is clearly embodied in the Christian conception of God; and when we try to penetrate through the sensuous mist which blurs that conception we can see that our discussion has brought us very near to it. (p. 136.) . . . [Finally]: Personality is the great central fact of the universe. This world, with all that lies within it, is a spiritual world. (p. 139.)

This very inadequate sketch of a very interesting work, with the quotations which we have made from it, will at least suffice to give some idea of the author's line of argument. For its more complete development we must refer our readers to the pages of the book itself.

B. C. A. W.

Some Recent Books

"THE blessing of the poor is the blessing of God," said Ozanam when inaugurating the Society of St Vincent de Paul. It is not therefore strange that he was drawn with strong attraction to the little poor man of Assisi and his poet followers, and he was among the pioneers of Franciscan studies (*Franciscan Poets.* By F. Ozanam, translated and annotated by A. E. Nellen and N. C. Craig. David Nutt. 6s. net). Much has been discovered since his day, Franciscan literature has grown widely and is still growing: the history of no other saint, of no other order, has been able to charm the modern world with so strong a claim of poetry and beauty. But it was especially fitting that a son of St Vincent, that servant of the poor, should write of those ardent lovers of poverty, and should show forth in another language the grace and loveliness of their early poems.

> "Dolce Amor povertade
> Quanto ti degiamo amare!
> Povertade poverella,
> Umiltade è tua Sorella." (Jacopone da Todi.)

Ozanam's centenary has just been kept, so this is an appropriate moment for the appearance of his work in English, and the editors, besides presenting a good translation, have done much in their notes to bring the book up to date. These notes are not too copious but perhaps they are too discursive. In a work on Franciscan poets the reader wants full notes on matters Franciscan but not on King Codrus, Antenor, Bossuet, Alessandro Manzoni, and so forth. And he would like, too, some indication in the text of when a note is to be found at the end of the chapter, so that it should not be necessary to look forward continually for fear of missing something important. The translations quoted of early Franciscan poems are all of value and interest, especially Neale's beautiful rendering of the "Stabat Mater Speciosa," with its wonderful likeness amid unlikeness to the far better known "Stabat Mater Dolorosa." M. W.

Memoirs of Li Hung Chang

THE *Memoirs of Li Hung Chang* (with an Introduction by the Hon. John Foster. Constable. 10s. 6d. net) throws a strong light upon the state of the Chinese Empire and upon some of the obstacles which stand in the way of its civilization. The book is especially important as showing not only the record of one of the greatest Chinamen of modern times, but also the standard of Chinese public opinion. For we are told that the Memoirs are given to the world by the late statesman's family, with the consent of the Imperial Government, and it is at once obvious that they have been carefully selected and edited. We are justified, therefore, in assuming that the deeds and opinions that are included are those on which the author and his friends do not fear the judgement of posterity.

The enormous volume of the Viceroy's journals has made the arrangement of the book under review one of difficulty, and it must be said that the result is not altogether successful; we do not see the man himself but rather learn various things about him. Surely in the purely historical parts the chronological order might have been maintained; why do "His fight to hold Corea" and "The cession of Formosa" come after "His task in the Boxer crisis" and his death? His American editors undoubtedly treat him with extreme kindness in their appreciation of his actions, and Mr Foster's Introduction would suit a life of St Louis.

Li Hung Chang was a typical Chinese gentleman. Throughout his long life he persevered unfailingly in a love of letters, a veneration for the Canons of the Sages, and a deep devotion to his ancestors. Consistently also he gloried in his country's greatness, and he hated the presence of foreigners within her boundaries. Where he differed from his countrymen, however, was in recognizing not only the value of the Westerner, but also his power. He would have liked, in his own words, "to use him and not let him use us," but he was always scrupulously impartial. He is but speaking the truth when he says, "It does not matter what my enemies may accuse me of; in

all my life I have been on the side of law and order, and I have never inquired whether those twin institutions were white or yellow. Decency is like gold, the same in all countries." He came also to appreciate the merits of Europeans with whom he came in contact, and he pays high tributes to Sir Robert Hart, and Sir Nicholas O'Conor; to Gordon also, whom in person he cordially disliked, he gives some generous words of praise. This fairness of mind helped him to gain the high reputation in which he was held in the foreign Chancelleries, which made him so valuable as an Ambassador or Plenipotentiary. One cannot but feel for him in some of his tasks. When Viceroy of Chihli he writes bitterly of how a "French dandy" or a "fat red-faced German" gets into a brawl in the streets, and is knocked down: "Immediately his Consul or his Minister is knocking loudly at the door of the Yamen and demanding satisfaction for the 'insult offered to the German flag.'" So, when he was sent for by the Empress after the Boxer disasters he says: "It appears that there is nothing for me to do but to obey the decree of the Throne, and again bow and scrape and apologize to the foreigners for the murderous doings of a class with which I am not at all in sympathy." He was a magnificent worker, and in spite of his eighty years and bad health he took charge of the desperately difficult negotiations, and carried them through with the success that is well-known.

Li Hung Chang certainly achieved great things for his country, but he worked still harder and more successfully for himself. He talks grandly in these Memoirs of the generosity of his patriotic and philanthropic works, but it has always been common knowledge in China that he was the close ally of his Imperial mistress and Li Lien-ying in the campaign of wholesale corruption and "squeeze" which reduced the country to such a state of impoverishment, and brought about her defeat by Japan. Again, on the subject of the opium traffic he is the most brazen hypocrite. He wrote long poems abominating the vice. He speaks casually of sentencing one of his officers to

death by the slicing process for selling the drug. He treats us to pages of the most violent railing against England for "forcing" Indian opium on China, and yet he himself was one of the largest poppy growers in the country.

This hypocrisy need not surprise us, for Li's greed was only equalled by his vanity. He is constantly hoping that his actions will be "put right" in the dynastic records, for he "cannot bear to think that coming generations should regard him as other than a patriot who attempted well and did not always fail"; nor, as he says elsewhere, does he want "to be thought of as a wolf by his fellow men." And yet he writes of General Gordon, who was fighting the Taipings for him—and thereby earning him his first great success—"If only he would forget about the pay for the cursed troops! Damn them! They will do nothing now without pay, except eat, drink and sleep." His method of reducing this expenditure "so depleting to private funds," is to keep his men fighting, for

> when they are idle they get lazy and mutinous, and do not hesitate to demand more pay than is coming into them . . . [Besides] when they are resting they eat more than when they are fighting. When they are marching or engaged in battle, they are always on the look out for food and drink, and they manage to get it somehow.

So also he naïvely records that on another occasion he told the captain in charge of some prisoners at Chinkiang "that it would do no harm to replenish the meat supply of the city by allowing the butchers to kill some of the prisoners for food."

It is a platitude that on matters such as respect for human life and suffering the East must not be judged on Western standards, but the cynical self-seeking and hypocrisy revealed in this record—of which one of her most honoured sons sees no reason to be ashamed—are a striking witness to the ruinous curse of modern China, the frank corruption of the official classes.

E. S. H.

Some Recent Books

OUR National Church, by Lord Robert Cecil, K.C., M.P., and the Rev. H. J. Clayton. (Warne. 1s.) This book is written from the Tory and High Church point of view, apparently with the primary object of stating the case against disestablishment. That is all as it should be, and from the legal and practical standpoint the book is extremely well done. The last three chapters are a courageous defence of the Establishment as it now is, and contain a large amount of well-packed information. But the book as a whole, after all possible allowance has been made for the requirements of its public, is immensely unsatisfactory. That the writers should stand by their claim to legal and organic continuity with the ancient Church was almost inevitable; and we do not complain of that. That they should give the whole pre-Reformation history a sort of Anglican colouring by a system of suppression and false emphasis is less easy to pardon, though sanctioned by custom. But that they should turn the bedrock facts of history upside down, and supply the unlearned reader with a presupposition that he has not the power to correct, telling him in effect that the Church of Augustine and Lanfranc and Becket was not Roman or Papal, but "independent" and "national" and "autonomous," leaves us without words to describe the thing they have done.

Let us take first, since our space is limited, one or two of its great fundamental misstatements.

> At the period with which we are dealing there was no Roman Catholic or Protestant, or even Eastern Church. Christendom was undivided. The See of Rome was indeed a very important centre of Christianity, but it had not, nor did it then claim, supremacy or lordship over the whole Church.

As a matter of fact in 597 Christendom was divided both in East and West; there was a Catholic Church ruled from Rome; much of the East was still schismatic and more had been; the See of Rome had repeatedly claimed the supremacy, and Gregory wished to know what See was not subject to his own.

Our National Church

Again, we are told of the Church of the English:

> Its spiritual independence was to be preserved. In short, it was a national and autonomous Church that now came into existence.

That, of course, explains why St Augustine received the pall, and why the Paschal question caused such great contention. But we can put our authors to a simple test. Let any one read their account of the Saxon Church, and then read Bede's. One book is Protestant, and the other is Roman Catholic, and no special pleading can get away from that.

Another extract must be given. The authors are describing the Reformation.

> Abroad there was destruction and schism, while in England there was reconstruction and preservation. . . . There was no abolition of one Church that another might be set up in its place, for both as regards name, life, doctrine, Holy Orders, and property there is a complete continuity between the pre-Reformation and the existing Church of England.

Now the ancient Church of England was subject to the Holy See; it was in communion with the whole Catholic Church; it held and taught the Faith of the Apostolic See; and its Hierarchy was recognized throughout the whole Catholic world. Its monastic life and devotional system were the same as obtained elsewhere. But in every one of these points the Reformed Church has taken very deliberately its own line. Why should its modern apologists seek to conceal what it has done?

And now to touch on a few details. Bede gives a brief and matter-of-fact account of the conversion of the British. For some reason our authors omit it entirely and give us uncertain legends and guesses in its place.

Again, they tell us that the mission of Birinus "appears to have been an independent one sent out by the Church in North Italy;" although Bede says that he came into Britain by the advice of Pope Honorius.

The pallium, according to our authors, was not a symbol

of jurisdiction till the ninth century, yet St Gregory seems to say that it was. (Bede, *Eccl. Hist.*, I, 27.)

Our authors infer from the refusal of William I to do homage for his kingdom, that he "maintained intact the civil *and ecclesiastical* independence of England. . . . In short, he and not the Pope was supreme over the Church." Yet he required the help of three Papal Legates to settle the affairs of the country.

The Royal Supremacy is not only vigorously defended, but attributed to Catholic Kings; "the King had always been supreme over all causes and persons ecclesiastical and temporal." How that was reconciled with the powers believed to be possessed by the Vicar of Christ is never explained. Probably it is supposed that the Pope administered one religion in Italy, and tolerated another in England.

In conclusion, we cannot help thinking how odd it is that the very unpleasant proceedings, destruction of monasteries, desecration of churches, removal of altars, and the like, described on pp. 74-96, should have resulted in the restoration, as nearly as might be, of "the Church of the Fathers." A.H.N.

THE *Cambridge Mediaeval History*. Vol. II. The Rise of the Saracens and the Foundation of the Western Empire. (Cambridge, at the University Press. With Portfolio of Maps, 20s. net; pp. xxiv, 889.)

The publication of the second volume of the Cambridge Mediaeval History is an event of some importance in the historical world. The period which it covers, from Justinian to Charlemagne, includes the rise of the Mohammedan religion and the Saracenic Empire, as well as the dark and difficult formative period of the coming nations of Western Europe. It is a period which has been strangely neglected by English students, and their neglect is reflected in the large number of foreign writers whose aid has been of necessity enlisted to present us with an adequate picture of the events and tendencies of the time. One cannot think of any English scholars to whose hands

some portions of the work could have been safely entrusted.

In the field of politics we have the Merovingian influence in Gaul, leading up to Pepin and the Carlovingians, and this part of the work has been admirably done by Prof. Christian Pfister of Paris. His two essays are among the most valuable in the whole volume; while that of Prof. Peisker of Graz dealing with the expansion of the Slavs is illuminative in the highest degree. Prof. Bevan's essay on Mohammed and Islam contains little that is new, but is sound and readable, and Prof. Becker of Hamburg has given us two quite admirable essays on the growth of the Saracenic power.

Turning next to law, we find two papers of remarkable power—one by Dr Roby on Roman Law, which is an excellent and most able summary in brief space of a great subject, and the other by Prof. Vinagradoff of Oxford on the Origins of Feudalism. No other man in England could have done this much-needed piece of work in so masterly a fashion.

The religious department is perhaps hardly so well done as are law and politics. The three papers on Keltic and Germanic heathenism by Prof. Jullien, Sir Edward Anwyl and Miss B. Phillpotts are all good. Mr F. E. Warren on the British Church is rather dull, though obviously very desirous of avoiding controversial matter, and the same may be said of Mr Whitney's work on the conversion of the Teutons, which includes the mission of St Augustine to England. There is no insistence on independence of Rome, but Rome is almost left out of the picture. One would scarcely gather from anything that is here said that Rome in the sixth century had any special ecclesiastical importance at all. It is a new form of controversy, less obnoxious perhaps than the old, but no more truthful or ingenuous. However, in a book planned by Prof. Bury and edited by Prof. Gwatkin it is something to be thankful for that the more violent forms of controversy are almost entirely absent. Dr Ffoakes Jackson ends the volume with a sympathetic but

not very adequate survey of the Papacy. The Bibliography is very full and indeed exhaustive and is a most valuable feature of the work. A. B.

THE *Book of the Foundations of S. Teresa of Jesus.* (Translated from the Spanish by David Lewis. New and revised edition, with introduction by Very Rev. Benedict Zimmerman, Discalced Carmelite. London: Thomas Baker. 7s. 6d. net.)

All who love the writings of S. Teresa will be grateful to father Zimmerman for the new edition of her works which he has undertaken and has nearly completed. The books are well printed on good paper, making admirable and attractive volumes, and the text is provided with excellent notes, revised in the light of newly discovered documents. All this is highly satisfactory since S. Teresa is one of the Church's most popular saints, and her writings contain remedies for many modern errors.

The *Book of the Foundations* begins where the *Life* ends.

> In the year 1562 I was ordered by my confessor, the Dominican friar father Garcia of Toledo, to write the history of the foundation of the monastery, together with other matters, which anyone, if it is ever published, may see. I am now at Salamanca, in the year 1573, and my confessor, the master Ripalda, father rector of the Society, has ordered me to write. He, having seen the book containing the story of the first foundation, thought it would be a service done to our Lord if I committed to writing the story of the other seven monasteries which, by the goodness of our Lord, have since that time been founded, and told at the same time how the monasteries of the barefooted fathers of the primitive rule began.

Obedience made her undertake the writing, and she never tires of telling us that obedience is the secret of growth in goodness and the gaining of humility.

> O blessed obedience, and blessed the distraction caused thereby, by which we gain so much . . . my children, be not discouraged,

for if obedience employs you in outward things, know that even if you are in the kitchen our Lord moves amidst the pots and pans, helping us both within and without.

This passage is characteristic of S. Teresa. She penetrated into the spiritual world, and saw more deeply into its mysteries than almost anyone; she loved God, His Humanity as well as His Godhead, with as passionate a love as that of Mary Magdalene. Yet she always remained a sensible woman, careful of the smallest details of life, practical and homely in her suggestions and advice. She never failed to enjoy a humorous situation, and her style is so clear and vivid that she deserves to rank among the classic writers of the world. She was a genius as well as a saint; and like that other saint and genius, S. Thomas Aquinas, she consecrated all her marvellous talent to God. Just as S. Thomas makes us feel when we read his *Summa* that we have learnt all that can be learnt on earth about the highest mysteries of faith, and makes us marvel how sublime they are and yet withal how simple, so S. Teresa with the clearness of genius puts the spiritual life before us so vividly that she seems almost to have had the vision of God while still on earth, and yet shows us that it is all due to the simplest and lowliest of all virtues, obedience.

There is no sentimentality about her character though she was always gentle and loving and lovable. She has left gifts to the world in her life, her writings, and her Reformed Carmelite Order which make Catholics love her memory and pray to her as one of the Church's greatest saints; and in her combination of mysticism with common sense, of highest contemplation with humblest obedience, of ready wit with ardent love, there is much that the modern world likes and still more that it would do well to learn. T. L. W.

WE sincerely welcome the series of shilling volumes which are to form *The Catholic Library*. They are being edited by Father Alban Goodier, S.J.; and the

Some Recent Books

Manresa Printing Press and Messrs Herder, who are responsible for their publication and general appearance, are to be congratulated upon these trim little volumes. So far the series has consisted of red-covered books containing, we gather, original or *inédit* material; and dark green books which are reprints of mediaeval or other publications of general interest to Catholics. Our only regret—but it is a keen one—is that a list of such volumes as have already appeared, and of such as are in immediate or remote preparation, should not have been appended to each of the published books, together with a general Preface or Introduction, defining the whole scope of the library. We did, no doubt, receive a prospectus in which the idea of the enterprise was fully explained, together with a considerable list of subjects to be dealt with and the probable writers upon each; but we did not keep this prospectus, and can no more than assure any readers of this REVIEW that the subjects were extremely varied, actual and important, while the list of destined authors included nearly all the Catholic writers of value we possess in England. Catholic ethics, miracles, poets, science, history—all are to be expected; it would be invidious to mention the few notable names we remember, in view of the many more we forget. In short, far greater interest would be aroused in the welfare of the series were it made clear what its purchasers were to hope for, and what, should they chance first to have bought some later volume, they already had at their disposal. We think, too, each volume (they contain some 100 to 150 pages) should have its Index. A new volume, original treatise and reprint alternately, is promised us each fortnight. If this pace of production can be kept up without loss of quality, the Editor will be yet further deserving of high praise.

He has chivalrously made himself responsible for two volumes, which contain a selection of the letters of Ignatius of Loyola. Only of late years are these letters properly at our disposal, and they lead us to hope for some authoritative Life of the Saint, to be compared with

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Fr Brou's Life of Xavier and Fr Suau's work on Francis Borgia. The Society of Jesus is doing sound work as regards its own history, and Fr Astrain, the "latest and most reliable authority," has enabled Fr Goodier not only to date these letters accurately, but to correct in some cases the date affixed by the writer himself, who notoriously found all literary exercises grievous and made not a few mistakes. The actual translation is by Mr D. F. O'Leary. The Editor supplies interesting notes.

Volumes II and IV contain a reprint of Cardinal Allen's *Defence of English Catholics*, with a Preface by H. E Cardinal Bourne. The first edition appeared in 1584, and the "original copy" (does this mean manuscript?) is said to belong to Stonyhurst College. What really is of actual value in this famous document is the point it makes of showing the futility of Lord Burghley's plea that our martyrs were put to death, not for their religion, but for high treason. It is certainly in this edition that Cardinal Allen's pamphlet will be in future read. Of an entirely different character is the study of *S. Antonino and Mediaeval Economics*, by the Rev. B. Jarrett, O.P., quite one of the most sympathetic, modest, and well-informed of our younger writers. St Antonino, who died six years only after the fall of Constantinople, was, of course, the Dominican Archbishop whose relics still are seen in the Church of San Marco at Florence. Father Jarrett links up his times and ours with remarkable acumen, and his little monograph will prove of no slight utility in more directions than one.

The Editor of the *Catholic Library* is to be congratulated on his successful though sober start. Sober, for, after all, the ascetical letters of a Saint, an anti-Elizabethan thesis, and a mediaeval theory of economics are of restricted appeal. Other numbers will prove, no doubt, more "popular," but few, maybe, of more solid worth and utility.

R.N.

Some Recent Books

IN the universe there is no more dreadful problem, nor in Christianity any profounder mystery, than that of suffering. It argues much for Mgr Benson's courage that, in his latest book, *Initiation* (Burns and Oates. 1914. pp. 396. 6s. net), he does not hesitate to use it for his theme. It is not, of course, as the problem, but as the mystery, that he approaches it. He regards it as "given," as part of the content of the Christianity suited to this our pilgrimage. Through it comes "initiation" to the ignorant soul. A doctrine is here preached sterner, in some sense, than that old gospel of Æschylus, which taught that by suffering came wisdom. For, in Æschylus as in the old Hebrew ethic, so relentlessly disapproved by the book of Job, the suffering is considered to be the direct vengeance of a grudging God upon man's mad revolt, born of a self-sufficiency begotten of intolerable success. Sir Nevill Fanning, in this book, is no insolent *révolté*. This hereditary Catholic, educated at Stonyhurst, utterly incapable of becoming anything but a Catholic, regular at his yearly or bi-annual religious duties, keeping up his chapel and priest "and all that" as a matter of course, was yet utterly closed to that second great mystery of his Faith, namely, that the destined Consummation (of which the nature is the first) comes normally through Pain. To him, joy is the root of religion, or of life, for he takes religion on the whole as a function of life, and the Catholic religion as the natural function of his own. He hates the sight of cruelty. A Piétà, ghastly in the sunlight, is a scandal to all his innermost self. The Mysteries, yearly performed, Eleusis-like, at Easter, send him forth no initiate, with mind remodelled and life uplifted. He resents all that. That healthy young animal, his nephew Jim, delights and satisfies him. As far as a Catholic may be, he is a pagan, nurturing the while the scarce-guessed germ of grace. His aunt, Mrs Fanning, who keeps house for him, has, through much pain and prayer, learnt life's fuller lesson; and even she finds strength and light in the intuitions of Mr Morpeth, the convert mystic, whose spiritual eye

reads the destinies which his prayers (we may believe) can model. The boy falls in love. Serene, strong-minded, utterly selfish, Enid Bessington promises to marry him. This girl does nothing for Nevill; on the contrary, she puts the Catholic religion still more accurately into its place in the world. Its limitations strike him as they did not before; he sees more clearly the uncouth shortcomings of his chaplain. But Enid, never capable of long disguise, reveals the egotism, and therefore the shallowness, and the cruelty of her character; she jilts him; depths within his soul reveal themselves; he is more gentle, more humble. Grace in him recognizes the divine Visitant, for he never had denied what he had feared to welcome. Stripped, like Job, of this his dearest, he finds the whole world, too, slipping from him, for on to his eyes blindness settles, and he is left to his own soul and its Inhabitant. That inner Christ, grown strong, now, and authoritative, teaches him the meaning and method of the complete sacrifice now asked of him, for the blindness came not from the eye's sickness, but the brain's, and he dies in intolerable pain, yet in keen joy since symbols were needed no more for initiation; "the Grail was drunk," and he passed direct *in veritatem*. We cannot dwell upon the skill with which the minor characters are elaborated. All are clever; nearly all are kindly. Shall we suggest, however, in regard to the general theme of this brilliant book, that, despite the Pietà which reappears, a melancholy motif, across the pages, the suffering here spoken of is too much an affair of thesis, too little incarnate in a Person? Somehow we see Christ's doctrine; we may even recognize, throughout Nevill's spiritual growth, the Cross. But we must own that Christ Himself seems absent. "Absent" may sound too ruthless. Yet present more as Hermes, or Osiris or Dionysus were woven into the thought and imagination of, shall we say, a Stoic *initiandus*. We want more. *I am the Way* and *Via Veritas et Vita* are two exquisite poems of Mrs Meynell, in which the Way is shown to be tolerable and even dear because already it is Christ; and the *Hound of*

Some Recent Books

Heaven brings to us that tremendous impression of Personality which we have (it may be wrongly) missed in this vivid and sparkling study. N. K.

IN an article in the *Quarterly Review* for January it is said that we seem to be in the full flood of a revival of mysticism. Innumerable are the poems, essays, self-revelations, introspective studies that are the output of this curiously mingled wave of feelings. At such a moment any genuine prayers of the great Carthusian mystics ought to be in demand. In a foreword to *Carthusian Devotions for Holy Communion* (Washbourne. 1s.) Fr Digby Best says that this manual of Father Michael's places within our reach "in the heart of London—London consecrated by the cruel but glorious deaths of her Charterhouse martyrs—the same devotions which have supported the inner life of those who dwell in the Grande Chartreuse." It takes some use of this little book to realize fully the height of its spiritual atmosphere. It is so simple and free from introspection or self-consciousness that it is only gradually that it dawns upon us that the voice whose words we are echoing, although near is yet far off, just as we mistake the distance between ourselves and some snowy peak that at first sight seemed easily attainable. The monk prays, "Grant that I may be subject interiorly to Thee, exteriorly to men." "Hedge our way with thorns," or "Mayest Thou use me according to Thy will, desire and intention as freely as though I were still uncreated and only in Thy mind. Thus mayest Thou have rest and peace and joy in me." This is indeed an exquisite and rarefied atmosphere in which even a momentary stay may do us good if it only makes us realize our habitual unfitness to breathe in it. The tiny book is rounded off with some nice short sacred poems of Father Digby Best's own, which he describes himself in one beautiful line, "My undersong of praise be tears and weepings low." S.

Irish Literary & Musical Studies

IRISH Literary and Musical Studies (by Alfred Perceval Graves. Elkin Mathews. 6s.) is a collection of essays and lectures of no common interest. Some deal with the history of Irish poetry and song; others are more personal, and of these a description of Tennyson's experiences in Ireland is particularly vivid and interesting. Mr Graves gives an instance of the fascination which the sea held for the poet, especially in times of tempest.

> First we talked of the sea, and here he spoke notably. He said that a great storm, such as we had witnessed, was a wonderful and terrible sight of impotent passion, and he quoted St Jude's words, "Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame."

Mr Graves also touches on Tennyson's keen interest in the Irish peasants, and the legends and ghostly tales which he induced them to unfold.

Among these personal essays is a remarkable one on Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, well known in England as the author of *Uncle Silas* and other thrilling and mysterious romances, but less known for his poems, from which Mr Graves gives some charming extracts. The most striking of these is "Beatrice," which is touched with the sense of mystery that we know so well in his prose. Most of the verses are long and rugged and hard to quote from, but the chorus runs thus:

> Man upon his journey hies
> A chequered course and variable,
> Walking through life as he is shown
> By gleams through yawning darkness thrown
> By lights that fall from Paradise
> And hues that cross from Hell.
>
> Can we read his words or ways?
> Whence he acts or whereto thinks?
> A vapour changing as we gaze,
> An utterance of the Sphinx.
> Still the man our judgment baulks;
> Good is he? or, is he evil?
> At his right an Angel walks,
> At his left a Devil.

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Among the most interesting papers in Mr Graves' volume are the three lectures on George Petrie and his work; they are a valuable tribute to his memory. Most of the remaining essays deal with Celtic poetry and folk song, and on such topics no other can be so fit to speak as Mr Alfred Perceval Graves. He conveys the charm of all that he describes and makes us realize moreover how much work is necessary before we can possess folk lore and folk songs of any nation. The article entitled "Folk Song" gives most amusing accounts of the wiles necessary to obtain the words of unwritten folk songs from peasants who suspected ridicule when asked to repeat them.

We may conclude by quoting some interesting suggestions of Mr Graves' as to the origin of Folk Song:

> What is the origin of folk song? Evidently there is a musical instinct in the young of all races. How early do we note our children crooning of their own accord when in a contented or happy frame of mind? As with the child so, I believe, with the early races. Calls to cattle, street and country cries with intonations, such as the "jodling" of the Tyrolese, strike one as amongst the probable beginnings of folk songs.
>
> The songs of occupation would seem to be extended instances of these primeval chants. The occupation suggests certain measures; thus, the rocking of the cradle, the blow of the hammer on the anvil, the sweep of the oars in the water, the turning of the spinning wheel—each invites a rhythmic chant, monotonous at first, but afterwards taking on melodic cadences which become tunes.

O.

THE Samuel Smiles type of literature has, like the Manchester school of politics and the John Stuart Mill creed of philosophy, gone out of fashion. For this various reasons may be alleged, some satisfactory, some not; but the world is the gainer by the advent of a more human and less selfish code of conduct than that which the author of *Self-Help* so zealously promulgated. The admiration which was at one time freely extended to "successful merchants" who started life with sums

Labour, Life and Literature

varying from a penny to half a crown and ended in the possession of vast wealth, is now tempered by an uncomfortable suspicion that the success of the one probably involved the failure of the many; it is pleasant therefore to meet with an autobiography such as that of Mr Frederick Rogers (Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d. net), which raises no such suspicions, and which sums up under the title *Labour, Life and Literature: Memories of Sixty Years.*

One of a family of seven, the paternal earnings being fifteen shillings a week, young Rogers's schooling ended at the age of ten, when he went as an errand boy to an ironmonger in the East End for a weekly wage of two shillings. At fourteen he entered a city firm of stationers —a trade with which he was to be associated for the rest of his life—at four and sixpence weekly. A period of ill-health brought him into contact with Dr Watkins, then a notable city physician, of whom he gives a sympathetic account, and from whom, during the four years he was under treatment, he gained " an education which, if not exactly liberal, was to me, who had had none, immensely valuable."

" Father Ignatius " (Lyne), then occupied a city pulpit, and to his sermons and to the teaching of Father Stanton, of St Alban's, Mr Rogers attributes the religious impressions which have influenced his life, and which doubtless helped to make him a staunch supporter of religious instruction. The advancement of education has, indeed, been a dominant factor in his career; it was his enthusiasm for the Elementary Education Act of 1870, that led him into public life, mainly through the influence of James Allanson Picton, a broad-minded Nonconformist who advocated secularism as opposed to undenominationalism, the unfairness of which he was not slow to denounce. The labour movement, in which he early took part, with which he has always been in touch, found in Mr Rogers a staunch adherent; he was a member of the University Extension Committee, which brought him into close contact with the Barnetts and Toynbee Hall. It was in connexion with Toynbee Hall that Mr Rogers

founded the Elizabethan Society, to which one of the most interesting chapters in the book is devoted. Journalism, which had always attracted him, received a large share of his attention; and he became well-known to widely-differing audiences as a lecturer on various social subjects.

The foregoing brief summary of the contents of this most interesting volume gives but an imperfect notion of its contents, which indeed demand an article rather than a short review. It abounds in sensible observations upon almost every public social question of the last forty years, for with all of them the author has been personally associated, and the biographical touches are not its least interesting feature. It is a record of a life devoted not to personal aggrandisement but to the public good, and that without any of that parade of self-sacrifice which sometimes mars the account of such a life. Mr Rogers has thoroughly enjoyed his work, and seems never to have been discouraged—at any rate he makes no complaint. One point, however, remains to be noticed—the religious experiences which form the subject of the last chapter. In days when active social sympathy is too often divorced from religious faith, it is something to find a man whose life has been a strenuous striving for the good of humanity, professing his faith in the words of the Athanasian Creed and saying:

> It is by belief in the Incarnation and the Deity of Christ, and by this belief alone, that religion will be saved in the intellectual turmoil of our day; and those who turn away from it into by-path meadows of new theologies, or amiable moralities, have their faces set in the direction of the final negation.

Protestantism, though largely unconscious of the fact, he says, is turning its face in that direction; "it is the Church of England that is preserving the principles of the Christian faith, and the Catholic revival, which was born of the Oxford movement, is the dynamic force which has created anew the dynamic force of the Church." How far these principles are of the Church of England and how

long they may be preserved may be matter for opinion and speculation; but it is something that one of Mr Rogers's wide and varied experience should thus bear testimony to the fundamentals of the Catholic Creed. J.B

WE regret that we have but little space in which to praise Mr Philip Gibbs's new novel, *The Custody of the Child* (Hutchinson, 6s. net). It is a study of divorce and its disasters, presented with infinite delicacy from the child's point of view, so delicately, in fact, that one is inclined to forget the sermon preached in charmed attention to the development of character in the boy and his father and in certain subsidiary characters, like the servant girl. It is only at the end that we realize for how much had been responsible the mingled strength and weakness, affection and cynicism, perverse frivolity and suffering sincerity in each or both of the protagonists, the rather uncouth husband and the actress wife. The idyll between the boy and little Joan Darracote is crisp with comedy; and that it, like so much else in the book, does not issue to tragedy is due solely to that acceptance of suffering which is possible only to a deepened and developed soul. Mr Gibbs's last book had made us fear he was deserting simplicity and human tenderness for just cleverness; here, better than in anything he has done this many a day, are kindliness and uncompromised ideal; forgiveness without complaisancy; wisdom that is not worldly wise. Like Bourget's *Un Divorce*, this book (as true, but less laborious in its psychology) has no end which is a finish. But then, neither has life.

C. C. M.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS, 1913

THE issues of the Catholic Truth Society during 1913 show no diminution either in quality or quantity from those of previous years, and the variety of subject which has always been a feature of the annual output has been well maintained. In accordance with our custom,

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we give a brief summary of what has been done during the year, in order that our readers may be acquainted with the progress being made in the provision of good Catholic literature at a price which brings it within the reach of all.

Although the provision of such literature is the primary aim of the Catholic Truth Society, its publications from time to time include works of first importance. Of these, the most notable was Dr Adrian Fortescue's volume on *The Orthodox Church*, which has now been followed by one on *The Lesser Eastern Churches:* of this it is not necessary here to speak, as a detailed notice will appear elsewhere in these pages; but the Catholic Truth Society is entitled to credit for the cheapness and excellence of the volume.

The shilling volumes are largely made up of the penny publications which have been issued with a view to such grouping as opportunity might serve. To the volumes mentioned last year on the Benedictines, Franciscans and Dominicans, has been added one on the Oratorians. Each volume of the series contains a preface—in the present instance by the Superior of the Brompton Oratory—an account of the Order, and biographies of some of its principal ornaments, thus presenting a summary of its chief characteristics. The sketches of the four Orders named, with the addition of the Carmelites and the Rosminians, make up a volume on *The Religious Orders*. To the volumes of *Collected Publications*, five additions have been made, bringing the number up to ninety-six.

A third volume has been issued of *The Antidote*—a series in which are taken up and confuted a number of the calumnies and misrepresentations which appear from time to time in the non-Catholic press, uttered in most instances in good faith by folk in responsible positions who have never taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the teaching or practice of the Church which they frequently assail. From its inception the Catholic Truth Society has made the meeting of such misrepresentations a prominent feature of its work. The necessity of this is not always recognized, but no one who is in touch with popular life can doubt its necessity; and the exposure of the lecturers and of the societies who exploit the ignorance and prejudice of the Protestant public for commercial purposes has been attended with satisfactory results. For meeting this lower class of controversialist the series of volumes entitled *Some Protestant Fictions Exposed*, the fifth of which has now been issued, is invaluable: the recent penny pamphlets include one on *Convent Inspection*, an exposure of Theodore von Husen, a bogus "ex-priest" whose enforced retirement last year attracted some attention, and an examination of the statements of Edith O'Gorman, who has long attracted Protestant audiences by her "revelations." Father Keating's pamphlet on *Rome and the Heretic* supplies useful information in another direction; while two convert clergymen deal with *The Higher Anglicanism* and *Anglican Orders*, and Dom Chapman writes usefully *About "A Return from Rome"*—a pamphlet which has been widely circulated in Anglican circles.

Two important shilling volumes are those in which Father E. R. Hull

deals at length, and with marked impartiality, with *Galileo and his Condemnation*, and Father Martindale examines the teaching of *Theosophy*, with sketches of its founder and of its relation to other religions. These volumes should find a place in every Catholic library. From Father Martindale, too, we have a sixpenny volume on *The New Testament*—an expanded edition of his lecture on the Greek Testament in the "History of Religions" series which has been prepared especially for colleges and schools. The Society has also acquired Father Bampfield's well-known publications, some of which have been brought together in two volumes—*Plain Talks on Catholic Doctrines* (1s.) and *Talks About St Peter* (6d.). Fiction is represented by a shilling volume of stories by Father Bearne—*A Boy Scout's Christmas*.

A new departure has been made in the production of a sixpenny volume of *Notes for Catholic Nurses*, a manual compiled by the Rev. J. R. Fletcher who is not only a priest but also a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and is thus fully equipped in both capacities. The value of the book may be gauged by the fact that it was translated into French within three months of its publication. In similar volumes the Rev. J. R. McKee gives an account of the feasts and observances of *The Church's Year*, and the Rev. E. G. Blount has compiled *The Layman's Sacramentary;* a third contribution to popular knowledge of the Liturgy is supplied by Father Thurston's volume on *The Ceremonies of Holy Week*.

Of the penny publications other than those mentioned above, it must suffice to mention a few. Three of them are the outcome of the Plymouth Congress—Abbot Gasquet's sermon on *The Price of the Mass*, Father Martindale's address on *Christianity in Modern England*, and Prior McNabb's paper on *Our Relations with the Nonconformists*. Seven additions have been made to the Biographical series, including Savonarola, Cardinal Beaton, Cardinal Pole, and Christopher Columbus. A new series edited by Father Lattey, S.J., dealing with the Church in different countries, has been inaugurated by pamphlets on *The Church in Germany* and *The Missions in China;* and Bishop Butt has compiled an admirable *Confirmation Book for Boys:* of the ever-popular *Simple Prayer Book*, the circulation of which is now 1,535,000, a French adaptation, *Petit Paroissien*, has been placed on sale. Other publications deal with Foreign Missions, the Tower of London, Kindness to Animals, the Living Wage, the Catholic Faith, the Inconsistency of Materialists and the Doctrine of Development. A translation—*The Christian's Code of Life*—of a pastoral by Cardinal Mercier, has been published with his Eminence's approval.

A word may be added as to the increasing popularity of the Society's penny publications. This is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that during the year about 50,000 have been sold at Westminster Cathedral alone, through the agency of the church-door case there: the publications in this case formed the subject of a eulogistic article in *The Methodist Recorder*, in which a high tribute was paid to the literary standard and general get-up of the pamphlets—a tribute which is thoroughly merited.

CHRONICLE OF RECENT BIBLICAL WORKS

THE revolt against the modern dogma of the compilation of the Hexateuch out of J.E.D.P.H.R^{x} in the time of Esdras and after is not losing in strength. Dr Holzinger in the November number of the *Theol. Literatur Zeitung*, reviewing Dr Eerdman's Study on Leviticus acknowledges that the Dutch Professor, who now occupies the chair at Leiden which Kuenen rendered famous, is working with "unermüdlich bohrendem Scharfsinn" ("with the keenness and persistence of a drill") for the destruction of the modern position. This modern position is described as "that analysis of the Pentateuch which is on the whole still predominant." No doubt it is at present "on the whole still predominant," but that is cold comfort for those who once looked upon this analysis as the last and final word of scientific research.

It is true in the *Expository Times*, March, 1914, we read in "Notes on Recent Expositions" the airy phrase: "There is nothing in it," when referring to the "anti-critical" position, but *qui vivra verra*.

In the Library of Historic Theology, a series of very able studies from the orthodox Protestant standpoint, there appeared last year a volume by Prof. Naville, who holds the chair of Egyptology at Geneva, entitled *Archæology of the Old Testament* (pp. 212. Robert Scott. 5s.). It maintains a thesis, which, if true, is destructive of the modern position at least regarding the Book of Genesis. The early traditions of the Hebrews were not only in Babylonian, the language of their forefather Abraham who came from Ur in the Chaldees, but were preserved on Babylonian tablets. Hence the literary unit consisted of a composition of no greater length than that which could be inscribed on some brick or cylinder. We possess a great number of Babylonian tablets written in Egypt and Syria between 1427 and 1374, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the writings of Moses, who must have been born within some fifty years from the latter date, were in the same language and form as the tablets at Amarna or Taanach. The earliest form of the Pentateuch was a series of tablets in cuneiform character and Babylonian speech; for all we know the number of tablets may have been very considerable. Even if Moses used large cylinders, as large as those used by the scribes of Sanherib or Assurbanipal, they could not really contain many chapters of our Bible. Professor Naville indicates where in his opinion one Mosaic tablet ended and the next one began. These tablets were to a certain extent self-contained, they formed literary units, hence what are styled repetitions and doublettes. The Pentateuch was not written *currente calamo*, it was not a book, it was a jar or a basket or a coffer filled with inscribed bricks, and the series was gradually added to and arranged by Moses. Dr Naville certainly shows great ingenuity in pointing out what he considers the obvious contents of one tablet. But remember Moses did not write these tablets

in Hebrew, the language of our present Bible, but in Babylonian. Our present Hebrew Bible is a translation. It is true the two languages are closely similar, somewhat related like French to Italian or Spanish, still the divergence between the two dialects of Semitic is considerable. Moses may well have *spoken* the Canaanitic dialect, but that does not prove that he *wrote* it. All the North Germans practically speak Low German dialects almost identical with Dutch, but they do not *write* them; whenever they write, they write the ordinary High German. We actually possess a voluminous correspondence between the petty chiefs of Canaan and Pharao shortly before Moses' birth, and they wrote in Babylonian, so why should not Moses have written in Babylonian?

The recent studies of Père Dhorme in the *Revue Biblique* on the language of Canaan reveal to us the spoken dialect as we gather it from the explanatory glosses here and there attached to the Amarna letters, and though not absolutely identical, it is certainly closely similar to Biblical Hebrew. This seems fatal for the contentions of Dr Naville that this Mosaic Babylonian Pentateuch was first translated into Aramaic by Esdras and later into the present Hebrew, which he calls the Jerusalem dialect. It is a pity that he spoils a good case by trying to prove too much. Hebrew is the language on the Mesa stone, of the Siloam inscription, on the tablets recently found in Gezer, of the potsherds found in Samaria and Hebrew is the language on the dockets on the Amarna letters. Not many people will believe Dr Naville that all the time Aramaic was really the literary language and Hebrew only a spoken dialect of Jerusalem. Why should King Mesa of Moab in 820 B.C. write in the spoken dialect of Jerusalem? And when is this supposed second translation of the Bible from Aramaic into Hebrew to have taken place? If all the Bible was in Aramaic in 200 B.C., nay, even in the days of Our Lord, this mysterious Hebrew translation must be so late that it would be miraculous that the account thereof had perished. None the less the whole of Prof. Naville's book *donne furieusement à penser*, and certainly if our Pentateuch is only a translation of Babylonian tablets, the modern J.E.D.P.H.R^{x} theory is gone.

It chances that Prof. Margoliouth in *The Expositor* of January, 1914, has an article on the transmission of the Gospel, in which he attempts to show that Hebrew proper and not Aramaic was the spoken dialect of Jerusalem in the first century. This certainly would fit in admirably with Dr Naville's thesis that our present Old Testament is at least in parts the Jerusalem version of an earlier Aramaic translation of the Cuneiform. However, Dr Margoliouth's theses betray together with immense learning often such surprising ingenuity that they are apt to provoke as much caution as admiration.

Notes on the Hebrew Text and the Topography of the Books of Samuel. S. R. Driver. 2nd Edition. Oxford Clarendon Press. 1913. pp. 390. *Die Bücher der Könige. Übersetzt und erklärt.* A. Sanda. Aschendorf. Munster. 2 vols.

pp. 1020. The four books of Kings, as we Catholics are accustomed to call them, have here received the most thorough treatment twentieth-century scholarship can give them, the first two at the hand of a Protestant, the second two at the hand of a Catholic savant. In painstaking accuracy and extent of erudition there seems to be nothing to choose between the Regius Professor at Oxford and the Bohemian Professor at the Seminary of Leitmeritz, but the scope of the latter is wider than that of the former. He adds an admirable translation into German, and as the contents of III and IV Kings run parallel with a great number of Assyrian Babylonian inscriptions he discusses more historical questions than Driver's *Notes on Samuel*, which are more philological. More than a thousand pages of German interspersed with Semitic words may not be a great attraction to many English readers, but those who wish for a thorough understanding of III-IV Kings will be amply repaid by a consultation of these volumes. The work certainly does not belong to the ultra-conservative school, and the freedom with which the author often treats the text is a little disconcerting. So 11, p. 301, we read: "After being healed Ezechias lived not fifteen but ten years. He died in autumn, 693. In II Kings, xx, v. 6, therefore, stood originally *ten*, as approximate number. The five was added later. A still later glossator thought that he had to put the healing of Ezechias in one and the same year with the arrival of Sennacherib. This year was reckoned according to the false reading of v. 6, as above, to be the fourteenth year of Ezechias. The glossator then put this date in xviii, 13, instead of the original indefinite 'then.' Chronologically Chapter xx precedes Chapter xviii, 13 ff, but the editor arranged his matter from an æsthetic psychological standpoint." All this seems to us a little high and mighty, and on the principle: if the text does not suit the theory, so much the worse for the text. A goodly number of similar instances could be cited in which the author treats the inspired document somewhat too cavalierly, and in which it is difficult to say what theory of inspiration he really holds. On the other hand there is a praiseworthy frankness in the way in which such difficulties as Mesa's sacrifice of his son on the walls of the city and the consequent "anger on Israel" are faced and solved.

A third volume in the same series of Old Testament Commentaries has just appeared: *Ecclesiasticus*, by Norbert Peters, who for many years has specialized on this book. We reserve it for the next Chronicle. Should this series really be carried through, it will doubtless be the most important Catholic exegetical work of this generation.

In the International Critical Commentary the Books of *Ezra* and *Nehemiah* have received careful and able treatment by Prof. L. W. Batten, of the Gen. Theol. Seminary, N.Y. Considering the drastic means sometimes used to cut through the desperate tangle of problems connected with the Book of Esdras, this commentary is moderate and thoughtful. It is a pity that some very good recent Catholic work on the books is apparently overlooked, as G. Klameth's *Esdras Sein Leben und Sein*

Wirken and B. Walde's *Die Esdrasbücher der Septuaginta*; on the other hand, Van Hoonacker, Nikel, Fisher and Theis are mentioned. Though moderate in comparison with some studies on this book, there is still some free handling of the sacred text; of Artaxerxes' letter to Esdras (I Esdras, vii, 12-26) it is said: "It is certainly not authentic in its present form and may be wholly an invention." The Greek Esdras is rightly appreciated. Nehemias' mission is made to precede that of Esdras, a point for which Van Hoonacker argued already many years ago. Esdras' mission is placed in the reign of Artaxerxes Mnemon, though "the seventh year" (I Esdras, vii, 7) is considered "entirely untrustworthy." On the other hand there was some return of Jews from exile under Cyrus, though perhaps only of a few hundreds. What they did we do not know. The temple restoration began under Darius Hystaspes, was interrupted and restarted again by Nehemias under Artaxerxes I. The second administration of Nehemias was very brief and probably came to an end with the death of Longimanus himself.

The Signification of Berakah. By Thomas Plassmann. New York. Jos. Wagner. 1913. Berakah is the Hebrew word for "blessing," and bârêk is the Hebrew verb "to bless," terms occurring hundreds of times in the Hebrew Bible. Strange to say, "berekah" means a pond, a pool, and "berek" a knee, and the root B.R.K. is to be found in every Semitic language, with the most astonishing meanings; for instance, "ploughbeam," "frogs," and "matron," and scores of others, and the verb is as varied in its meaning as the noun. What was the original meaning of this Semitic root and how did it become to mean all these things? A Friar Minor and Professor at St Bonaventure's Seminary, New York, made this the object of his research and offered his results in the form of a dissertation to the Catholic University of America to obtain the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. It is a dissertation for which any University, whether in Europe or America, might feel satisfied to confer the doctorate. It is excellently done and one may look forward to a great deal of solid work in Semitic philology from the same pen.

In English New Testament studies it is interesting to contrast two recent books of diametrically opposed tendencies, the one, *The Eschatology of Jesus*, by H. Latimer Jackson, D.D. (Macmillan. 1913. 5s.), the other, *St Paul and Christianity* (Murray. 1913. 5s.). Dr Jackson holds that not one of the Gospels can be positively affirmed to come direct from an eye witness; there are "downright contradictions" between the Synoptics; St John—or rather the author of the Fourth Gospel, for no one knows who wrote it—is in "downright contradiction" with the Synoptics. The Gospels often "suggest caution and frequently occasion distrust." The "crude" traditional theory about the Gospels has passed away in these days of enlightenment though "still dear to many a devout soul, who reminds us of Cowper's Cottager: 'content to know no more, her Bible true.'" He concedes that "it is possible that some true words of the Lord enshrined in St John's Gospel will come out safe from the

laboratory of modern criticism." With regard to the Synoptics he holds that "it is most unlikely on the face of it" that the therein recorded sayings of Jesus should one and all be his. No doubt some of Jesus words may have come down to us "substantially" as He uttered them, but "in no case can we be confident that we possess the *ipsissima verba* of Our Lord." Modern criticism has settled all this once for all. Dr Jackson realizes that after "the distinctions have been drawn between secondary traditions with or without basis in historic fact," the shrinkage of material for a biography of Jesus is considerable, that "few will deny that the records are very meagre"; he endorses the statement: "possibly the result of critical research may be to show that it is just as impossible for us to know Christ after the flesh as St Paul believed that it was for him inexpedient." On this magnificently solid and scientific basis Dr Jackson scientifically sets forth the eschatology of Jesus or what Jesus really thought about the Last Things. It is quite obvious to a scientifically trained mind that Jesus never dreamt of a Church, which was to perpetuate His teaching through many centuries, for who with the slightest critical instinct would ever allow that such texts as "I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," or "Go and teach all nations" were ever uttered by the lips of Jesus? The fact is that Jesus certainly expected that He would return on the clouds of heaven immediately after the tragedy on Calvary. We now know, of course, that this expectation proved vain, but let us not therefore think less of Jesus. It is true that who Jesus really was must remain an unsolved question for ever. But we should not complain, for it is quite clear that Jesus remained a problem to himself till his death. In fact he eagerly sought death so as to be freed from the tormenting riddle of His own identity. None the less, in some sense which baffles explanation, but which all true Christians understand, Christ still remains to us "Lord," and we all have a feeling that he may well have been somehow more than man. Moreover, the kernel of the teaching of Jesus remains even for us to-day. Not indeed such crude notions as a "resurrection of the body" or a physical return of Jesus or a great physical catastrophe styled "the end of the world"—if Jesus used words suggestive of these things we must never forget that a mind of the first century had its limitations, which cannot fetter a mind of the twentieth—but there remains to us the hope of the triumph of the Cause of God in the world, for surely good not evil will be ultimate in the development of the Universe.—The author, as clergyman of the Church of England, devotes a chapter to prove that all the above can conscientiously be maintained by anyone who accepts the formularies of the National Church; and he dedicates the volume to the Anglican Bishop of Christ Church. Sad but true—this book is not published by the Rationalist Press Agency, but contains the Hulsean Lectures of last year at Cambridge. Still Cambridge is not the natural home of this retrograde movement. Prof. Swete has ever been a champion of orthodox scholarship, as he is in his *Last Discourse and Prayer of Our Lord* (Macmillan)

and recently Profs. Burkitt and E. Barnes have defended the genuineness even of the famous Josephus passage on Our Lord.

The Book on St Paul by A. Headlam, the Professor of Dogma at King's, London, is in refreshing contrast with the book just described. In the former the endless anacolutha, the repeated *nominativus pendens*, the profusion of points of interrogation, the tiring intensity of the adjectives, weary the reader; in the latter we enjoy the brisk sanity and yet steady sobriety of a real scholar. Forget for a moment all present-day theology and fancy you picked up a copy of Letters of Paul of Tarsus for the first time, read it and then ask yourself: What did this man really teach about the Last Things, about Christ, and His death, about the Holy Ghost, and about the Trinity, about the way a man must be saved and about his relation to Christ, what about Sacraments and the Church and Predestination? With remarkable ease, in crisp language, yet with the sure touch of a man who has studied St Paul for twenty years, Dr Headlam displays to you St Paul's teaching. One feels like the man who in G. K. Chesterton's famous parable " discovered Brighton " and found it had been there all the time, when one realizes that St Paul after all was just a Christian and taught the Christian faith as we always thought he did. After the nightmare and vague ghost of the Palestinian Jew, who wanted to die to find out who he himself really was, and who promised to return on the clouds of heaven but didn't, the sober simple Christian of Tarsus comes as a relief. As Catholics we cannot agree with all that Dr Headlam attributes to St Paul on Faith and Grace, but we cannot fail to see that on Faith at least his attitude approximates somewhat to that of a Catholic, though on Grace it still remains typically Protestant. His strong bias on this point makes him write the following (p. 138): " The fundamental point of his [St Augustine's] religious life was the inadequacy of human merit to attain salvation. He felt that he himself owed nothing to his own will, which was inherently corrupt, but that he had been snatched to salvation by Divine grace; and on the language of St Paul, as interpreted by St Augustine, was built up the great mediæval system of grace. . . . The Reformation controversy was really the old controversy of faith and works. Practically—however much it might be conceded in theory—the mediæval system taught salvation by works. Luther asserted, as Paul had done, justification by faith. . . . Luther's own experience had been like St Paul's." Dr Headlam seems a little confused as to what " the great mediæval system of grace " really did teach. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* Dr Headlam states erroneously (p. 181) that the Gospels derive the origin of Baptism from the action of John the Baptist, and he contrasts this to the origin of the Eucharist which is ascribed to the Lord. Surely St Matthew, who is the only one who mentions Christian Baptism, ascribes it to the Lord, or must we count the Professor of Dogma at King's, London, amongst those who, without a scrap of conceivable evidence, reject the passage as spurious?

Professor Stephen Székely, who holds the Chair of New Testament

Some Recent Books

Criticism in Budapest, gives us in his *Bibliotheca Apocrypha*, Volumen Primum (1913. Herder. London. 12s. 6d. pp. vii, 512), the first instalment of an important work, and he promises us the second volume this year. When completed the work will be less than half the price of the two sumptuous volumes issued by the Clarendon Press, the fruit of the scholarly labours of R. H. Charles and his fellow-workers. There are two great points of difference between the work of Oxford and Budapest; first, Dr Charles includes under Apocrypha the books of Ecclesiasticus, Wisdom, I-II Macchabees, Baruch, Tobias and Judith, the seven books which Catholics call Deuterocanonica; secondly, Dr Charles gives a complete translation of the text, whereas Prof. Székely merely gives an extensive resumé of the contents of each book. It is difficult to say whether the advantages of this procedure outweigh the disadvantages. On the one hand the intolerable diffuseness of some of the Apocrypha and their frequent repetitions make it an act of heroism on the part of most readers to wade through so much printed matter, and many students, who cannot specialize in Apocryphal literature because their interest lies elsewhere, will thank the author for giving them succinct descriptions of their contents. On the other hand it cannot be denied that the absence of the actual text is a great drawback for those who wish to catch the spirit of the original. It is true the author tries to obviate this difficulty by giving long sections quite verbatim, but unfortunately these are not indicated by any printer's sign, so that one is never quite certain whether the wording belongs to the Apocryphon itself or is a mere free rendering and abbreviation by Prof. Székely. No doubt he has in view Continental students who can easily consult Kautzsch's text. In the preface the author distinctly warns us that in matters bibliographical he has deliberately omitted reference to works "too small or of too little use," "*valde exigua et minus utilia*" and only gives works and articles which he judges of importance, hence I can only be flattered by his mention of some Aramaic fragments published by Mr Pass and myself some fourteen years ago in the *Jewish Quarterly*. That the author is perfectly at home in the extensive literature on the subject is perfectly clear even from a short perusal of the book. The first 120 pages are devoted to General Introduction to Apocryphal literature; the thirty pages on the terrestrial and celestial eschatology of the Apocrypha are particularly instructive. Here and there one perhaps might take exception to a somewhat too brief and cryptic treatment. So, for instance, in discussing the idea of Antichrist, the few passages in the New Testament where the word itself occurs are not mentioned, the precise character of the Anti-Christ, as Satanic counterpart of the Messias, is not dwelt upon and the Old Testament texts used in connexion with the Antichrist are too summarily dismissed. Upon the General Introduction follows a study on the Sibylline Oracles, then Enoch, the Assumption of Moses, the Apocalypse of Baruch. These are succeeded by the Apocrypha dealing with history and morality, and a chapter on lost Apocrypha. The author mostly acts merely as exponent of the best scholarship on the

points discussed, but sometimes vindicates his independence of judgment. The next volume we presume will contain New Testament Apocrypha. The first volume has no index, but we trust that the second may contain the indexes to both, which will strongly enhance the value of the work. The indexes of Dr Charles' work have been appreciated as one of the most notable features of it.

Father Jacquier, the well-known Professor of Holy Scripture at the Institut Catholique of Lyons gives us in two volumes the *History of the New Testament in the Christian Church*, the first volume dealing with the canon, the second with the text. (Paris, 1911-1913. Gabalda. pp. 450, 535. frs. 3.50 each). Father Jacquier is no stranger to Catholic Bible students in England, for the International Catholic Library began in 1907 with the translation of his *History of the Books of the New Testament. Vol.* I. *St Paul and his Epistles.* A German reviewer (Bibl. Zeits. 1913) expressed the hope that Prof. Jacquier's work would be translated into German and acknowledged that Catholic Germany had nothing quite as good in the same field, an avowal which does not easily come to the lips of a son of the Fatherland. We trust likewise that it will soon be in the hands of English students in an English garb, although we foresee that the thousand pages of French, which a student can now obtain for the modest sum of six shillings, will, when in English, hardly be purchasable for twice that amount. Alas that it should be so! There are at least some twenty-five millions of English-speaking Catholics, and one would have thought that the market was wide enough to make cheap reproduction possible.

All English New Testament scholars are acquainted with the attractive and yet thorough work of C. R. Gregory on the *Canon and Text of the New Testament.* Prof. Jacquier's work is more extensive, more detailed and technical. The former work is about two-thirds of the latter, and if we remember that Dr Gregory uses an ample, narrative style, whereas the French is very terse and perhaps somewhat dry, we realize that the amount of facts and literary minutiæ crammed into Dr Jacquier's volumes far exceeds that in Dr Gregory's. On the other hand, the Leipzig Professor gives us directly the ultimate conclusions of his ripe scholarship, whereas Prof. Jacquier's aim is more impersonal, viz. to give the actual state of present-day scholarship on the points in question together with a detailed exposition of the arguments used. It was an admirable thought to submit his work before publication to well-known specialists, such as Dom Chapman and de Bruyne and Dr Hoskier and Nestle, and to embody their remarks in the text, so that the reader knows the facts as stated have received a manifold endorsement.—Together with the four volumes on the *History of the Books of the New Testament* by the same author the work under consideration forms an Introduction to the New Testament, which is both exhaustive and reliable, and will no doubt largely replace Cornely's *Introduction*, which for many years held the field among Catholics.

In addition to this General Introduction to the New Testament

another volume must be mentioned, which is an *Introduction aux Paraboles Evangeliques* by Father Dionisius Buzy of the Order of the Sacred Heart, published by the same firm and uniform with Prof. Jacquier's work, though it appears as one of the series of Etudes Bibliques (pp. xxv, 476. frs. 4). The book is a vindication of the parables of Christ against the attacks of the school of Jülicher in Germany and of Loisy in France. First the nature and characteristics of the parable in profane literature and in the Old Testament are thoroughly investigated, and then the nature, authenticity and purpose of the Synoptic parables is gone into, and finally the proverbs or paroimiai of St John's Gospel are studied. If we recall St Matthew's text, " All these things Jesus spoke in parables to the multitudes: and without parables He did not speak to them " (xiii, 34), we realize the importance of research in the nature of Gospel parables. Dr Buzy's book is not one of exegesis, and thus differs from Trench's classic work on the subject; no parable is explained in detail, but the attitude of the author is that of the disciples themselves who " came and said to Him: Why speakest Thou to them in parables? " St Matthew gives Our Lord's answer, but that Divine answer remains very mysterious to us. The author tries to probe and prove the answer by the study of the parables on record in the Gospels. Had Christ an esoteric doctrine meant only for the twelve? Did He really speak in parables to hide His meaning from the people? Our Lord's own quotation from Isaias would almost seem to say so, and yet the parables themselves are so simple and childlike that they seem meant precisely for the people. How far are we certain that in the Gospel parables we have the actual parables of Jesus? Are they perhaps lengthened or shortened by the Evangelists, who only tried to give the main drift of them, and is it true what German critics would persuade us of, that the Evangelists themselves obviously misunderstood the meaning of a number of them? A host of absorbingly interesting questions receive the best answer that Catholic scholarship to-day can give.

J. P. ARENDZEN

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